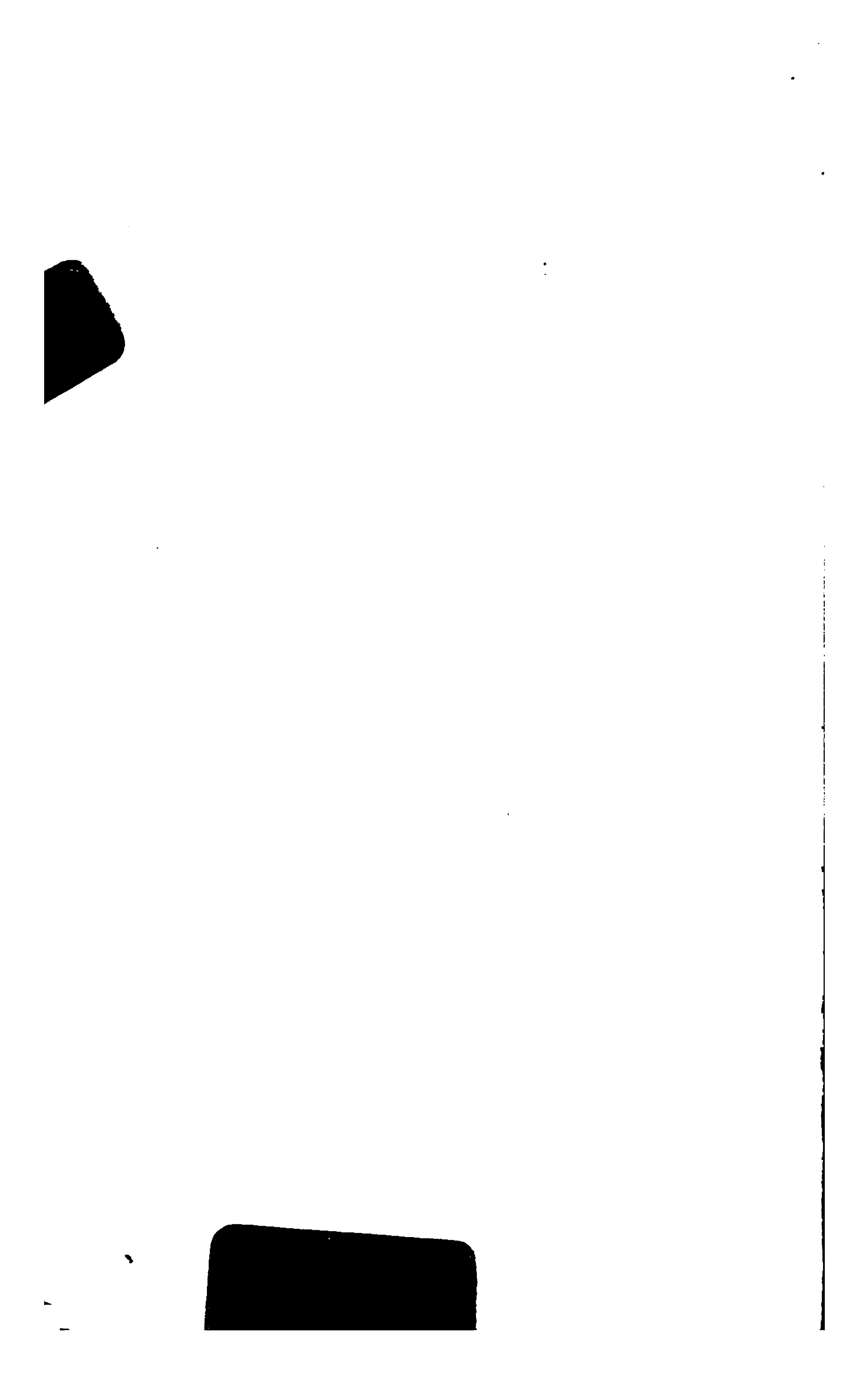


HUNGARY

9759

AND

TRANSYLVANIA;

WITH REMARKS ON THEIR CONDITION,

SOCIAL, POLITICAL AND ECONOMICAL.

BY

JOHN PAGET, ESQ.

Beata Ungheria! se non si lascia
Più malmenare.

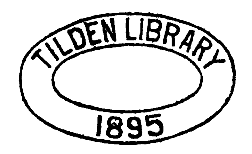
DANTE.

From the New London Edition.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD.
1850.



WM. S. YOUNG, PRINTER.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

DANUBE FROM PEST TO MOLDOVA.

CHAPTER II.

DANUBE FROM MOLDOVA TO ORSOVA.

CHAPTER III.

BANAT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF HATSZEG.

CHAPTER V.

VALLEY OF HATSZEG.

CHAPTER VI.

ROUTE TO KLAUSENBURG.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSYLVANIA.—HISTORY AND POLITICS.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORTH OF TRANSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SALT MINES AND THE GOLD MINES.

CHAPTER X.

THE SZEKLERS AND THE SZEKLER-LAND.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAXONS AND THE SAXON LAND.

CHAPTER XII.

KLAUSENBURG IN WINTER.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINTER JOURNEY ACROSS THE PUSZTA.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARNIVAL IN PEST.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM PEST TO FIUME.

HUNGARY AND TRANSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER I.

DANUBE FROM PEST TO MOLDOVA.

The Zriny.—The Country below Pest.—Waste Lands.—An Accident.—Mohács.—Peterwardein.—Karlowitz.—The Drave.—Semlin.—The Crusaders.—The Save.—Belgrade.—Danube Navigation.—The Border Guard: their Laws and Organization.—The Theiss and Temes.—Semendria.—George Dosa.—Danube Scenery.—Servia, and Russian Policy.

After a few day's rest at Pest, we again prepared to encounter the fatigues of travel. A remarkably fine steamboat, the Zriny, which had just been launched, was about to make her first voyage, and we gladly availed ourselves of the opportunity to get down to Moldova. A trial of her powers had been made a few days previously, in an excursion up the river as far as Waitzen, with not less than five hundred persons on board. Count Széchenyi, by directing this little pleasure-trip, to which every one was admitted on paying a zwanziger, (ten-pence,) had managed to interest a great number of persons in the success of the new boat; no small matter where steam navigation is still a novelty, and where it was met with countless prejudices which are but yet disappearing. I think I know directors of companies, who would have preferred private tickets, and a party of their own friends; by which, of course, all the excluded would have been offended. Which was the wiser system, I leave my readers to decide. We joined the party to Waitzen, and had an opportunity of seeing the first meeting of two steamboats which ever took place on the waters of the Danube. The Pannonia was returning from Presburg, and met us near the termination

of our voyage. Count Széchenyi, who was on board the Zriny, was recognised and loudly cheered by both crews, on the occasion of this new advance to the accomplishment of his favourite scheme. I thought the Count's voice faltered, and his eye grew moist, as he exclaimed, "Now I am sure we shall succeed, and Hungary will not be for ever a stranger to Europe."

It was fixed that we should start for Moldova at five in the morning; and so exact were they to the time, that the boat was pushed off between the striking of the clocks of Pest and Buda. This regularity is likely enough to make a change in the national character of all the Danubian populations, at least in respect to punctuality. After one of the fairs, when the steamboats first began to ply between Semlin and Pest, a large party of Servian and Turkish merchants had taken their places on board, in order to return to Belgrade, and were duly informed that the vessel would start at five. As this did not happen to suit these worthy people's habits, and as they had no idea that the boat would leave without them, they marched solemnly down to the quay about eight, and, after walking up and down for some time in search of the vessel, they were at last made to understand that she had gone three hours before. Their astonishment and consternation are said to have been most ludicrous; but it was not without its effect, for none of these people have been too late for the steamboat from that day to this.

Our party in the Zriny was small, but exceedingly agreeable; the Baroness W—— and her amiable and pretty daughter, Count Széchenyi on his way to superintend the works near Orsova, two of our own countrymen bound for Constantinople, and ourselves, formed almost the whole of the passengers. The morning was cold and misty, but it soon cleared up into a fine autumn day. On the Pest side, the country is one continued flat, and on the other, the low hills, which extend for some distance from the Blocksberg, soon disappear altogether, and a level plain extended on every side. It would be useless to describe the whole of our route. The scenery has little variety. The flat plain is sometimes raised into small sand-hills covered with vines, the thick woods are sometimes broken by a little pasture and corn-land surrounding a village or small town; the banks are generally low; the river itself deep, wide, and less rapid than above, indeed in every respect much better calculated for navigation; but, for the rest, a monotonous uniformity pervaded the whole of our first day's journey.

The number of islands in this part of the Danube is very great; some of them of considerable extent, others serving only to ornament the river. As they are mostly low, they are but of little value; the smaller ones are chiefly in wood, the larger are partly swamp and partly pasture. Floating water-mills mark the approach to almost every village. The only craft we met, except the small canoes of the peasants, and the flat-bottomed boats which, on the firing of a gun, came to take off passengers, were the long barge-like vessels from Szegedin. These are clean-built boats, covered in with a kind of deck, and chiefly employed in bringing up corn from the country of the Theiss and Temes to Pest and Vienna. They are commonly towed up the stream by men or horses. I have seen as many as forty-six of the former, and twenty of the latter, employed at one boat. Accidents are very common among these men; and it is no rare thing to see the body of a man or horse floating down the Danube. The body is probably allowed to proceed to the Black Sea, without any one thinking it worth while to interrupt its course or inquire the cause of death.

None of the towns or villages passed during the first day presented any thing worthy of remark; their white-washed cottages and steeples had a look of cleanliness which the interior would hardly bear out, I fear. Among the largest were Földvár, Paks, Tolna, Baja and Báta.

We saw a great number of wild fowl at different times. The ducks were in immense flocks; and hawks, particularly a white species, very plentiful. Of the pelicans, which are so common lower down, we saw none; nor did we observe any of the white herons, which yield the beautiful aigrettes, though they are said to be pretty frequent. The solitary beaver, which is common enough above Vienna, is rarely or never found in Hungary.

We were told that, on the east bank, the immense tract of land, extending much farther than we could see, is almost useless, from the wet and boggy state in which it is allowed to lie. It is calculated that by embankments and canals it might be all reclaimed at the cost of about four shillings an acre; and, at the lowest calculation, it would let for as much per annum. Yet it still lies waste. The chief proprietors are not above six in number. One has got no money to begin with; another has already more corn than he can sell; and a third likes to let things remain as they are: and so land, which would maintain a million of men, is left to grow leeches and to breed fevers. Were it not

that one set of bad laws renders the title to purchased property so insecure, and another set makes the sale of corn often impossible, of course foreign capital would soon remedy such evils as these.

At Baja, to our no small regret, the ladies left us. Carriages were in waiting; a host of dependents were there to kiss their hands and welcome them home; and, as we passed on, a cloud of dust hid them from our sight, though it did not drive them from our memories.

Soon after leaving Baja, we passed through a canal, cut a few years since to avoid a long and difficult winding of the river.

As it was getting dusk, I had retired to the cabin to write up my journal: when, soon after we had quitted the canal, a sudden shock threw every thing about with great violence, and brought us all on deck to know what was the matter. We found the boat aground, with her prow high and dry on shore. The light of the moon, with a slight mist on the water, had deceived the captain, and led him to think he was on the edge of a sand-bank; to avoid which he put the boat about, and ran her straight ashore. It was altogether a sad bungle. In such a light, some one should have been a-head to look out. Fortunately no harm was done; but it prevented us from going on during the night, which had been Count Széchenyi's first intention. We accordingly came to anchor at Mohács about eight o'clock, having run one hundred and eighty miles in fifteen hours.

This was the first voyage the captain had ever made; and he was dismissed immediately on his return. I mention this fact, because it shows with what care the interests of the public are watched over by this company: indeed, were it otherwise, it would be impossible to conceive how they could have escaped for so many years under all the disadvantages of a new undertaking, without a single serious accident. Had any loss of life occurred during the first year or two, it is very possible Government, in its paternal carefulness, would at once have stopped the whole affair. To avoid such a catastrophe, no engines have been employed but those of Bolton and Watt; nor any engineers but those brought up and recommended by the same house. They have been treated, too, in the most liberal manner. The captains, likewise, are generally very superior men; and it is impossible not to admire the consideration with which Count Széchenyi behaves towards them. They are frequently invited to

his table, consulted on every point of difficulty, and their opinions listened to and followed. It is by such means that steam navigation on the Danube has been, at its very commencement, brought to a degree of perfection which it has required many years' experience to effect in other countries.

Mohács, otherwise an insignificant town, has witnessed two of the most important battles ever fought in Europe; important not only from the number of the combatants, but from their political results. The first of them, in 1526, which witnessed the slaughter of a king, seven bishops, five hundred nobles, and twenty thousand soldiers, not only laid open the whole country to the inroads of the Turks, and established them for nearly a century and a half in its capital, but changed the reigning dynasty of Hungary, and introduced for the first time a German sovereign to the Hungarian throne. By the same blow, too, Transylvania was separated from Hungary, and remained so for many years. The second, in 1687, undid much of what the first had done; it concluded the splendid victories of the Duke of Lorraine over the Turks; it opened Transylvania to the Hungarian troops; and prepared the way for the expulsion of the Moslem, which a few years later was finally effected.

After taking in a supply of coals, obtained in this neighbourhood, and said to be of a pretty good quality, we again got our paddles in motion and went gaily on our way. One cannot help wondering at the hidden resources which any new necessity discloses. In Hungary, before steamboats were introduced, there was only one coal-mine known in the whole country. In the short space of time which has elapsed since their first establishment, three others and of better quality have been discovered along the valley of the Danube alone,—that of Count Sándor, between Presburg and Pest, another in the neighbourhood of Mohács, and the best of all at Oráwitza near Moldova. There is a bad law in Hungary, which interdicts the cutting down of forests on the plea of maintaining a supply of fire-wood. Of course it is vain to expect a full development of the mineral riches of the country until this law is abolished.

Our second day's route became rather less monotonous. About twelve we passed the embouchure of the Drave which has all the appearance of a fine navigable river. At present the Drave is little used, but it is impossible not to foresee a brilliant future for it. Extending from the centre of Hungary along the north of Sclavonia and Croatia, and through the whole of Styria, it

brings into connexion populations so far removed from sea-ports that water-carriage cannot fail to offer them advantages of which a few years will teach them to avail themselves. The scenery was occasionally varied by a ruined castle, or a slight elevation in the surface of the plain, of which the peasants eagerly avail themselves and form into vineyards. The castle of Erdöd, with its massive round towers, is highly picturesque, but it is fast crumbling to decay. From the mouth of the Drave we have been passing, on the west, the banks of Sclavonia, which appears a rich and highly cultivated country. The people are, like the Croatians, of a Sclavish race, and belong exclusively to the Greek and Catholic Churches. I believe the only difference between these provinces and the rest of Hungary, at the present time, is their power of excluding Protestants from the possession of land or the enjoyment of any privileges within their boundaries.

At Vukovâr we stopped to land some handsome furniture from Vienna. It is said to be astonishing how much furniture and how many carriages have been sent from Pest and Vienna, not only to the southern parts of Hungary, but into Wallachia and Turkey, since the steamboats have been established. The monastery at Vukovâr has a pretty appearance from the river. The town produces some silk.

A short turn of the river now brought us in view of the ruins of Scherengrad; and, a little further on, we came to the castle of Illok, a large building, though apparently somewhat neglected. It belongs, as well as immense estates here, to Prince Odescalchi. A low range of hills has accompanied us along the west bank for some distance; and the openings which they sometimes present, disclosing their green valleys, and silver streams, and whitewashed cottages, and fantastic steeples, are most beautiful. It became so dark about seven, that, to avoid accidents, we dropped our anchor opposite O Futak for the night.

We were scarcely awake next morning when we were roused up to see the fortress of Peterwardein. Directly above our heads, with curtains, bastions, and towers grinning with artillery, after the most approved fashion, was the hill of Peterwardein, and on the opposite side a *tête du pont*, and other hard-named outworks in great abundance. Though modern fortifications have very little architectural beauty to boast, the fine situation of this gives it a commanding effect. Peterwardein is, I believe, considered strong; and occupies a position of considerable military importance. It is adapted to contain ten thousand men,

Neusatz, on the opposite side, chiefly inhabited by Greeks, is an important commercial town.

A long bend of the river to the north brought us to Karlowitz, a pretty little town situated at the foot of a hill, covered with vines down to its very base. A celebrated wine is made here by a mixture of red and white grapes, which from its peculiar colour is called *Schiller.*

Karlowitz is the seat of the chief of the non-united Greek church in Hungary, and contains a lyceum and theological school of that religion. I need scarcely add that it is from this place the celebrated peace of 1699 takes its name. A few miles farther brought us to the mouth of the Theiss, which has here—and Count Széchenyi says, throughout its whole course—much the same width it has at Tokay, a distance of more than two hundred miles in a direct line, and probably twice that distance by the river. It is navigable for steam vessels the whole of that extent.

We met the Francis the First, the steamer, on this station, returning from Moldova heavily laden with wool, but carrying few passengers. They say the back-freights consist principally of wool, honey, iron, tobacco, and wine; while those down are almost entirely composed of manufactured goods. They have been offered freights of fat pigs from Servia, but have been obliged to decline them till they get some tug-boats at work. Pigs form a very important article of trade between Servia and Vienna; the immense oak-woods, with which that country is covered, being used almost exclusively for feeding those animals. The Servian pig is a beautiful creature; and I doubt if Smithfield could show better shapes or better feeding in this particular than the market of a Servian village.

As we approached Semlin the banks became more flat; and the river, which had hitherto not averaged more than a quarter of a mile in width, acquired a more extended bed.

Semlin is one of those localities which Nature herself has marked out for the position of a town. It occupies the angle formed by the junction of two vast rivers, the Danube and the Save; and it becomes necessarily a depôt for supplying the wants of the people occupying their banks. Count Széchenyi tells us that the Save is navigable, and he feels sure it will very soon have its steamboats as well as the Danube. From the day of their establishment Semlin may date a new birth. It is at present chiefly supported by its intercourse with Servia, on the op-

posite bank of the Save; and in consequence, the majority of its ten thousand inhabitants belong to that nation. It contains some tolerable streets in the interior, but the part near the Danube looks as miserable as need be; indeed, the greater portion visible from the steamboat is the gipsy town, a collection of mud huts on the side of the hill. Until the establishment of steamboats, Semlin was the usual starting-point for Constantinople; and it was here that quarantine was performed on returning. It is still used by the couriers; but travellers generally prefer the comfort of a steamboat to the hardships of a Tatár excursion across the Balkan.

Semlin is historically memorable as the Mala Villa of the first crusaders. The three hundred thousand of the dregs of Europe, who had terrified all Germany with their frightful excesses, at last approached the frontiers of Hungary. The avantgarde, under Walter Sans-avoir, having demanded and obtained permission to pass through the country, arrived at Semlin without impediment; but here sixteen of the men fell into the hands of the peasants, and were robbed. When the larger body, under the guidance of Peter the Hermit, arrived, and heard of this mishap, they determined to revenge it by the destruction of Semlin and its garrison of four thousand men. So infamous a treachery soon drew on the crusaders the rage of a people who, but half converted, had not yet learned to hate with due cordiality all who differed from them in faith; and Peter and his followers thought themselves fortunate to escape as best they could across the Danube. Volkmar, with twelve thousand Bohemians, who had advanced no farther than Neutra, were cut to pieces. Of the fifteen thousand Germans who followed the priest Gottschalk, scarcely three thousand escaped the arrows of the Hungarians; while the two hundred thousand rabble of both sexes and of every age, which brought up the rear under Emiko, panic-struck at the fate of their companions, broke up their camp before the King of Hungary could approach Ungrisch Altenburg, which they were besieging, and dispersed without having even approached the object of their fanatic veneration. It required nothing less than the noble courage, the frankness, and the piety of Godefroy de Bouillon to re-establish a respect for the crusaders or their religion in the minds of the half pagan Hungarians.

We remained but a short time at Semlin, to take in coals, and submit our passports to the inspection of a police officer. Since steam has brought so many strangers down the Danube, Austria

has begun to establish the system of passports here; and, if the Hungarians do not look to it they themselves will soon feel its annoyance as well as the foreigners who visit them.

A few minutes after we quitted Semlin, the guns were got ready and we fired a salute to the garrison of Belgrade, which was returned in due form. This ceremonious politeness to Belgrade seemed rather a testimony of respect to what it had been, than to what it now is, for its glory is sadly fallen. Its hill is still covered with walls, and gates, and towers; but the walls are half down, the gates open, and the towers dismantled. A Pasha still sits in its fortress, but he could no longer defy the best troops of Europe from his stronghold.

As we passed, a few Turks were seen lying lazily along the banks of the river; others were watering their horses; while, a little further on, a group of Servian women were washing, up to their knees in the water. The town of Belgrade, which lies beyond the fortress, has a very beautiful appearance, from the number of minarets and domes peeping from out the dark cypresses by which they are surrounded. This was the first glimpse I had ever caught of a minaret, and I can scarcely express the pleasure it gave me; it was something so new, and yet so familiar.

It was near Belgrade, for the first time since we had embarked on the Danube, that a sail had met our eye. The Hungarian never uses the sail; the only means of moving against the stream he is acquainted with is towing: and, though he has seen the sail employed for so many centuries on the opposite side of the same river, he has never thought of applying it himself. It was curious enough to see the Hungarian, Turkish, and English systems of navigation in use at the same moment: upwards of forty men were toiling to drag a huge barge against a strong stream on the Hungarian bank; on the Servian, the lattine sail bore the Turkish boat gaily before the wind; while, in the middle, the glorious invention of Watt urged on the magnificent Zriny, and threatened to swallow up the crazy craft of the others in her wake. One might have fancied three ages of the world in presence of each other at the same moment.

A new feature in the landscape, and for us a new object of wonder and inquiry, soon caught our eyes. All along the Hungarian bank, at certain distances, perhaps half a mile apart, were small buildings, sometimes made of wood, and raised on posts, or in other situations, mere mud huts, before each of which stood a sentry on duty. They were the stations of the Hungarian military frontier guard.

An institution of so extraordinary a character as that on which we had now fallen, demands a few words of explanation.

From a very early period the banks of the Save and Danube, from their frontier position, were infested by bands of Servians and others, who lived in a great measure by war and plunder: many of these were fugitives from the neighbouring countries, and were received by the Hungarians on condition of defending the frontier on which they lived from further incursions.

Before the first battle of Mohács, we hear of some attempts having been made to form these borderers into regiments on one or two points; as the Turks retired and left the frontiers more free, this organization was extended to the newly acquired regions; and, when at last the whole line fell into the hands of Austria, it was rendered complete, and reduced to a regular system. The last part organized was the Transylvanian borders, which did not take place till 1766. The system, therefore, is one which has grown out of the wants of the times, rather than been created by an inspiration of genius; and the frequent changes which have taken place in the laws by which it is regulated show that experience only has brought it to its present state of efficiency.

The object has been to maintain at the least possible cost a border guard along the whole Turkish frontier of Hungary, which in peace might be employed for the purposes of quarantine and customs, and in war serve as a portion of the standing army. This has been effected so perfectly, that in peace nearly forty thousand men do duty along an extent of eight hundred miles of frontier; and they not only feed and clothe themselves, but pay heavy taxes in money besides, and perform also a considerable quantity of labour without pay. In time of war this guard can furnish, on an emergency, two hundred thousand men in arms.

The land acquired by Government, by purchase or exchange, along the whole of this district, has been divided among the inhabitants, and is held as fiefs on the tenure of military and civil service. A portion of land comprising from thirty-six to fifty acres constitutes an entire fief, the half or quarter constituting half and quarter fiefs. Each of these is bound to furnish, and to maintain and clothe, according to its size, one or more men-at-arms. In order to carry out this plan, the fiefs are given to families composed of several members, of which the eldest is the *House-father*, and the younger are the men-at-arms. The *House-father*, and his wife, the *House-mother*, have the direc-

tion of the farm, the care of the house, the duty of providing for the necessities of the whole family, and the right to control them and to watch over their industry and morals. On the other hand, the rest of the men of the family must be consulted on any great changes, as purchases and sales; and at the end of the year they may demand an account of the expenditure from the House-father. No man who has been punished for a crime can be a House-father; and, if he be habitually drunken or immoral, he loses the right which age would otherwise have given him. The family owe him obedience and respect. The fief itself, and the implements and cattle necessary for its cultivation, cannot be sold, and every member of the family has a right in them. A portion of land, called *Uberland,*—land over and above the quantity required for the fiefs,—and any excess of cattle or production, may be sold with the consent of a superior officer. All the members of the family are allowed to marry, and marriage is even held out to them as an honourable duty. When a family becomes rich or too large, its members are allowed to divide, and the party separating receives another fief, either by grant or purchase of Uberland, within the frontier district, which then becomes a feudal fief. Such as leave the frontier service have no right in the property of the family.

The land is cultivated for the common good of all the members of a family; and the profit, if any remains after the taxes and other expenses are defrayed, is divided among them. No individual is allowed to keep cattle, or to work for his own exclusive profit,—at least, without permission of the rest. In most cases, a whole family, consisting of many married couples, with their children, sometimes to the number of fifty individuals, live under the same roof, cultivate the same land, eat at the same table, and obey the same father.

The military duty in time of peace consists in watching the frontiers. For this purpose the man-at-arms repairs to the station for seven days at a time, where the family provide him with food. Besides this, he has the duty of transporting letters, as well as the money and baggage of the regiment, and of performing exercise. For the manual exercise, four days a month is required, from October to March. In spring and autumn the company exercises together for a week; and, at longer intervals, the whole regiment encamps out, and manœuvres together.

Every family is divided into the invalids, half invalids, enrolled, and youths. Every man of full age, who has not some

bodily failing, is enrolled. For the ordinary service the number of men on duty amounts to four thousand one [illegible] and seventy-nine. In times of disturbance on the Tur[illegible] or when the plague is drawing near, they are increased [illegible] thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight, and in times of [illegible] greater danger to ten thousand and sixteen men.

In time of war the borderer must form a part of the regular army, and march out of the country if required. The regular disposable force amounts to thirty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty-seven; but, if the reserve and *Landwehr* are called out, to one hundred thousand. If driven to the last extremity, they can muster to the amount of two hundred thousand men.* By means of alarm-fires and bells, this immense force can be summoned together through the whole extent of the frontier in the space of four hours.

The borderers are divided into seven regiments according to the district they occupy,—six infantry, and one hussar. Besides these, there is a division of *Tschaikisten*, so called from wooden boxes set on piles, and furnished with open galleries round them, in which they kept guard along the morasses of the Save and Danube, and who do the duty of pontonniers. Like the peasant the border family has to do civil service—one day per annum for every English acre—for the state; as in the repair of post-roads and bridges, draining of swamps, regulating rivers, repairing public buildings, &c.: and eight days per annum for the village; as in building churches and school-houses, keeping the village roads in order, cutting wood for the school, and working the farms of widows and orphans.

The borderer's chief tax, besides the furnishing the uniform for a man-at-arms,—the shoes, arms, and leather-work are given by Government, as well as twelve shillings a-year in aid of the rest,—is the land-tax, amounting, for an entire fief, to from fifteen to thirty shillings per annum. Tradesmen, artisans, and Jews, pay according to their property; from eight shillings to four pounds a-year.

The border officers have many duties peculiar to the position of feudal superiors, which they occupy. They give consent to marriages, their permission is necessary to the sale and transfer of property, real or personal, and, at times, they act as judges and ministers of police. From the mixed nature of the borderer's

* These numbers are taken from Csaplovic's Gemälde von Ungarn.

tion of the
the necess
and to w
hand, the
great ch
they ma
father.
House-
loses t
famil
impl
sold.
por
tit
n
l

ions of officers are required, and
of economy, to direct the farming pro
&c. for the care of public property,
ficers, for a military establishment,
egimental midwives, and, under the
tron's midwives!
borderers are framed in a spirit of p
ers those for the encouragement of in
accumulation of wealth, and the prese
ement in families, besides institutions f
e widows and orphans, and for the edu
of the people. Benigni states, that
seven and twelve years old on the Tran
ven thousand eight hundred and six out o
enty-seven boys, and three thousand fou
our out of seven thousand one hundred an
ded with the elements of education in the
ungary the proportion is still higher; pr
the whole can read and write in one or tw

stration of justice seems to be yet more favo
The first tribunal in civil cases is formed by
nomy, a sergeant-major of economy, two ser
orals of economy, and two house-fathers cho
Their judgment must be confirmed by the c
cases the court martial, composed, however,
ommissioned officers, and soldiers, decides.
ossible to study this institution, and not be struc
and utility, and with the wisdom and philanthrop
ny of its regulations are conceived; and to a m
se idea of the value of a country is in proportion
f applicable force that can be drawn from it an
y it, it must appear perfect. But it would be un
point out some of the objections which the Hun
ves urge against it.
have seen that an immense military force has been
one-half the circumference of Hungary:—in wha
the command of this force lie? from what sources
its supplies? what sympathies and feelings are enc
—in other words, what is its nationality? In a
l country these are important inquiries.
very regiment receives its orders directly through it

he again from a general of brigade, and he from the commander of the district, who is under the *Hofkreigsrath* (the council of war) in Vienna. We have seen that the borderers draw their resources entirely from their own labour,—for the taxes they pay would more than refund the cost of their arms; and for their nationality, it is enough to say that German is taught exclusively in their schools, German used exclusively as the language of the service, that a great number of the officers are Germans, and that the laws to be referred to, in case the particular laws of the border do not provide for any difficulty, are the laws of the German provinces, to prove that Austrian, not Hungarian, feelings and sympathies are encouraged in the borderers of Hungary. The Hungarian Diet has the right to vote the levy of troops, and the supplies for their support, or to refuse them in case of need; but here is a force, over the levying and supply of which they have no control. We cannot be astonished that this should form one of the *gravamina* of the Diet, and that it should strongly claim a right to the superintendence of the border guard.

There are some, too, who urge that this border wall is more efficacious and better constructed for keeping Hungarians within their boundaries, than Turks and plague without them, and there are not wanting those even who regard the whole quarantine system as a great engine of police. In favour of this view of the matter they urge that the cordon has been more frequently strengthened on the appearance of what Government is apt to consider most pestilential,—a political fever within the country, than of a plague invasion from without; that personal intercourse is impeded, that an inquisitorial search is authorized, and that even private letters and despatches are opened and examined, though it is well known that smugglers pass the frontiers at every hour of the day. The best answer to these objections, and one very difficult to controvert, is the simple fact that the plague has never entered Hungary since the border organization has been completed, where previously, ever since the first irruption of the Turks across the Danube, scarcely twenty years elapsed without its recurrence, although it has been as frequent and violent as ever in the neighbouring countries.

Considerable cruelty has been urged against the introducers of the border system in some parts of the country, and particularly in Transylvania. It has been told me that the Szeklers, who, according to their old constitution, were not bound to serve out of the country, when ordered to march thought themselves

justified in refusing, and were only compelled to submit after a frightful massacre, in which, in many villages, every tenth man, woman, and child, indifferently, was shot by the Imperial troops. Of the actual state of the borders, material or moral, as compared with that of the rest of Hungary, I can say but little from personal observation; from what I did see I certainly should not have adjudged them a higher material civilization, and I do not believe that military organization is adapted to produce great moral advancement. From some of those who live in their neighbourhood, I have heard the borderers spoken of as poorer and more miserable than the common peasants, and in the Croatian district one of their own officers declared them to be most notorious thieves. In active service I believe they have proved themselves, both for discipline and courage, on an equality with the best regular troops.

A few miles below Belgrade, another fine river, the Temes, which, though smaller than those we have lately passed, is still navigable, pours its water into the Danube. The Temes runs, for the most part, through a flat country, and its course is consequently tortuous and sluggish, but it has been improved by the Bega canal, which traverses a considerable part of the rich Banat, and joins the Temes, near Temesvár. This is the fourth navigable river, the mouth of which we have passed within a space of fifty miles. Surely never was any country so blessed by nature with the means of communication as Hungary,—never have they been more signally neglected.

The hills on the Servian side now became exceedingly pretty. They are not generally high, but nothing can be imagined more perfectly wild and picturesque. They are covered, down to the very water's edge, with a low natural wood. Here and there are a few houses, or rather huts, with vineyards, and Indian corn, and occasionally, perhaps, something which may be called a village, and has a name, but this is rare. All these hills are capable of cultivation, but insecurity, want of population, and want of capital, keep them wild. The state of Servia, at the present moment, is essentially one of transition, and that too with all its worst features. For many years subject to the Turkish yoke, and suffering more than most other parts of the empire, because frequently the scene of contests—the first loss after a defeat, the first prize of a victory,—its population has become so diminished by oppression and emigration, that its whole surface is, at the present day, little more than one vast forest, and its population a collection of swine-herds.

The long-conceived designs of Russia against the integrity, and ultimate existence of the Turkish empire, are now no secret. The successive risings in Wallachia, Servia, and Greece, testify how cunningly and effectually her plans succeeded. Such instruments as Cserney (black) George, were not difficult to find among a people like the Servians, and in a country of woods and mountains, a revolution was no very difficult matter to maintain, especially when excited by a priesthood, whom a similarity of language and religion readily disposed in favour of Russia. These plans have been carried out almost without opposition. The sympathy of Europe requires only the watch-words of Christianity and liberty, which none have used more liberally than the crime-stained and tyrannical, to become engaged in any cause; domestic troubles adroitly taken advantage of, colonial disaffection secretly abetted, and an aristocratic diplomacy, which, if too proud to be bribed, is too ignorant and too indifferent to be efficient, has done the rest. The result we have before us in the separation of these countries from the Ottoman empire, and their almost total dependence on Russia.

But the calculations of the wisest sometimes come to naught. It was easy to excite the hatred of the Wallachians against Turkey, but it was not so easy to make them love the Russians: it was easy to find a native prince of strong natural powers capable of leading the Servians, but it was hard to make such a prince relish the leading-strings himself. Belgrade has been for some years a great centre of Russian intrigue. Sometimes the Servian population has been excited against its prince, sometimes the prince forced into opposition to the Porte. Now an emissary has been despatched among the Sclavish populations of Croatia and Bosnia, now among the Greek religionists of the Banat of Hungary, and for such enterprises Belgrade was the starting point. In the mean time, Austria, England, and France have looked on—the former with fear and trembling—the two latter with stupid indifference.* If report may be believed, however, Prince Milosch, a man of much energy and talent, is exerting himself to improve and civilize his country; and though forced in appearance to bow to a power he is too weak to oppose, he does not find his chain the less galling, nor will he be the less anxious to get rid of it on the first good occasion.†

* Since our visit, Austria has sent a very able representative to Belgrade, in the person of M. Milanovitch; and still later, England, Colonel Hodges.

† Since this was written, what is called a constitution has been given

Three hours' pleasant sailing along these beautiful frontiers, brought us opposite the fortress of Semendria, another painful monument of Turkey's former greatness, and Turkey's present weakness. Semendria is singularly built. A perfectly flat position has been chosen, watered on one side by the Danube, and on another by a small river, the Jesoba, and on the neck of land, between these, a triangular wall of great height has been erected, strengthened at intervals by thirteen towers of various forms. Semendria was formerly the seat of a Pasha, and it often figures in Hungarian history as an important post in the Border wars. Under Alibeg Pasha, it became a name of terror to the whole country.

It was at the siege of Semendria, in 1513, that George Dosa, a name afterwards so celebrated in Hungarian history, first distinguished himself by cutting off the hand of a Turkish officer, and taking him prisoner. The king presented him with a golden chain and silver spurs as guerdon for the knightly deed. Poor Dosa's fate was so characteristic of the age, and at the same time so poetically cruel, that we cannot pass it over.

It was in the beginning of the sixteenth century, that Archbishop Bakáts, like a second Peter the hermit, returned from Rome, armed with a papal bull, and tried to set all Hungary in a blaze with his preachings for a new crusade. Constantly as Hungary had been engaged in hostilities with the Moslems since they had gained Constantinople, these never seem to have partaken so much of the character of religious wars, as of wars of conquest and defence; and, on the present occasion, the call of Bakáts seems to have been almost unheeded by the nobles. Among the ignorant and discontented peasantry, however, to whom the desire of escape from servitude, and the anticipation of plunder may have been as strong inducements as the hope of salvation, his success was greater, and in a short time forty thousand of them flocked under his banner to the Rákos plain in the neighbourhood of Pest.

A suspicion has been entertained that the motive for Bakáts'

to Servia, chiefly through the influence of Russia, in whose hands the nomination of the chief members rests. Milosch has resisted, been deposed, driven from the country, and his son placed in his stead. It is exceedingly difficult to arrive at any thing like the truth on such matters, from the known subserviency of the German papers to Russia; but it looks very much as if Russia was playing her old game of disorganizing and ruining, that she herself may in time be called in to settle, and reconstitute—take possession, if she will—in any manner that seems to her best.

zeal was not quite so much ecclesiastical,—Christian I cannot call it,—as personal aggrandizement. His excessively ambitious character, the opposition which he had met with from some of the higher nobles, the school in which he had been brought up—he was secretary to Mathias Corvinus,—the exciting harangues of the clergy, and above all, the choice of George Dosa, a common Szekler soldier, to head this vast multitude, gives strong ground for the suspicion. Be that as it may, no sooner did Dosa receive orders to march his forces against the Turks, than he at once declared war against the nobles; and the peasantry, predisposed by the oppression they had suffered since the death of Mathias, and encouraged by the miserable weakness of his successor, having now thrown off all restraint, and excited by the promises of their leaders, were ready enough to seize an opportunity of revenging their wrongs, and achieving their liberty.

Dosa maintained the field against the Hungarian nobles for nearly six months, during which four hundred of their order fell a sacrifice to popular vengance, till at last Zápolya attacked him whilst besieging Temesvár, took him prisoner, and completely destroyed his army.

If the peasants had been guilty of cruel excesses, the death of Dosa most amply atoned for them. Not content with the slaughter of seventy thousand peasants, many of them women and children, it was determined to execute their leader in a manner which should strike terror into all future generations of peasants, and the inventive cruelty of a cruel age was taxed for its worst tortures.

Dosa was seated on a throne of red-hot iron, a red-hot crown was placed upon his head, and a red-hot sceptre in his hand. Forty of his followers had been confined without food for a fortnight; nine of them still survived the starvation, when they were brought before their tortured leader and commanded to feed on him yet living. Those who hesitated were cut down, while the rest tore the flesh from his bones and devoured it greedily. "To it, hounds, ye are of my own training!" was the only remark which escaped the lips of the suffering Dosa.

It was just sunset as we left Semendria, and the broad streaks of red light which fell upon the water, with the deep shadows thrown by the old towers, gave an air of solemn beauty to the picture.

As we advanced beyond this point, the river grew wider and wider, while the banks seemed covered with impenetrable forests

and morasses. The solitude and grandeur of this vast wilderness was exceedingly imposing. As I stood almost alone upon the deck towards evening, I could have fancied myself in a new land, an unexplored region. I have never seen the Mississippi, but I do not think that, even in the fastnesses of America, the impression of a new and untrodden land could be more complete than here. On either side of us were thick forests, so thick that the eye searched in vain for some indication that they had ever been visited. The flocks of wild fowl, which covered the water, allowed us to pass near them, apparently without suspicion of danger; but no sooner did the eagle appear in sight, than they dived away and hid themselves from his searching glance. Every thing seemed to say that man was a stranger there.

It was just beyond the island of Osztrova, that we dropped our anchor in the middle of the stream,—two miles in width here—let off our steam, and made up for the night.

I and Mr. H——n walked the deck till deep in the night, discussing the various fates which time might have in store for the nations of the Danube. The ambitious projects of Russia, just then disclosed by the energy and talent of Mr. Urquhart, had opened to us the danger which Hungary, as well as Wallachia, Servia, and the whole of Turkey ran, if those projects were not speedily checked. We knew that the cabinet of Austria, at first strongly inimical to Russia, had been so frightened from her propriety by reform in England, and revolution in France,—a revolution in which she can still see no difference from that of eighty-nine,—that she had thrown herself into the arms of her betrayer without the decency of reserve, without the prudence of a contract. At the same moment we saw this same Russia attempting to increase her influence among the Sclavish populations of Hungary by the plea of identity of origin and interest, and to undermine the fidelity of the adherence to the Greek church by the claim of supremacy, and the corruption of an ignorant priesthood. We saw how, step by step, Russia had approached the frontier of Hungary on the north; how she had then crept round the east and south; how, during all this time, she had played with the absurd fear of Austria on the subject of liberalism, and how in the end, these absurd fears had led that power to suffer her ambitious neighbour to bind one by one her limbs in chains, and finally to threaten her with suffocation should she dare to stir, by closing her mouth—the Danube.

At the same time we saw the frontier fortresses of Turkey

occupied by Russian troops;—we saw Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, under the name of independence, subjected to the most galling vassalage, with Russia for a Suzerain;—we saw the Turks themselves dispirited and cowed by their late defeats, and by the desertion of their former friends;—we saw their ministers, the paid hirelings of the enemy of their country, obeying only his commands;—we saw their Sultan alienating the hearts of the most faithful, by well-meant but ill-judged reforms; above all, we saw Europe still careless of the fate of one of the greatest empires of the world, and we trembled lest she should awake but too late to ward off the catastrophe which hung over her. One consolation alone remained; we knew that if she did awake, the progress of Russia was stopped; we knew that her gigantic power would crumble away, and nothing remain, but the hatred of the world for the falsehood, injustice, and cruelty, by which it had been raised.

CHAPTER II.

DANUBE FROM MOLDOVA TO ORSOVA.

Babakay.—The Vultures.—Golumbatz.—St. George's Cavern.—The Rapids.—First Roman Inscription.—Kazan.—New Road.—Sterbeczu Almare.—Trajan's Tablet.—Via Trajana.—Orsova.—New Orsova.—The Crusaders.—Visit to the Pasha.—The Quarantine.—The Iron Gates.—Trajan's Bridge—its History and Construction.—Valley of the Cserna.—Turkish Aqueduct.—Mehadia—its Baths and Bathers.

It was about eight in the morning, when the good ship Zriny, after bearing us some twenty miles, while yet snug in our berths, dropped her anchor and finished her voyage opposite the little town of Moldova. Preparations were quickly made for our re-embarkation, and before the luggage was well discharged, the passengers of the quarter-deck were comfortably stowed away in a private boat of Count Széchenyi's, and in company with several of the gentlemen employed on the new works, off we set.

The boat was rowed by four stout peasants, lately broken in to the oar, and steered by George Dewer, who has been employed in managing the diving-bell here. After passing the island of Moldova, we came to an interesting point of the river, marked by the Babakay rock, which juts out into the middle of the stream. *Babakay* is said to mean "*repent*," in Turkish, and to have been applied to this spot, because a jealous old Turk brought over his young bride, whom he suspected of deceiving him, and placing her on this rock, rowed away, answering to her cries only, "Babakay! Babakay!"—Repent! Repent! It is at this point that the new road, of which we shall speak hereafter, commences. On the Hungarian shore the workmen were crowding the hill side, blasting the rocks, wheeling soil, hammering, digging, breaking, —in short, busy in all the operations incidental to mountain road making. On the Babakay itself sat three vultures, solemnly looking on at these unaccustomed sights, while on the Servian side nothing was to be seen, save the picturesque towers of the Golumbatz as they crumbled away into the Danube below.

One of the vultures, as we drew near, raised itself from its

rocky perch, and sailed into the air with great majesty. A shot from one of our party brought him down to the water, while another secured one of his companions before he had time to raise himself and take flight. The larger of them measured nine feet across the wings.

Golumbatz,—a corruption of *columba*, the castle of the dove,—is said to have been the prison of the Greek Empress Helena, and was a point often strongly contested in the earlier periods of Hungarian history. In 1428, it was besieged by King Sigismund, who lost the greater part of his army in the attempt, and who with difficulty escaped with his own life. It was afterwards taken from the Turks by Corvinus, and held by the Hungarians, together with other fortresses in Servia, for some time.

The river, which had been hitherto wide and open, was now enclosed by high rocks in a narrow bed only two hundred and forty yards in width. From this point the most beautiful portion of the scenery of the Danube commences; and, however inadequately I may describe it, I can assure the reader that I know of no river scenery in Europe to be compared with it. The Rhine is pretty and highly cultivated; the Danube is wild and awfully grand. It would be little interesting were I to repeat the exclamations of wonder and admiration which burst from us during this journey of about fifty English miles: the whole route is one succession of beauties. The general character of the scenery is that of rocks and woods, sometimes rising precipitously from the banks of the river, sometimes sloping gradually away; while the mighty mass of water now flows calmly on its course, and now rushes in a cataract over the rocks it scarcely covers. I must content myself with noticing a few of the most interesting points. Soon after passing Babakay, the boatman pointed out to us a cavern half-way up the mountain on the Hungarian shore, as the identical cave of the Dragon slain by St. George, and where, they say, the foul carcass still decays, and, like Virgil's ox, gives birth to a host of winged things. What is certain is, that from this direction, and it is strictly maintained from this very cave, proceeds the *Golumbatzer Mücken*, a peculiar kind of musquito, which often invades the Banat in swarms, to the great injury of the flocks and herds. They attack chiefly the eyes, nose, and ears, and produce such pain as to drive the animals nearly mad, and death usually follows.

Stenka was the first of the rapids we passed, and though in

the then state of the water, it was impracticable for our steamboat, it is not so in general, and indeed, while I now write, the place of debarkation is changed from Moldova to Drenkova, a small village a little below the fall. At Drenkova are some remains of a Roman fort, probably one of a series of strong places built by Claudius to protect the river boundaries of the Roman conquests. The second rapids are those of Kozla Mare, situated in the midst of such beautiful scenery, that it is probable the traveller has passed over them while his attention has been occupied by the surrounding objects. Just below this point, on the Servian side, may be observed traces of the Roman road, of which we shall speak later; and above it, is a plain tablet, bearing this mutilated inscription:—

TR·CAESARE·AVS
AVGVSTO·IMPERATO
PONT·MAX: TR·POT·XXXV
LEG·IIII SCYTH·ET·V·MACEDO.

It is near this point that the most considerable falls in this part of the Danube begin. They are formed by a succession of three rapids, the Izlâs, the Taktalia, and the Greben; in the middle of the latter, on a projecting rock, a small iron cross marks the dangerous pass. The navigation has been somewhat facilitated by a canal cut in the rocky bed of the stream by means of blasting; but much must yet be done before steamboats ean pass over it at all seasons. During high-water, both the steamboats on the Lower Danube have passed these rapids. The shallowest part is on the Greben, which we passed with seven feet of water, though it has been known with only two. Below the falls the river becomes suddenly wide, and extends itself to sixteen hundred yards. We met during this part of our course one or two Turkish boats slowly toiling up against the stream. A few Servian villages are scattered here and there, and give life to the scene. One founded by Prince Milosch, and named, after his son, Milanovacz, appears to prosper, and shows greater symptoms of comfort than any thing we have seen on that side. At Tricula are the remains of three towers, to which tradition assigns a Roman origin.

A long reach which presents a beautiful lake-like view, brought us to Kazan, (the Kettle,) which, as the middle point between Orsova and Moldova, has been made the residence for the engineers employed in the construction of the new road.

Here we left our boat and visited the works then in progress, now happily near completion. The object has been to form a good carriage-road between Moldova and Orsova, in order that vessels may be able to tow up against the stream, and that passengers and goods may be conveyed by carriages without loss of time from one steamboat to another. In several parts of this track the rocks come close down to the water's edge, so that it was found necessary to form galleries in them, a work of great labour and expense. From Babakay to Alibeg there is six thousand yards of artificial road, and again below Kazan it extends twelve thousand yards. When I saw it, it had been two years begun, and 20,000*l*. expended. Five hundred men were still employed on it.

A work of this kind would be great in any country; but in Hungary it may be looked upon as something wonderful, and the greatest credit is due to Count Széchenyi, who has had the entire direction of the works, as well as to Mr. Vásárhely, the engineer, that it has been accomplished so speedily and so well. Without it the navigation of the Danube was closed; but with it, in addition to the works contemplated below, there is no impediment of consequence that can oppose an easy and direct communication from Ratisbon, in the very heart of Europe, to the Black Sea. Nay, the projected rail-road between the Danube and the Rhine will accomplish the union of those two rivers, and thus the great idea of Charlemagne will be fulfilled after the lapse of so many centuries.

As we walked along the new road, our attention was directed to a cave about one hundred yards above the Danube, celebrated in the history of the Turkish wars. It appears that in 1692, the Austrian General Veterani sent three hundred men under the command of Captain D'Arnan to hold this cavern against the Turks, whose communications on the Danube were in consequence almost cut off, for the position of the cave gave its little garrison the complete command of the passage of the river, which is exceedingly narrow here. The Pasha of Belgrade, roused by the injury this handful of men inflicted on the Turks, sent an overwhelming force against them; but their position, defended with the greatest bravery, was proof against all attacks, except, alas! that of hunger, which obliged them to capitulate after a siege of forty-five days. Again, in 1788, was this little fortress employed against the Moslems. Major Stein held it for twenty-one days, with a smaller number of troops than before.

Some remains of slight outworks are still left before the entrance of the cave. The interior is about one hundred feet long by seventy broad, and has some natural divisions, to which tradition still attaches names and destinations; as the officers' quarters, the powder magazine, and the provision depôt.

On the opposite side, and not far from this cavern, rises a majestic cliff two thousand one hundred and sixty feet in height from the water's edge. This is the Sterbeczu Almare, the huge bastion of the Danube, a glorious monument of nature's boldest architecture. After passing Rogach, the narrowest point of the river, where it is only one hundred and sixteen yards wide, but sixty deep, and just opposite the little village of Ogradina, we arrived at the great Tablet of Trajan, the most perfect historical monument at present existing on the banks of the Danube. We returned next day to examine this tablet at our leisure; but we were still not permitted to get up to it, as it is on the Servian side, and therefore considered in *Sporco*. It is in the solid rock, a fine hard mountain limestone, and is executed with much elegance. A winged genius on each side supports an oblong tablet protected by the overhanging rock, which has been carved into a rich cornice, surmounted by a Roman eagle. At either end is a dolphin. The inscription, as it has been made out by the engineers, runs thus—

IMP·CAESAR·DIVI·NERVAE·F·
NERVA·TRAIANUS·AUG·GERM·
PONTIF·MAXIMVS·TRIB·P·O·XXX.

I must confess I was not able to decipher all these letters; but, as it is eight yards from the water, and obscured by the smoke which the fires of the Servian fishermen, who often rest here for the night, have covered it with, it is very possible that those who could examine it nearer might follow the traces of letters which have escaped less favoured observers.* The work which this tablet is intended to immortalize, was no other than the Via Trajana, as it is called, on some of the Roman coins of that period, and of which the traces are frequently visible on different parts of the rocks between Golumbatz and Orsova, on

* For this, as well as for the plan of the remains of Trajan's bridge, I am indebted to a friend in Hungary, who obtained for me copies of the drawings and plans prepared with great care by engineers employed in the survey of the Danube. This inscription has never, I believe, been so fully made out by any other observers.

the Servian bank. For the most part, the traces of the road now remaining are reduced to a narrow ledge, varying from two to six feet in width, cut in the solid rock, at the height of ten feet above the ordinary water-mark, and below this ledge, at regular distances, and in four distinct elevations are holes of about nine inches square and eighteen deep. Where the rock hangs perpendicularly over the river, the ledge and the holes may be traced very distinctly for a considerable distance without intermission; at other places they are interrupted by a sloping bank, where an artificial road was no longer required; and at others, where a slight chasm in the rocks made it impossible to continue the ledge, a bridge seems to have been thrown across. Every one who takes the trouble to examine this subject, must conclude that these holes were, beyond question, intended to receive beams constructed so as to support a part of the road made of wood, for the ledge cut out of the rock was not wide enough, in many parts, even to admit persons on foot, and certainly not horses. Nor can we suppose that the ledge in the rock was once wider, and that it has been worn away by time, for the tablets remain very perfect, and the holes below seem as fresh as if cut yesterday. It is, then, pretty certain that the Via Trajana was partly only cut in the rock, and partly supported on wooden beams.* It would thus answer for a towing path as well as for the passage of troops—the two great objects for which it was probably intended; and, besides costing much less labour, it would have possessed, if this supposition is correct, the advantage of being easily and effectually interrupted in case that pursuit by the barbarians rendered it desirable to cut off the communication.

As we turned from these remains of Roman greatness to the other side of the river, and again got on shore, to examine the progress they were making with the modern road, it was impossible not to be struck with the resemblance of the Wallack peasants, who were engaged on it, to the Dacians of Trajan's column. The dress, the features, and the whole appearance of the Wallacks, were so Dacian, that a man fresh from Rome could scarcely fail to recognise it. They have the same arched nose, deeply sunken eye and long hair, the same sheep-skin cap, the same shirt bound round the waist, and descending to the knee, and the same long loose trowsers which the Roman chain

* This opinion I had formed from an inspection of the place itself.

is so often seen encircling at the ankles. It was only required to change the German or Hungarian overlooker in his smart hussar uniform, for the soldier of the Roman legion in his brilliant armour, and we might have supposed ourselves present at the very scene enacted for a similar purpose on the opposite side of this river seventeen hundred years before!

Orsova, as we saw it next morning, appeared a pretty little village, situated close on the banks of the Danube, and fast rising into importance as the frontier town of Hungary, towards Servia and Wallachia. In addition to the money spent here by travellers, the custom-house and quarantine establishments necessarily give it greater advantages than are possessed by most Hungarian places of its size. At a little distance from the town, too, there is a small covered market, where the Turks and Servians bring their wares for sale; and though divided by rails, and closely guarded by the quarantine officers in order to prevent contamination, they carry on a considerable traffic in pipe-heads, Turkish sweetmeats, fruits, ornaments, and other small articles. The quarantine establishment was nearly empty at the time we visited Orsova, and we were shown over the whole of it. It cannot be said to be pleasant to pass such a length of time in confinement any where; but I know of few places where it would be more tolerable than at Orsova. A small court is attached to each set of apartments; and, attended by a guard, permission is usually granted to walk over the whole place.

A mile below Orsova, and in the middle of the Danube, lies the pretty island of New Orsova, a Turkish fortress, now, alas! somewhat dilapidated, like every thing else Turkish; though, scarcely a century ago, it was of sufficient strength to have occupied the Emperor Joseph II. a considerable time to batter it effectually from the opposite mountains. It is said to have been at this point that the great crusade of 1396, under the Connétable d'Eu and Sigismund of Hungary, after descending the Danube from Buda to Orsova, passed over to the island, and so across to the Turkish side. One hundred thousand horsemen, among whom were the flower of the French chivalry, seemed to give an assurance of easy victory; and as Sigismund marked their close and well-ordered ranks, he insolently exclaimed, "With such an army, I can brave the world; their spears would uphold the canopy of heaven itself, should it threaten to fall upon us!" The impious boast was bitterly atoned for. In a very few days the plain of Nicopolis witnessed the complete dis-

persion of this host, and the noblest or bravest of them dead, or captives in the hands of Bajazeth.

We were fortunate enough to obtain permission from the *Herr Cordons Commandant* to visit the Pasha of Orsova; and, accompanied by a custom-house officer, apparently to enable us to smuggle with impunity, and another from the quarantine to prevent our catching the plague in any but the prescribed form, we embarked for the island. About half an hour's row down the stream, brought us under the low and crumbling walls of the fortress; and one of our attendants, acting as interpreter, hailed a magnificent-looking fellow, who was lounging about very nonchalantly,—but who was nevertheless a Turkish sentinel on duty—and desired him to inform the Pasha of our request for an audience.

In the meantime we landed, and pursued our way over broken walls and through filled up ditches to the Pasha's house; and a strange-looking pile we found it. The lower part is formed of a solid tower of stone, probably the remains of some Gothic stronghold, while the upper story is only a wooden box, after the common fashion of Turkish houses, overhanging its base in every direction, and in its turn covered by a vast umbrella-like roof. Our request was courteously received, and we were ushered up a broad flight of steps outside the building, and between long rows of bare-footed servants to the audience chamber. Here we found the Pasha ready to receive us, and after sundry bows on our parts and pressings of the hand to the heart on his, we took our seats opposite each other on some very common, rush-bottomed chairs. These were evidently used as a compliment to us; for they appeared a troublesome luxury to our host, whose legs were either dangling awkwardly in mid-air, or perched on the highest stave, in any thing but an elegant position. He was a handsome, good-tempered looking man, of about forty, with a fine red beard curling over his breast. He was far enough from the capital in his snug little island, to dispense with the caricature of a uniform worn in Constantinople, and his costume of embroidered cloth lined with fur, was simple and handsome. He inquired with much anxiety if we had brought our pipes, and seemed very much annoyed at our guides for not having informed us that a recent firman had forbidden any Pasha to offer pipes to strangers. This arrangement had been adopted to relieve the Pashas from the expense of maintaining a great pipe establishment, the cost of which was sufficient

to ruin some of the poorer of them. I believe it has been given up since. It was in vain we protested that we did not smoke in the morning; when the poor Pasha received his splendid chiboque he drew a long whiff or two, but it failed to sooth his wounded sense of hospitality, and he protested he could not smoke unless we did so too. At last, plague or no plague, he insisted on each of us smoking from his own pipe; nor was it till the pale lemon-coloured amber had been pressed in turn by every lip, and the muddy coffee had been duly drunk, that he felt sufficiently at ease to begin a conversation.

I am not going to give the reader the Pasha's sage remarks—that is, remarks of my own, which I think sufficiently sage to be palmed off as a Pasha's,—as many writers in these modern times are apt to do, often, too, when they have not understood one word of the language spoken; and it is not worth while repeating the commonplaces our interpreter passed between us. The Pasha inquired about the progress of the works at Kazan, whether the bridge was begun at Pest, and how many steamboats were building, occasionally stopping to assure us how great was his pleasure at our visit, and occasionally bursting into a hearty laugh at the fear our attendants expressed lest we might touch something capable of communicating plague, and that too after smoking the pipe he had just used. As in every Turk,—and almost in every man who is free from affectation and servility,—his manners were easy and dignified; and as we took leave, much pleased with our visit, he invited us to go through the town, and gave orders that we should see the mosque and any thing else we chose.

The town, which consists of four streets built in the form of a cross, is as completely Turkish as any thing in Constantinople; it is, in fact, a little epitome of the whole empire. The same filthy narrow streets, the same coffee-houses with their eternal loungers drawing deep draughts of pleasure from the bubbling nargilé or long chibouque, the open shops, the carpeted mosque with its slender minaret, and the pretty burial-ground with its turbaned head-stones, as are to be seen in every other part of Turkey;—nay, the very dogs are the same snarling, ill-bred mangy curs which the sons of Mahomet use as scavengers wherever their sway is felt. It was amusing to see with what officiousness our quarantine man began to exercise his stick on all the poor animals which crossed his path, but an obstinate hen very nearly got the master of him notwithstanding, and we

were obliged to run into another street lest a chance feather from her wing should condemn us to a fortnight's quarantine. Heartily did the good-humoured Turks shake their sides to see half a dozen poor Christians in flight before a cackling hen! We were allowed, however, to purchase some pipe-heads from Servia,—more beautiful than any to be found at Constantinople, —probably from some little arrangement between the Turk and Christian for fleecing the stranger, for as we went away, I saw our guide put one into his own pocket, for which nothing was paid, save a nod of understanding between himself and the merchant.

The most insensible can hardly fail to admire the scenery about Orsova; the island, the Elizabeth Tower on the opposite bank, the Alion with its wooded sides, and the expanse of water itself, are beauties of no common order. From the passing view we had of some Servian peasants, they seemed to resemble the Wallacks in their dress. The women often cover their heads with strings of gold and silver coins till they assume the appearance of scale-helmets.

Another excursion I made from Orsova was to visit the Iron Gates of the Danube, and the remains of Trajan's bridge. As these objects are in Wallachia, it was necessary again to obtain permission, and to be accompanied by quarantine and customhouse officers. Having provided two light wagons with four horses in each, we followed the banks of the Danube, passed the Island of Orsova, crossed the boundary line of Hungary, and continued along a road cut in the side of the mountain, amidst the most beautiful scenery, till the roar of the waters informed us we were approaching the much-dreaded cataracts of the Iron Gates.

A bad name is a bad thing; the Black Sea is still an object of terror at Lloyd's, though its navigation is safer than the generality of European seas, and the Iron Gates were long considered an irresistible bar to commerce on the Danube, though the peasant pilots of Orsova never hesitate, in proper seasons, to shoot them with as clumsy ill-constructed vessels as can well be made. These rapids, for such is their proper designation, continue under different names for about a quarter of a mile, and it is the most eastern portion which is properly called the Iron Gates, or, by the Turks, Demirkapi. At this point a ledge of rocks runs quite across the river, the highest part of which, though just covered in the ordinary state of the water, is yet sufficiently evi-

dent, and produces a fall of several feet, which is followed by an eddy which might prove dangerous to very small craft. The shallowness of the water is, however, the most serious obstacle, and at certain seasons this is so extreme as to put a stop to navigation entirely. Two plans have been conceived for remedying this evil: and it has been proposed either to blast the rocks, a difficult and expensive process, or to form a canal along the Servian bank. Very fortunately, at this point the rocks, instead of coming down close to the edge of the water, leave a small surface of flat land, round which it is proposed to carry a canal; and here, it is said, remains still exist of a canal made by the Romans for the very same purpose. As I was not able to verify this report by actual inspection, I cannot state it to be positively true; but as the Via Trajana was continued in this direction, and was pretty certainly used as a towing path, I think there can be little doubt of the fact. What obstacle impedes the commencement of this canal I know not, but fortunately the steam navigation is independent of it, for the boats come up to Scala Gladova without impediment, and goods and passengers are thence conveyed by boat or carriage to Orsova, so that, were the road better, the absence of the canal would be of little consequence. Nor is this interruption of so great importance as it would be in any other position, for a delay is necessarily caused, in passing from the one country to the other, by the quarantine, customs, and police regulations.

As we turned back to take a last view of the dreaded pass, a heavy Turkish boat, with its lattine sails approached, and we had an opportunity of watching it pass the rapids. The sails were furled, and a large oar was put out to aid the helm; the only effects we could observe were, a slight trembling of the mast, a sudden shoot over the rocks, a little reeling in the eddy, and she then passed on her course as tranquilly as though nothing had happened.

The banks of the Danube now became flat and uninteresting, —Scala Gladova, through which our route led us, is a very miserable little Wallachian town, only remarkable because the steamboats stop there,—and we were very thankful when our twenty miles' drive was over, and we found ourselves at the remains of Trajan's bridge. All that is now left of this structure is a solid shapeless mass of masonry on either bank, about twenty feet high, and between that and the river there is, on each side, a broken wall on a level with the top of the banks,

apparently forming the piers from which the first arches sprang. On both sides, the banks are of a considerable height above the water. In the bed of the river, and in a direct line between these ruins, the surveyors have traced the remains of thirteen pillars. Not far from the middle a kind of island has been formed, which occupies the space of four pillars, and on the northern bank there is a second space, apparently filled up by deposit, which leaves room for one other pillar, thus making, in addition to those on the bank, twenty. The distance between the pillars on either bank is five hundred and sixty-two Vienna klafters, or about three thousand nine hundred English feet. The pillar on the north bank, which I sketched, is not built of hewn stones, but of a mass of shapeless materials joined together with Roman cement. It may have been encased in hewn stone, which has been removed or destroyed. This is all I could observe or learn of the actual state of the remains of Trajan's bridge. The water, though not high, was sufficiently so to prevent even a ripple appearing on the surface, where it flowed over the hidden pillars, but the tops of several pillars are sometimes visible. On the Wallachian side, a little before we reached the ruin, we observed the remains of a tower which had been surrounded by a deep and wide fosse. Nothing remains of the tower to indicate its origin or form; but the fosse, if I remember right, is circular. It was probably intended to defend the passage of the bridge.

Now let us inquire, for a moment, what information ancient authorities afford us concerning this great work. Dion Cassius, who was governor of part of Pannonia under Hadrian, the successor of Trajan, wrote a history of Rome down to his own time. A considerable part of this history is lost, and among other portions the account of Trajan's bridge; but an epitome of his works by Ziphilini still exists, which contains a short description of it. It was built by Apollodorus, the architect of the Forum Trajanum, and of Trajan's column at Rome, and consisted of twenty piers, each pier being one hundred and fifty Roman feet high, sixty feet thick, and they were one hundred and seventy feet distant from each other. At either end it was protected by towers. The whole work is said to have been built of hewn stone, and the real difficulties of so vast an undertaking are enhanced by a false account of the situation, depth of water, nature of the soil, and other particulars.*

* I should remark, that this is one of the widest parts of the river, and was, no doubt, on that account, chosen by the architect to allow the force

The second authority is the large copper coin of Trajan, containing on the reverse a bridge. From this coin it would rather appear that the towers were at the entrances of the bridge, and that they had somewhat the appearance of triumphal arches. The figures of men are very discernible on both of them. The arch—as is often the case in coins bearing figures of buildings, a part being put to represent the whole,—appears to me, as well as to others who have examined it with me, to be composed of wood, though the piers are undoubtedly of stone.*

Besides this, we have a third authority in the column of Trajan, where a part of the bridge is represented in the back ground, and again the upper portion appears, I think, to be decidedly of wood; in fact, the cross bars and rails are exactly like those uniting the bridges of boats, by which the Roman army is often seen crossing rivers during their march to Dacia. I need scarcely say, that the idea of the wooden projection of the Via Trajana strengthens the supposition of a similar construction in the Pons Trajani. The bridge was probably begun about 103, A. D.; it was destroyed about 120.

Before we quit the subject, one word on the destruction of the bridge. Hadrian, it appears, anxious to enjoy in peace the conquests of his predecessor, intended to give up the newly-founded province of Dacia; in consequence, however, of the number of Roman colonists already established there, he was persuaded to retain it; but, as it is said, to prevent the barbarians crossing over into the Thracian provinces, he destroyed the bridge across the Danube. I cannot help thinking that personal feeling had some connexion with this affair; it seems at least so impolitic to retain the province, and yet cut off the only safe and sure communication with it, that one is naturally led to look for other motives than those generally ascribed for the destruction of this bridge. Now it appears that Apollodorus had given mortal offence to Hadrian when a young soldier in the camp of Trajan, by desiring him to "paint gourds" (an amusement to which he was addicted,) "and not to speak of matters he did not understand," on occasion of some silly remarks offered by the

of the sudden floods to which the Danube is subject, on the breaking up of the ice, to waste itself on an extended surface. The bed of the river, instead of answering the description of Dion Cassius, is sound, and the depth here less than in most other parts.

* This opinion, I find, is supported by Marsigli, Fabretti, and Montfaucon, who make very light of the exaggerations of Dion Cassius.

future Emperor concerning the plans which the architect was displaying to his royal master. This insult, sharpened by the jealousy which Hadrian felt of the artist's talents, was never forgiven, and no sooner did he assume the purple than he banished Apollodorus, and finally had him put to death on some false pretence. A man whose cruel revenge was capable of demanding the destruction of a great artist, would scarcely be inclined to spare that artist's most esteemed work,—his surest claim to the gratitude and remembrance of posterity; and I think it highly probable, that Trajan's greatest glory fell a sacrifice to Hadrian's meanest passion.

On our return to Orsova, we found that a fisherman had just captured an enormous sturgeon,—so large that when placed in one of the small wagons of the country, its tail dragged along the ground behind. It was taken to the village fountain, washed, cut up, and speedily sold to the peasants. The sturgeon is said to be abundant in this part of the Danube, and to attain a large size, but it is not equal in delicacy of flavour to the small sturgeon of the Theiss. Fresh *caviare* gourmands may satisfy their longings here as well as in the region of the Wolga or the Don. In Wallachia, the preparation of the hard caviare is much cared for, and most of that met with at Constantinople is obtained from thence. Nothing can be ruder than the Wallack mode of fishing. A long string of floats stoutly fastened together, support a number of huge hooks which hang at different depths in the water without baits, but so placed as to hook the fish as he swims by. Angling as an amusement is rarely followed in Hungary, but from the quantity of trout met with on the table, I should think it might afford good sport.

It was a fine autumn afternoon when we left Orsova, and following the valley of the Cserna, closely hemmed in by its wooded hills, pursued our way to Mehadia. The groups of Wallack women, as we saw them in the evening assembled round their cottage doors, or returning home from the labours of the field, were too peculiar to escape the observation, and sometimes admiration of strangers. Their dress, like the men's, rather Dacian, consists of the homespun linen shirt, fastened close round the neck, and reaching down to the ankles. At the sleeves, and round the collar, it is often prettily embroidered in blue and red. Before and behind they wear a coarse woollen apron of different colours, the lower part of which is commonly a mere fringe, and such, with a coloured fillet bound round the head, is the only

summer covering of the Wallack women. No dress was ever less adapted to conceal the form; the close-fitting apron seems rather intended to display to the greatest advantage the Venus-like proportions of the figure; nor are the beauties of the youthful bust less delicately outlined by the tight linen shirt.

We met some twenty or thirty of the Borderers on march to relieve the guard on duty at some distant post, where they would have to remain for a week. They were exceedingly well dressed, and had quite the appearance of regular troops.

In many parts of this valley the road is adorned by avenues of the white mulberry. I think it was under Maria Theresa that the idea of cultivating silk in Hungary was first started, and several attempts were subsequently made in different parts of the country with considerable success. In 1811, Government planted the Banat military frontier with mulberries, in the hope of being able to feed the worm on the tree, but I believe the experiment did not succeed, though it is difficult to say from what cause. A great number of land-owners are now planting the mulberry in different parts of Hungary, and it is highly probable that silk will, ere long, be one of the staple commodities of the country.

Near Topletz are the ruins of an aqueduct, which formerly extended from the baths of Mehadia to Orsova. No one who has seen the Turkish aqueducts near Constantinople, can doubt as to the origin of this one; it is clearly of Turkish and not Roman workmanship. Its object was probably to convey the medicated waters of Mehadia to the village of Orsova which was for many years the residence of a Pasha, and an important Turkish fortress.

About ten miles from Orsova we quitted the main valley, and pursuing the course of the Cserna, entered the valley of Mehadia, in which the baths of Mehadia are situated. It was now past the bathing season, and we were the only strangers there; but the reader must allow me to transport him back to the gaiety of July, in which month I visited it on another occasion.

The baths consist of a number of handsome buildings round an oval place, furnished with seats, and commonly enlivened by music and loungers. The valley is so exceedingly narrow, that there was but just room to build these houses; nor have they been erected without a sacrifice of the romantic scenery. The large building to the right was constructed by the Emperor Francis, and it is let out at certain fixed and very moderate prices as an hotel, while the lower part contains baths.

The antiquity of the Hercules Baths are beyond question. Many votive tablets and statues sufficiently attest that they were dedicated to Hercules and that they were known to the Romans as early as the reign of Hadrian, with whom they were in high repute for their medicinal virtues.

From June to September these baths are the favourite resort of the Hungarians and Transylvanians, and, besides, receiving occasionally members of every other part of the Austrian dominions, a rich Boyard from Wallachia, an uncouth prince from Servia, and a vagabond Englishman, may often be seen mingling with the gay groups on the evening promenade. An Englishman must almost have ceased to be a wonder now, but it is not very long since some very pretty little Banatians were terribly scolded by mamma for running out to get a peep at an islander, a sort of thing, as they urged in excuse, they had never seen in their lives before, and which they were not a little disappointed to find so much like other human beings.

There are few bathing-places can boast so really beautiful a neighbourhood as this; for several miles up the valley, where a foot-path has been cut through the woods, nothing can be more exquisitely lovely than the scenery. And then, there are mountains to ascend, a real robber's cave to explore, a little waterfall to visit, besides excursions, to I know not how many wonderful places in the neighbourhood to be made. But the white precipitous rocks, which make the valley so picturesque, render it excessively close, and in July and August it is scarcely possible to move out in the day-time. These same rocks, however, are not to be scorned, for they are so high and close as to produce an early sunset, and thus leave a long cool twilight for the promenade. So much greater is the heat in this valley than elsewhere, that the tarantula and scorpion, unknown in other parts of Hungary, are far from uncommon.

Beautiful, however, as Mehadia is, its beauty will not please for ever; as is often the case with other beauties, its appearance is useful as an attraction, but it requires other qualities to keep alive our interest in them. It may be an effectual cure,* as the

* There are nine different springs here in use, each varying considerably in the proportions of their mineral contents, as given by chemical analysis. They have all, however, more or less, the same ingredients, of which the chief are muriates of soda and lime, sulphate of lime, sulphuretted hydrogen gas, nitrogen gas, and carbonic acid gas, except the Hercules bath, which contains no sulphuretted hydrogen. The tempera-

doctors, vouch for an infinity of human ills, but to a healthy man, a long residence there is apt to induce one as bad as any in the list —*ennui*. In the morning it is *de rigueur* to parboil yourself in the fetid waters, from which you escape so exhausted, that leaning out of the window and watching your neighbour enjoying the same recreation, is all you are capable of. At one, the gentlemen meet at the *table d'hôte*,—the ladies generally dine in their own rooms,—and consume a very indifferent dinner, notwithstanding the eulogies of some travellers just escaped from quarantine diet. Till six, the time must still be killed. A little quiet gambling is generally transacted about this time, by such as have a taste for it, and smoking too was a great resource, especially after some cosmopolite Turks had philanthropically established themselves in one corner of the place with a large stock of Chibouques and Latakia, to the great edification of all honest Christians who loved good tobacco. At six, the beau monde makes its appearance, the gipsy band strikes up its joyous notes, and till eight, the promenade of Mehadia is gay with music and beauty. A bad German theatre and an occasional ball add to the amusements of those who like them, but there is a want of some common place of re-union, which prevents the society coming together as much as it otherwise would.

The deficiency of accommodation here is a crying evil, and new arrivals are not unfrequently obliged to sleep on tables and chairs in the public dining-room. On returning to my room one night, rather late, I found the whole passage covered with mattresses on which were stretched some dozen human figures; many of whom were young and very pretty girls of the middle class, some of them unfortunate cripples, and all freshly arrived, and

ture varies in the different springs from 32° to 50° of Reaumur, but a cooling apparatus enables one to regulate the temperature at will. Mehadia is considered in Hungary as the very first in the healing powers of its waters. It is particularly recommended in indolent skin diseases, in cases of gout in all its forms, chronic rheumatism, scrofula, chronic diseases of the joints, complicated mercurial affections, old liver complaints, in all that prolific class called *Verstopfungen* by the Germans, hysteria, hypochondria, and many other of the *opprobria medica*. An eye-bath is arranged so that the eye may be exposed to the hot mineral vapour, and is much used in chronic affections of that organ. Nothing but experience can decide on the credit due to mineral waters in diseases, but on the healthy body I do not think I ever felt any produce a greater effect than these; the weakness and profuse perspiration which follows the bath is extreme.—Vide Die Hercules Bäder bei Mehadia, von J. G. Schwarzott.

thankful even for this shelter. In this condition they remained a week before they could procure rooms.

The political economist in such a case would quietly fold his arms and say the supply will be regulated by the demand, and so it might elsewhere, but Mehadia is on the military frontiers, and consequently under the administration of the Kammer, which, with its usual forethought and good sense refuses permission to any private individual to build an hotel, except on condition that no one shall enter it till all the present accommodations are occupied, for fear of injuring the present proprietors. This is an instance of the advantages accruing from the excessive care of a paternal government: here it deprives its poor children of a comfortable lodging—would to God it never deprived them of still more important blessings!

CHAPTER III.

BANAT.*

Szegedin.—The Banat.—its History.—Fertility.—State of Agriculture.—Climate.—Mines.—Population.—Prosperous Villages.—The Peasant and the Bishop of Agram.—The New Urbarium.—The Kammeral Administration.—Temesvár.—Roads.—Baron Wenkheim's Reforms.—A Wolf Hunt.

It was by Szegedin that we entered this El Dorado—this land of promise for Christianized Jews, and ennobled Greeks. Szegedin is itself one of the most disagreeable towns in Hungary; its streets are wide, and traversed by planks, which, however useful they may be in keeping people on foot out of the muddy abyss on each side, are particularly unpleasant to those who are bumped over them to the imminent hazard of their carriage-springs. The houses look damp and deserted; and the ruins of the old fortress, which once commanded the passage of the Theiss, add to the desolation, without increasing the beauty of the place. I doubt, however, if Szegedin really merits the character which, perhaps, my feelings have associated with it: a dull day, or his own ill-humour, often give a most incorrect colouring to the passing traveller's observations. It is, in fact, a town of considerable traffic, with which its situation, at the confluence of two such rivers as the Theiss and Maros, has naturally endowed it.

It was Sunday when we passed; and, among the holiday-makers, I remarked what I suspect to be a remnant of Turkish habits. The women of the lower classes wore slippers without heels, fancifully worked on the front in silk or worsted; just, in fact, the in-door *chaussure* of the ladies of Constantinople. Beyond the town, the Maros had overflowed its banks, and formed an immense lake, extending for several miles to the south. This appeared, however, so frequent an occurrence, as to have induced

* Though not directly in our present route, I have thought it best to take the whole of the Banat together, that I might give a more complete idea of its position and extent.

the people to provide against it, for we passed through the waters on a good raised road to Szöreg.

Our route from thence to Temesvár, lay through a flat, and often swampy country; but at the same time so overladen with the riches of production that I do not recollect ever to have seen so luxuriant a prospect in any other part of the world. It was the month of July, and the harvest was already begun. Every field was waving with the bright yellow corn, often so full in the head as to have sunk under its own weight, and the whole plain seemed alive with labourers, though apparently there were not half the number required for the work before them.

The Banat is a district in the south-east corner of Hungary, lying between the Theiss, Maros, and Danube, and containing the three counties of Thorontál, Temesvár, and Krasso. It is not one hundred years since the Turks were in possession of this province; and it was not till the close of the last century, that it was entirely free from Moslem incursion. Those who have visited any of the countries under the Ottoman rule, will easily understand the wild and savage state in which this beautiful land then was. The philanthropic Joseph II. determined to render it equally populous and civilized with the rest of Hungary. From the flatness of a large portion of the surface, and from the quantity of rivers by which it is watered, immense morasses were formed, which tainted the air, and made it really then what some French writer now undeservedly calls it, "*le tombeau des étrangers.*" To tempt settlers, the land was sold at exceedingly moderate prices; and Germans, Greeks, Turks, Servians, Wallacks, nay, even French and Italians, were brought over to people this luxuriant wilderness. The soil, a rich black loam, hitherto untouched by the plough, yielded the most extraordinary produce. Fortunes were rapidly made; and, at the present day, some of the wealthiest of the Hungarian gentry were, half a century ago, poor adventurers in the Banat.

To those who have never lived in any but an old country, the soil of which is impoverished by the use of many ages, it is difficult to believe what riches are hidden in untilled ground. The productive powers of a naturally good soil, deposited by swamps and rivers, when heightened by a climate more nearly tropical than temperate, are wonderful. The same crops are here repeated year after year, on the same spots; the ground is only once turned up to receive the seed; a fallow is unknown; manure is never used, but is thrown away as injurious; and yet

with the greatest care and labour in other places, I never saw such abundant produce as ill-treated unaided Nature here bestows upon her children. Except the olive and orange, there is scarcely a product of Europe which does not thrive in the Banat. I do not know that I can enumerate all the kinds of crop raised; but, among others, are wheat, barley, oats, rye, rice, maize, flax, hemp, rape, sun-flowers (for oil,) tobacco of different kinds, wine, and silk,—nay, even cotton, tried as an experiment, is said to have succeeded.

All through Hungary, the state of agriculture, among the peasantry, is in a very primitive state. In the poorer parts, they allow the ground to fallow every other year, and sometimes manure it, though rarely. As for changing the crops, that is little attended to. Here they will continue year after year the same thing, without its making any apparent difference. Nowhere are the agricultural instruments of a ruder form, or more inefficiently employed than in the Banat. The plough is generally a simple, one-handled instrument, heavy, and ill-adapted for penetrating deeply into the soil. The fork is merely a branch of a tree, which happened to fork naturally, and which is peeled and sharpened for use. The corn is rarely stacked, being commonly trodden out by horses as soon as it is cut. In the Wallack villages, notwithstanding the capabilities of the soil, maize is almost the only crop cultivated. Barley is rarely found in any part of Hungary; and, strange to say, where so many horses are kept, horse-beans are unknown. Green crops, except among a few agricultural reformers, are completely neglected. The crop of hay is commonly cut twice in a season. I do not remember ever to have seen irrigation practised, though there are few countries in which it would be productive of greater advantages.

The climate of the Banat, in summer, approaches nearly to that of Italy; but the winter, though less inclement than in the rest of Hungary, is still too long and severe for the olive or the orange. Even in summer, the nights are often intensely cold. After the hottest day, the sun no sooner sets than a cool breeze rises, refreshing at first, but which becomes dangerous to those who are unprepared for it. The Hungarian never travels without his fur or sheep-skin coat; and the want of such a defence is often the cause of fever to the unsuspecting stranger.

The scenery of the Banat is extremely various; from the flat plains of Thorontál to the snowy mountains of Krasso, almost every variety may be found which the lover of Nature can de-

sire. The rare, though seldom visited, beauties of the Maros, the smiling neighbourhood of Lugos, the darker attractions of the Cserna and the Reka, and the fine woods and pretty streams with which the Banat abounds, may justly entitle it to boast itself among the most favoured parts of Hungary.

The mines of the Banat, though of great antiquity,* and still worked, are less productive than those of the north. Near Orawitza, coal has been found, and is now in use for the steamboats, which the English engineers declare to be in no way inferior to the best Newcastle. The Banat mines are worked chiefly for copper, lead, tin, and zinc: of copper, about 7,000 cent. are annually produced; of lead, about 2,000 cent.; and of zinc, about 500 cent. The quantity of iron obtained I could not ascertain. About five thousand miners are employed. It is a curious fact that, owing it is said to mal-administration, the coal is as dear as that obtained from England viâ Constantinople, notwithstanding the distance of carriage.

But one of the most curious features of the Banat is the motley appearance of its inhabitants, who, as the different races are generally in distinct villages, have preserved their national characteristics quite pure. In one village, which, from the superiority of its buildings, and from the large and handsome school-house, you at once recognise to be German, you still see the old-fashioned costume of the Bavarian broom-girl, and the light blue eyes and sandy hair of their colder father-land. A few miles off, you enter a place formed only of the wooden hovels of the Wallacks; and here, though it is in the midst of harvest, you find a number of lazy fellows lying about their doors, while their half-robed wives amuse themselves with an occupation about their husbands' heads, for which the English language has no word fit for ears polite. The languages are preserved as pure as other nationalisms; and though the German can often speak Wallachian, you may be quite sure that the Wallack can only speak his own barbarous tongue. The Magyar and the Ratz, are equally characteristic and distinct. In one place, I think Kánisa, on finding the drivers spoke neither German, Hungarian, nor Wallack—for the ear soon teaches one to distinguish these languages—I inquired of a respectable-looking person, who was standing in the inn-yard, from whence they were? "Bulgarians," he answered in German: "and it is just one hundred years since they left Turkey, and established themselves on this spot, under the protec-

* Some time since a silver coin was found, indicating the date at which these mines were first worked by the Romans.

tion of the Emperor." The size of the village, and the appearance of the houses, sufficiently bespoke them to be a prosperous and flourishing colony.

In some places, people of two or three nations are mixed together, and it not unfrequently happens, that next door neighbours cannot understand each other. The different nations rarely intermarry,—a Magyar with a Wallack, never. I do not here enter into the manners or customs of the inhabitants of the Banat, because every nation retains its own, and most of these, except the Wallacks, we have already spoken of, and of them we shall say more when we get into Transylvania.

It is scarcely possible, in passing through some of the German villages of the Banat, such for instance as Hatzfeld, not to exclaim, as a Scotch friend of mine did, "Would to God our own people could enjoy the prosperity in which these peasants live." It is, in fact, impossible to imagine those who live by the labour of their hands, enjoying more of the material good things of the world than they do. In addition to the richest land in the country, the Banat peasant has many privileges peculiar to himself, conferred when it was an object to attract settlers from other districts, and these he still preserves. Among other things he is free from the "long journeys," the "hunting," the "spinning," the "chopping and carrying of wood," and from the tithe of fruit and vegetables. He has, moreover, free rights of fishing, of cutting reeds, and feeding his pigs, and gathering sticks in his master's forests, many of which, though trifling in themselves, give to the sober and industrious peasant, a great opportunity to improve his position. But, more than all, he has the liberty to redeem half his days of labour, at the rate of ten kreutzers, or five pence per day, an advantage of which he never fails to avail himself.

From the last station, before we arrived at Temesvár, a German peasant was our driver, who, on my inquiring to whom the village, Billiet, belonged, shook his head, and said, "The Bishop of Agram." I was sure that portentous shake of the head meant something sorrowful; and, as I never yet saw man in sorrow that did not wish to tell his woes, I knew I had only to encourage him, to get it all out; and accordingly, from an inquiring look, he took courage, pulled his horse up to a walk, and, turning half round on the box, began, "Why, sir, Billiet, and many other villages round here belong to the Bishop of Agram, who lives a long way off, and keeps his prefects here. Now sir, this

year the crops are very heavy, so the prefect comes with the new urbarium, and says, 'I have the right to order you peasants to send from each house two men four days in each week during the harvest, that the corn may be the sooner in, and accordingly, I expect you to obey.' But in our village, as indeed in all others, this urbarium is kept, and many have read it carefully, and found nothing of the sort in it; for, on the contrary, it is stated that a peasant holding an entire fief must send in harvest time one man for four days in two weeks, only, but then no more can be demanded for a fortnight. And so, sir, the Biro thought also, and he goes to the prefect to tell him his orders were unjust, and that he could not put them into execution. With that the prefect flies into a passion, tells the judge his business is to do what is ordered, not to bother his head about what he does not understand, and calls him a rogue, and other bad names which he did not deserve, for he is a very honest man, and respected by all the village. Determined not to suffer such an insult, the Biro replied that he neither could nor would act against the law and his conscience, and said that if he was a rogue, he could be no fit person to execute any longer the duties of Biro, and he therefore begged to lay down his stick of office. The next day the prefect sent orders to the peasants to elect a new Biro, but the peasants rechose their former one, declaring that they would obey no other; and so at present the affair stands, no one knowing how it will terminate."

All these misfortunes, the poor fellow seemed to think came from living under a bishop, and he complained sadly that the Emperor had so soon given them another after the death of the last. "We had hardly done rejoicing that our old Bishop was dead," he continued, "when a new one came in his place."

It is a prerogative of the Hungarian crown to retain the revenue of a bishopric for three years, between the death of one incumbent and the installation of another, and it is very rarely that the right is not taken full advantage of, but in the present instance, the see remained vacant only six months. It must not be supposed that the tenants of the late bishop bore him any personal ill-will; indeed, as he lived in Croatia, and they in the Banat, they could know very little of him; but absenteeism begets no good-will any where, and the hope of being under the officers of the Kammer or Exchequer for three years, instead of the Bishop's steward, would more than have consoled them for the death of a dozen such prelates. I believe I must let the

reader a little into the mysteries of this Exchequer Stewardship, this *Kammeral Administration*, before he can fully comprehend the peasant's joy at his Bishop's death, or his disappointment at his successor's speedy appointment.

The King of Hungary is heir, in default of male descendants, of all fiefs male, under which title most of the land in Hungary is held, with the condition, however, that he shall, when he sees fit, confer it on others, as the reward of public services. All newly-conquered land of course belongs, in like manner, to the crown, so that at one time, the whole of the Banat, and the greater part of it still, as well as many estates* in other parts of the country, are enjoyed by the king under this title. The stewardship of such vast possessions necessarily employs a great number of persons, all of whom, particularly the inferiors, are, according to the rule of the Austrian Government, very badly paid. As might naturally be expected under such a system, none but the very highest officers are insensible to the charms of a bribe. If an estate is to be purchased, the valuer must be feed that he may not over-value it, the resident-steward must be feed that he may not injure him in another point, and the clerks of the offices must also be feed in order to induce them to open their books and afford the necessary information. If the peasant of the Kammer wishes to escape a day's labour, a fat capon, or a dozen fresh eggs make the overseer of the Kammer forget to call him out; if this land is bad or wet, and if a portion in the neigbourhood farmed by the Kammer be better, a few florins adroitly distributed to the overseer, steward, valuer, clerks, and commissioners, make them all think it for the Kammer's benefit to exchange the good land for the bad. In many parts where this corrupt system has been carried out to its full extent, the peasant has no idea, when any favour of this kind is refused him, that it has been denied from a sense of its injustice, but believes only that the offered bribe has not been high enough. So openly is this system pursued, that it is a matter of constant joke among the officers themselves. The knowledge of these practices has produced such a want of confidence on the part of the superior members of the Kammer in their subalterns, that they have put a stop to every thing like improvement in the lands of Government, as affording only additional opportunities

*These estates must not be confounded with the Fiscal or Crown Estates; a vast and inalienable property, from which a great part of the King of Hungary's revenues are derived.

for robbery on the part of their officers. Many very worthy officers—for honourable men are to be found even under such corrupting circumstances—disgusted at this want of energy at the source, dispirited by the damp thrown upon every scheme they have proposed for improving the property, and increasing the revenue, and irritated at being suspected of crimes they are incapable of, have sunk into inactive followers of a bad system, instead of becoming, what they might have been, its efficient reformers. I remember a steward one day pointing out to me some beautifully rich land, overgrown with thorns, in one of the loveliest valleys of the Banat. "You see the riches the soil offers us here," said he; "you observe that the peasants sow nothing but maize, and that the greater portion of the land is useless. We have not even wheat for our own use. Shocked at so great a waste, and convinced that the soil would produce wheat, I tried the experiment on ground before untilled, and raised as fine a crop as I could wish. In my yearly report, of course this was mentioned, and I suggested the importance of more extended trials: would you believe that I received a severe reprimand for my experiment, that the correspondence on the subject lasted two years, and that, had not the success been so very evident, I should have lost my place? As it was, I was desired for the future not to depart from the usual routine without positive orders from my superiors!"

If such is the administration of estates which have been for years in the hands of the Kammer, it may easily be imagined how it must be with the estates of the church when the officers of the Kammer obtained a casual and only temporary possession of them, —what glorious opportunities for speculation! how certain the officers would be to make the best of their short harvest! and how easily the peasants might find their profit under such a stewardship!

Now we are on the subject of the Kammer, we may as well point out another of the inconveniences arising from a bad system of administration. The Government, oppressed by the greatest financial difficulties, wishes to sell the whole of the Kammeral property to pay some of the state debts. I ought to add, by way of parenthesis, that the donation of these estates, as a reward for public services, has become merely a legal fiction of late years; and though it has been frequently protested against by the Diet, they really are sold like any other property. Whether it is that his Majesty does not think any of his subjects'

services of such sterling value as to merit reward, or whether he thinks the payment of a good round sum into the Royal exchequer the most acceptable service they can render, I leave for those to decide who better understand royal estimations of such matters—but so it is.* The sale, however, has progressed but slowly; in fact, the stewards liked their situations, the valuers were good friends of the stewards, and so the prices set on the estates were such, that few were tempted to disturb them in their possession: only those who wish to obtain the rights of nobility, as rich citizens, christened Jews, or foreign settlers, now buy land of the exchequer.

That the consequences have been a serious injury to Government, a great impediment to the improvement of the country, and in fact an advantage to none but lazy and unjust stewards, are facts which every one admits, but no remedy has yet been applied.

Temesvár, the capital of the Banat, and the winter residence of the rich Banatians, is one of the prettiest towns I know any where. It has two handsome squares, and a number of very fine buildings. The county-hall, the palace of the liberal and enlightened Bishop of Csanád, the residence of the commander, and the Town-house, are all remarkable for their size and appearance. It was little better than a heap of huts in 1718, when Prince Eugene besieged the Turks, who then held it, and drove them for ever from this fair possession. At that time, too, the country round was a great swamp, and constantly infested with fevers of the most fatal character. Prince Eugene laid the plan of the present town, and commenced the fortifications by which it is surrounded. I have no doubt the defences are very good, for there are all manner of angles and ditches, and forts, and bastions, and great guns, and little guns; so that wherever a man goes, he has the pleasant impression that half-a-dozen muzzles are pointing directly his way, and to an uninitiated son of peace that would appear just the impression a good fortification ought to convey.

It is scarcely necessary to remain half an hour in Temesvár, to be convinced that, however successfully Prince Eugene may

* *Entre nous*, reader, I believe it is better it should remain so. The king would be responsible to no one for the disposal of this powerful source of patronage, and it would naturally be exercised in favour of political partisans of the court party. In the mean time it is a pet grievance of the Diet, and serves very well to talk about.

have driven the Turks themselves from the country, neither he nor his soldiers could eradicate the strong marks of Turkish blood with which the good people of Temesvár are inoculated. A black eye and delicately arched nose, of a character perfectly eastern, cross one's path every moment. The Greek and Jewish families too who live here in great numbers, for the sake of trade, add to the foreign aspect of the population. We observed one or two beautiful heads under the little red Greek caps, the long braids of dark hair mixing fancifully with the bright purple tassels of that most beautiful of head-dresses. Of the society of Temesvár, I can say nothing from personal knowledge. Report, that scandal-bearing jade, rather laughs at the costly display of wealth indulged in by the *beau monde* here; accuses it of any thing but an excess of mental cultivation; and sneers about luxury and the fruit of newly acquired wealth, displayed without the taste which it requires a polished education and the habits of good society to confer. But then, after all, Report is probably poor and envious; and I have no doubt Temesvár has just as good a tale against her meanness and pride, and probably laughs just as heartily about great names and little means, proud hearts and empty pockets.

In that corner of the Banat, between Temesvár and the confines of Hungary, on the south and east,—in other words, in the beautiful county of Krasso,—the traveller can scarcely fail to notice the different state of the roads from those he has been previously accustomed to. Some thirty years ago the roads in this same county were impassable, the whole district was little better than a den of thieves, and the misery consequent on vice and disorder was every where most severely felt. Determined to remedy this evil, Government appointed as Fö Ispán of the county, Baron Wenkheim, a man of enlarged views and of great energy of character. Under his direction, affairs soon assumed a different aspect. A police was formed and maintained with almost military strictness of discipline, justice was administered with unbending severity, and the Baron soon succeeded in establishing a fear and respect for the law which it had long wanted. Security once obtained, it became his object to render it permanent. From the scattered manner in which the villages were built, it was found exceedingly difficult to obtain evidence of a suspected person's movements; those of the peasantry who were anxious to screen an offender from the hands of justice, could always plead the distance of their dwellings, as a reason for their alleged or

real ignorance of his movements. An order was given for the regulation of villages, by which they were brought near the public roads, built in a regular manner, no house being allowed to be at more than a certain distance from another, and every man was thus brought within the knowledge and observation of his neighbours. In case of the trial of any peasant, his immediate neighbours were, and are to this day, summoned to give evidence of his outgoings and incomings, of his character, means of living, and common occupations. It is obligatory on the neighbours to give this evidence; and, I believe, they are punishable if they do not take due notice of such facts. To the legal antiquary it will be scarcely necessary to mention the similarity of this system to the institution of frank pledges, or tithings, as described by Hallam to have existed among the Anglo-Saxons, in very remote times.*

The state of the roads was another object of his attention. Extensive lines of road were laid down, by which, in the course of a few years, not only all the large places, but every two villages also would be united by a good road. Wenkheim's doctrine was, that it was better to do such things at once—for independently of the present benefit, it was as yet thought no hardship by the peasants that they should be made to work at them, *and therefore was none;* but the time was fast approaching when the peasant would have other ideas on such matters, and what was now easy might then be impossible. These lines of road are not yet completed; for after Wenkheim's death, which took place before his plans were executed, various causes retarded the finishing of them: but they are still in progress, and Krasso is already one of the most quiet and peaceable parts of the kingdom, and certainly the best-furnished with roads of any county in Hungary.

While on a visit to Baron B—— in the neighbourhood of Lugos, we had an opportunity of joining in an amusement common enough in the wooded parts of the Banat. Among the baron's neighbours who had been invited to meet us at dinner, there was an eager sportsman, who of course led the conversation to his favourite theme. I had too much fellow-feeling not to be

* I am not sure whether the same rule extends to other parts of Hungary, but I am inclined to believe it does; and I think that it offers a more probable explanation of the existence of those large villages, and the absence of single houses, than that given by Marmont, who has been pleased to theorize on this subject after his own particular fashion.

a willing listener, and glorious tales did he recount to us of wolves, and boars, and bears which had fallen before his rifle. Though we were positively to have started the next morning, it somehow or other happened that before the evening was over, we were busy in giving orders to have our guns cleaned, arranging the plan of operations, and listening to our host's preparatory orders for a wolf-hunt. On inquiry in the village, he was assured that wolves had been seen and tracked in the vineyards only two days before, and every one was quite certain there were several in the neighbourhood.

Now, although in the Banat the peasant is not obliged to attend his lord for three days' hunting, as in other parts of Hungary, yet it is rarely he refuses the request to aid in the sport, especially when wolves are about, or when, as in the present case, he likes his master and receives refreshments for his trouble. Accordingly, when we got up next morning we found no less than a hundred peasants collected about the house, waiting for us. As soon as our party had assembled, which consisted of some of the neighbouring gentry and of the officers quartered at Lugos, and after a hearty breakfast, which would have done honour to Scotland, had been concluded with a glass of Banat whiskey, Sliwowitz, out we sallied, three wagons and four being in attendance to conduct us to the place of meeting.

Here the peasants were already collected, and an old sportsman was arranging and pointing out their stations as we came up. Twenty of them were furnished with guns, some of them in a melancholy state of infirmity; but, as they were principally intended to frighten the game, it was of little consequence: the rest were to act merely as drivers.

We made our first cast in a low wood, half gorse, half timber, which occupied the two sides of a little valley, and which was traversed by the dry beds of several old water-courses. Towards one part of these courses the drivers were to make so as to force the game to break in that direction; and here, at twenty or thirty yards' distance from each other, we were stationed. As the stranger, I was placed in the position most likely to have the first shot; and most anxiously did I listen to the yells and shouts of the *treibers*, as they called to each other to enable them to keep their lines, and to the dropping shots of the jägers, intended to rouse the game if any there should be. It is not the pleasantest thing in the world for an uncertain shot to have half-a-dozen sportsmen below him on such an occasion as this, for the

special purpose of "wiping his eye," should he miss the first shot he ever made at a wolf, especially if he finds himself starting at the crack of every dry bough and carrying his piece to his shoulder at every black-bird that flutters from her perch; for though their politeness might spare the stranger the joke aloud, a sportsman's instinct tells him they would not enjoy it the less in silence. In thinking over such a scene afterwards, it might occur to one that there was some little danger among so many guns in a thick wood, especially when balls or slugs were chiefly used; but, at the time, I defy a man who likes sport to plague himself with such fancies. By degrees the shouts became nearer, but there was nothing I could take for a view-halloo,—the which, though I have no idea what sort of thing an Hungarian peasant would make of it, I would be bound to recognise by instinct,—and at last one treïber and then another came up, and the *Treib* was declared out.

Several times did we make our cast in different woods, but still with the same ill success, till evening came on, when we returned to bear the railings of the ladies—always unmerciful on luckless sportsmen. So ended our *Treib-jagd.* Our kind host, however, took it quite to heart; "Such ingratitude," he said, "of the worthless beasts! not a year passes that they do not worry me a colt or two; and now, on the only occasion when I have wished to see their grinning faces, not one would make his appearance." Let me add, that when I met him next year he was still inconsolable at the disappointment, though he had taken pretty good revenge a month after our visit, when they had killed seven in one day out of the very wood we first beat.

A good dinner—a necessary conclusion to hunting, be the country what it may—soon drove all the thoughts of disappointment out of our heads, and we were only sorry we could not stay to accept the invitation of a boar-hunt, which our sporting friend of the preceding evening would fain have pressed on us.

CHAPTER IV.

THE VALLEY OF HATSZEG.

Valley of the Temes.—Wallack Beauty.—Ovid's Tower.—Iron Works at Ruskberg.—Effects of regular Work and regular Pay.—Reformers in Hungary.—Iron Bridge.—Iron-gate Pass, between Hungary and Transylvania.—Hospitality.—Várhely the Ulpia Trajana of the Romans. —The Dacians under their native kings conquered by Trajan.—Wallack Language like the Italian.—Wallacks of Dacian, not Roman Origin. —Roman Remains at Várhely.—Amphitheatre.—Mosaics.

Instead of entering Transylvania by any of the usual routes, we proceeded from Mehadia along the banks of the Temes, through some most lovely scenery, and along as good a road as any in England,—for we were still in the military frontiers,—to Karansebes, and then turning to the east we took the direction of the Iron-gate pass. The valley of the Temes is deficient in grandeur, but it is wild and wooded. Twice narrowing itself into a rocky pass where the road has been won from the mountain side, and again widening into meadows and cornfields, it presents every change of colour, and every variety of scene which can add charms to a landscape. The peasants too in their antique costumes were still new to us, and the women were, or at least we thought them, remarkably beautiful. As we walked along the streets of Karansebes during the market-day, the number of beauties we met was extraordinary. It is curious how various are the opinions different travellers form of the beauty of a people: One passes along a road and meets nothing but pretty faces, —as certainly was the case with us here; another follows and sees not a beauty in the whole country. This struck me the more forcibly, as I again (afterwards) passed over this very road, and should certainly have formed but an ill opinion of the people's comeliness from my second visit.

To the lovers of classical reminiscences, Ovid's tower is a name of irresistible attraction. About two miles from Karansebes, on a hill at the foot of the mountain Mika, is a small square castle,

Non domus apta satis,

which has obtained the popular title of Ovid's Tower, and whence are said to have issued those sweet lamentations at his cruel destiny which still keep a world in admiration. I know the learned say his place of banishment was on the other side of the Danube at Tomi, on the borders of the Black Sea. But I still am inclined to hope that some part of Ovid's sufferings might find a location here;—where indeed could the poor poet have cried with greater truth,

> Lassus in extremis jaceo populisque, locisque:
> Heu quam vicina est ultima terra mihi?

It is pleasant to believe that the Roman soldiers, when the conquests of Trajan, some half century later, had thrown Dacia into their hands, paused in their career of victory—for it was along this valley they marched—to visit the prison of their popular poet, and hand down the tradition of his residence there to the present Wallacks.

A short distance from Karansebes, we turned off the high-road to visit the iron-works at Ruskberg. The Messieurs Hoffmann, Germans of great enterprise, having purchased the estate of Ruskberg from the Government, have established in this wild valley a colony of now no less than two thousand five hundred persons, who are actively engaged in their works. Though the iron-foundry is the principal object of their industry, the Messieurs Hoffmann have by no means confined themselves to it. Having found ores of silver, lead, and copper, as well as iron in their valley, they work them all. With that good fortune too, which so often attends the genius of enterprise, they discovered that a part of the rock overhanging the little stream which bends its course through the valley, was just of the height required for casting shot. Now it happened that in all Hungary, Transylvania, and Wallachia, there was no shot-tower, though sporting is a very common amusement, so the Hoffmanns were at once able to establish a trade which consumed not only all their own lead, but obliged them to purchase more. Their shot-tower is simply a fine crag one hundred and forty-four feet high. At the top is a small wooden house, in which the lead is melted and allowed to pass through the cullender-shaped mould, whence the shot falls directly into a little basin formed in the brook below.

The iron-works are higher up the valley, and there we found quite a second colony composed of all nations, speaking all languages; Magyars and Wallacks, Germans and Gipsies, Sclaves

and Frenchmen, were working together apparently in the greatest harmony. I was much pleased with the account these gentlemen gave us of the conduct and character of the different races employed by them; for it bore me out in an old theory of mine, *that there is more good than evil in the worst of men*, the first being an essential part of their nature, the last mostly the fruit of circumstances. At Ruskberg, though the various nations presented marked national distinctions, yet the same treatment and the same position have produced nearly the same effects in all. By good management, regular payment, and constant employment, the lazy Wallack had become an industrious artisan, and the wandering, roguish, degraded gipsy, a clever steady workman. Yet many times have I heard injudicious philanthropists in Hungary declare how impossible it was to make the Wallacks labour, and that merely because they had failed in some pet scheme for changing in a day their habits and modes of life, the work of centuries! How many kind-hearted people have given clothes to the naked gipsy, and offered him the shelter of a roof, and have branded him afterwards as incapable of civilization, and as insensible to the commonest feelings of gratitude; because he sold the one to supply himself with what he needed more, or forsook the other to seek some occupation less foreign to his tastes and habits!

The Reformer's is always an arduous task; but when his efforts are directed to the improvement of the manners and the character of men, it is a labour to which very few are equal. To be able to enter into the thoughts and feelings of others—to appreciate circumstances, in which one has never been placed—to judge of the wants and necessities to which they give rise—to seize the points by which men may be influenced—to eradicate the bad and leave the good parts of their character untouched—to devote heart and soul, without a thought of self-interest to such a work, and then to bear cheerfully the suspicion, the calumny, the opposition of those for whom one has laboured,—these are some of the qualities required by him who undertakes to reform mankind. As for those philanthropic absolutists, who insist on making men happy either in this world or the next, whether they will or not, I hold them to be the greatest enemies of their species. If, instead of enforcing on man a happiness which does not suit him, they would but content themselves with removing all those obstacles which bad laws and the false institutions of society impose between poverty and improvement;—

if they would but busy themselves in placing man in a position to help himself, and take care to show him an example in their own persons of those virtues they are most anxious he should practise; I am convinced that the spirit of moral advancement, and the desire of bettering his condition, are principles so strongly implanted in human nature, that they must prevail. Nay, so certain do I feel of this improvability in the human race, that I have often thought the great men of the earth must needs have employed all their wit and cunning to invent wicked laws to depress the little men, or the little would long ere this have been much greater than they are,—though it is just possible that the great might have grown somewhat less by the process.

But it is time to return to the iron works. The Messieurs Hoffmann showed us the parts of an iron bridge they were constructing for Mehadia, on a plan similar to one already erected at Lugos. This bridge was said to have been invented by one of their workmen, a German, who constructed as a model a small bridge over the brook of Ruskberg. The model bridge, which has been erected some years, and is in common use, is about eighteen feet long by four wide, and weighs only 1 cent. The principle—a new one,* so far as I am aware—depends on the tension of the arch being maintained by the binding-rods, which unite the two ends, and which is consequently increased the greater the weight imposed. It will be better understood by supposing two strung bows laid on piers to represent the bridge, the road being formed only by planks resting on the strings. This bridge has the advantages of being the lightest and cheapest, of affording the greatest quantity of space below, and of requiring, at the same time, the least height in the piers supporting it. Three or four of these bridges are now erected in different parts of Hungary, varying in some minute details only, and have been found to answer extremely well.

Another novelty, at least to me, which their works presented was this. Requiring a great deal of wood for building, they fell their own timber, saw it in their own mills, and, to avoid the inconvenience arising from its greenness, they dry it before using it. This is done by placing the planks in a small closed building, into which a stream of hot steam is directed, which, entering the wood, drives out its natural juices—I suppose on the princi-

* Having shown a drawing of this bridge to Mr. Tierney Clark, he assures me that a similar one exists in Yorkshire, and that it has been built many years.

ple of endosmose and exosmose—penetrating the vessels in which they are contained, and supplying their place. The moisture from the steam is easily got rid of by a little exposure to the sun. Supposing the shrinking of new wood to occur from the gradual drying out of these juices—and it is highly probable that in the close texture of wood, viscous fluids, confined in their proper vessels, would require much time to exude—the theory seems plausible; and, what is still more, Messieurs Hoffmann assured me that experience had proved it to be correct, for wood so treated did not shrink afterwards, nor was it in any respect inferior to old wood.

It is unnecessary to speak of all the works we saw carried on here—the smelting-works, crushing-mills, washing-floors, iron-hammer, smelting furnace, casting-floors, moulding-rooms, shot-sorting, engine-making, sawing-mills, indeed, almost all the ruder processes to which the working of metals leads. We were pressed to stay another day and to visit the mines which were still higher up the valley, and which are said to be particularly interesting to the geologist, from some peculiarities in the strata which they present, as well as a quarry of fine white marble, which has been used by the statuary; but we were already in October, and the traveller can scarcely count on fine weather in Hungary after the commencement of November, so that we were forced reluctantly to decline.

The border tract between Hungary and Transylvania could not boast the smoothest of roads; but we arrived safely at the summit of the low mountain pass, where a Wallack cross, curiously carved with the bastard Greek letters which the Wallacks use, the top covered in by a neat shingle-roof, something like Robinson Crusoe's umbrella, marked the boundary. On the Hungarian side we had the cold bare mountains, ripening in the distance into wooded hills, beyond which we could just perceive the rich plain of the Banat; while, towards Transylvania, a deep mountain gorge, whose yellow-tinted hanging woods buried its depths in mystery, carried the eye over a succession of lovely hills and valleys, to which the deep warm shadows of an autumnal sunset lent a charm of peculiar grace and beauty.

At the narrowest part of this pass the Romans are said to have had literally an iron gate, which gave its name to the place. At present not a remain of any kind exists; but it is curious that three of the most difficult passages which Trajan encountered in his expedition against Dacia—in the Balkan, on the Danube

below Orsova, and at the entrance of Transylvania—should all retain the name of the Iron-Gate Pass, in the language of the common people, to the present day. This pass has been alternately contested by Dacian, Roman, Turk, and Christian; and many are the scenes of savage glory it has witnessed; many the dying groans it has received. Happily, these times are gone by; and the Borderer, who now keeps his solitary guard on the contested point, finds no more formidable enemy than the poor salt-smuggler; and the pass itself is only a terror to the horses, who can hardly drag their burden through its deep and clayey roads. We were fortunate to have passed it before night, which overtook us rather suddenly as we approached the village of Várhely.

Here we were willing to stay, could quarters be obtained; but hearing that nothing like an inn was to be found, we gave orders to proceed on to Hátszeg, though the driver declared his horses were tired, and the road worse than ever. During the conversation which ensued, an old Wallack joined the party, and offered his opinion on the folly of my proposition very unreservedly, wondering why we could not be content to stop at the house of the *Dumnie* (Dominus)—the squire of the village. Now, though I knew that Transylvania was the very home of hospitality, I did not like to demand it quite so unceremoniously; but the peasant saved me the necessity, for, trotting off, he returned in a few seconds with an invitation from his master, for us to make use of his house during our stay.

The Wallack's *Dumnie* was a Hungarian noble of the poorer class, possessing one-third of the village of Várhely, and living in the style of one of our smallest farmers. The family consisted of the young master, his mother and two sisters, who, though they spoke only Hungarian and Wallack, came out to receive us, and assured us that we were heartily welcome. The house was a pretty building of one story, raised four feet above the ground, and was entered by a handsome portico. It consisted of the kitchen, which was half filled with the high hearth, two rooms on each side, and below store-rooms and cow-houses; the whole being enclosed by a garden on one side, and by the large farm-yard and buildings on the other. We were shown into the best rooms, usually occupied by the family as sleeping-rooms; and, in a very short time, the beds were covered with the whitest linen, while the table offered a hearty supper to console us for the cold dinner we had taken during the morning, and to satisfy the keen appetite the mountain air had blessed us with.

Várhely or Gradistie, in the language of the Wallacks, is a place of so much interest, that we thought ourselves singularly fortunate in obtaining our present shelter. Though now a miserable Wallack village, Várhely occupies the site of Sarmisegethusa, the former capital of the Dacians, the residence of Decebalus, their king; and on the ruins of which, Ulpia Trajana was founded,—the imperial city which Trajan destined as the seat of government, for his conquests beyond the Danube.

The name of Dacia scarcely makes its appearance in history, till the time of Alexander, when the Dacians, under their King Sarmis, refusing to submit to the conqueror's arms, their kingdom was ravaged, and peace with difficulty obtained. This Sarmis is said to have built the town, which was named from him, and this is rendered almost certain by a gold coin found near Thorda, and which bears his effigy, with the words ΣΑΡΜΙΣ ΒΑΖΙΑ on one side, and on the reverse, the fortified gate of a town. On the division of Alexander's conquests among his generals, Thrace, together with the countries on either side the Danube, fell to the share of Lysimachus. But Dacia had been overrun, not subdued; and the new king found his subjects so little inclined to accept his rule, that he was obliged to march against them at the head of a large force. Dromichœtes, the successor of Sarmis, was prepared for the attack, and succeeded, not only in resisting the Grecian army, but in capturing its chief, and appropriating the rich plunder of his camp.

It is probable that at this time, either from the plunder of the camp, or from the ransom of his prisoners, the Dacian King obtained an immense treasure, for on two separate occasions,—if I am rightly informed, once in 1545, and again about twenty years since,—many thousand gold coins have been discovered in this neighbourhood, some of them bearing the name of Lysimachus, and others the word ΚΟΣΩΝ from the name of the town Cossea in Thrace, where they were struck. I am in possession of some of these coins; and though many were melted down by the Jews, in Wallachia, to whom they were conveyed across the frontier in loaves of bread, they are still very common, and are frequently used by the Transylvanians for signet rings, and other ornaments.

From this time, for nearly two hundred and fifty years, the history of Dacia is almost a blank, but in the commencement of Augustus's reign we find these barbarians, led on by their King Cotyso,—the same probably whom Ovid addresses,

Regia progenies, cui nobilitatis origo,
  Nomen in Eumolpi pervenit usque, Coty,
Fama loquax vestras si jam pervenit ad aures,
  Me tibi finitimi parte jacere soli!—

rushing down into Italy, and committing such ravages as to fix the attention of Rome on them as dangerous enemies. Engaged for some years in frequent wars, with various fortune, they obtained at last so decided an advantage over the weakness of Domitian as to reduce that Emperor to accept a peace, accompanied by the most disgraceful conditions, and among others the payment of a yearly tribute to Dacia. Decebalus, however, the then King of the Dacians, had, in the eyes of Rome, merited his destruction by his success, and no sooner did Trajan assume the Imperial purple than he determined to restore to its brightness the tarnished honour of the empire, and accordingly prepared an expedition against Dacia, which he headed himself.

Trajan seems to have passed through Pannonia (Hungary,) to have crossed the Theiss, and followed the course of the Maros into Transylvania. His first great battle was on the *Crossfield*, near Thorda. After an obstinate contest, the Dacians were completely routed, and Decebalus obliged to take refuge in Sarmisegethusa. The Crossfield is still called by the Wallack peasants the "*Prat de Trajan*" (Pratum Trajani,) a curious instance of the tenacity of a people's recollections. Reduced to the last extremity, Decebalus was obliged to accept humiliating conditions, which he took the first opportunity of breaking. Trajan, however, had determined that Dacia should form a Roman province. and he at once set out again to complete his conquest.

Better acquainted with the geography of the country, Trajan chose a nearer route, and one by which he might at once reach his enemy's capital. It was on this occasion that he crossed the Danube, below the Iron Gate, where his famous bridge was afterwards built, and sending one part of his army along the Aluta, he himself seems to have followed the valley which now leads from Orsova, by Mehadia and Karansebes, over the Iron-gate Pass, direct to Sarmisegethusa. On the column of Trajan, at Rome, the chief events of these two campaigns are most minutely depicted, and thus completely do away with many fables which historians have appended to the story. It appears that the Dacians, unable any longer to defend their capital, set fire to it, and fled to the mountains. Decebalus, finding it impossible to escape his pursuers, stabbed himself and many of his

followers destroyed themselves by poison to avoid subjection to the Romans. It is much to be desired that the history of this war should be written by one acquainted with the topography and antiquities of Transylvania, as well as with the materials which Rome and her writers afford.

Trajan, when he had completed the subjugation of the country, turned his attention to the security of the new province. The present Transylvania became Dacia Mediterranea; Wallachia and Moldavia, Dacia Transalpina; and the Banat, Dacia Ripensis. The bridge over the Danube, the road cut in the rock along its banks, the formation of colonies at Várhely, Karlsburg, Thorda, and several other places, and the connecting them by roads, remains of which still exist, were the means he employed to perpetuate the power of Rome, in the newly-acquired territory.*

Notwithstanding the resolution of Hadrian to forsake the conquests of his predecessor, and the steps he actually took for that purpose, the Romans seemed to have remained masters of Dacia, till the time of Aurelian, when they finally retired across the Danube, and gave up Dacia to the Goths.

Although the duration of the Roman empire in this country was much shorter than in many others of Europe—about one hundred and seventy years only,—yet in none did they leave such striking remains of their domination, especially in the language, as here. The Wallack of the present day calls himself "*Rumunyi*," and retains a traditional pride of ancestry, in spite of his present degradation. The language now spoken by all the people of this nation is soft, abounding in vowels, and deriving most of its words from the Latin. The pronunciation resembles much the Italian, and it is extraordinary that the inflexions and terminations of the words have a much greater similarity to the modern language of Italy than to their Latin original. This would tend to prove, as no connexion has existed between the countries since that time, either that the vulgar language of Rome was more simple than we commonly imagine,

* It has been said that Trajan, through the treachery of a Dacian, discovered the hidden treasures of Decebalus, which he had concealed in the bed of a brook, having turned its course to enable him to place them there. This story derives some confirmation from the column, on which, after the taking of the city, are seen several horses, bearing to Trajan panniers filled with treasures, principally consisting of rich cups and vessels. The coins found in 1545 were actually discovered in the bed of this very brook.

or that, in both cases, the changes have been the natural ones to which a language submits, on its being mixed with others, and simplified by the use of an uneducated or foreign people. Nothing is so complex in the quantity of its inflexions as a pure language, nothing so simple as a compound and mixed one. Some of the Wallack words are, I believe, Sclavish, which may be accounted for by supposing the Sclavish to have been the original language of the Dacians, (and from certain Sclavish names of rivers and mountains here, as well as in Wallachia, I am inclined to believe this the case,) or it may be owing to the later mixture of the races, but the preponderance of Latin is so great as to strike a foreigner immediately, and to render the acquisition of the language very easy. On one occasion, being without a servant who spoke the language, I learned enough, for a traveller's needs, in a day or two, and when at a loss, I always resorted to Italian, which was often understood, and with a slight change of sound became Wallack.*

While I am dabbling in the philosophy of language, let me not forget a trait which, on my return from Turkey, struck me very forcibly. From the Turk the Wallack has borrowed but few words; but one familiar sound has become so fixed in his vocabulary, that he will never lose it: and it marks, as well as a hundred pages, the relation in which the Turk and Wallack stood to each other. This little word is, "*haide!*" In Constantinople it is the Frenchman's "*va-t-en*" to the beggar-boy, the Austrian's "*marchir*" to his dog, our "come-up" to a horse, or the "begone" of an angry master to his servant—yet none of these languages have any one word of command applied alike to man or beast; but such is the "*haide*" of the Turk, and such the word he hath bequeathed to the Wallack language,—a lasting monument of his imperious sway. However the Wallack poet may in after-ages gloss over the fact of his people's slavery, his own tongue will belie him as often as the familiar "*haide*" escapes from his lips.

It is difficult to say how far the Wallack of the present day has a title to his claim of Roman descent. It was natural enough that the half-civilized Dacians should regard with contempt and hatred the savage hordes which succeeded the Romans, and, although conquered, that they should proudly cherish the name of Rumunyi. The greater number of the Roman colonists re-

* I may instance *bun caí*, for *buoni cavalli;* and *apa*, for *aqua*, &c.

tired across the Danube, but it is possible that some may have remained behind, and from such the Wallacks of Hátszeg claim their descent. The rest, I believe, are content with the honour of that mixture of Roman and Dacian blood which one may naturally suppose to have taken place between the conquerors and the conquered.

That this admixture of races, however, has had so great an influence as travellers have been led to think, from observing the difference of features between the Wallack and his neighbours, the Magyars and Saxons, I am much inclined to doubt, for the features of the Wallacks are more like those of the Dacian of Trajan's column, than those either of the Romans or of the modern Italians. The more I think of the matter, the more I am convinced that the majority of the Wallacks are true Dacians.

Preceded by our host, we commenced a survey of Ulpia Trajana. Just beyond the village, we found a large space of several acres covered with stones of all sizes, which had once been used in building; and in some places we discovered the arched roofs of vaulted chambers, which had been in several places broken into, but they seemed only to be the lower parts of the buildings, and possessed little interest. This space is somewhat higher than the rest of the country, and has been surrounded by a ditch and mound, which we found extended a quarter of a mile into the village. It is called by the people the *Csetatie*, fortified place or castle; but to what age it belongs, or what it may have been, I know not. A little further on, in the same direction, we came upon the remains of an amphitheatre. The outer walls are entirely covered with earth, forming a grassy bank of about twelve feet high, and surround an oval space of about seventy-five yards long, by forty-five in its greatest width. The arena is now under plough, and produces a fine crop of Indian corn. Scarcely a stone is left, and yet the form declares, as strongly as evidence can do, its origin and destination. Our host, who owns this part of the village, seemed proud in telling us the good speculation he made, in selling the large hewn stones which once covered the sides and surface of the place, to his neighbours, who were building houses. As well as we could make out, they were laid in the form of steps,* and from his praises of their

* I am inclined to think that the name of Gradistie may have been given to the place by the Wallacks in cosequence of these steps.—(Gradus.)

size, they must have been considerable. The shafts of two pillars and a stone seat, with some Roman letters, which now ornament our host's yard, were brought, he said, from this place. From hence, we could trace elevations and inequalities in the ground, which, though now overgrown with grass, seemed to indicate the sites of former buildings, for more than a mile along the plain. It is said, that remains of an aqueduct still exist; but of these we observed nothing, any more than of the Roman road, though it is highly probable that a better knowledge of the country, and the ability to converse with the people, might have enabled us to discover them. The difficulty of obtaining any information from an uneducated farmer, through the interpretation of an ignorant servant, is very discouraging.

It is impossible to stand on the ruins of this amphitheatre, with the traces of a former city around you, the beautiful plain stretched out at your feet, and bounded by a range of distant hills, without calling to mind Rome, her Campagna, and her clear blue mountains. The very forms of the hills towards Hátszeg favoured the illusion; and, as the last rays of the setting sun, gilded their tops, we had already made out a Tivoli, an Albano, and a Frascati.

Towards the middle of the village, we were conducted to see a Mosaic pavement, discovered here in 1823. To obtain a sight of this object, however, we had been obliged to send off the servant early in the morning to a village ten miles distant, where the lady, to whom this part of Várhely belongs, lives; for she had erected a shed over the pavement, to preserve it from the destructive hands of visiters, and would only give the key to persons with whom she thought it would be safe. As we were totally unknown, we had some doubt as to the success of our application; but the servant returned with the key, which the lady had no hesitation, she said, in lending to Englishmen, as she felt sure they would do no injury; and with this very polite message she had sent also some wine for our use, as none was to be obtained at Várhely. How lucky, that she guessed Englishmen loved genuine wine as well as genuine antiquities!

About three feet below the surface, and surrounded by the original walls which are eighteen inches high, we found two Mosaic pavements, which, from their size, separation by a wall, and relative position, were probably the floors of two baths. The chamber on the left, nearly twenty feet square, was occupied by a very perfect Mosaic, surrounded by a highly ornamented

border, representing the visit of Priam to Achilles, to beg the dead body of Hector. The names of ΠΡΙΑΜΟΣ, ΑΧΙΛΛΕΥΣ, and ΑΥΤΟΜΕΔΩΝ, the sword-bearer of Achilles, are worked in Greek letters; while Mercury, who has conducted Priam, is sufficiently indicated by his caduceus and wings. The kneeling figure of Priam, embracing the knees of Achilles, is well drawn, and full of expression, and the dress of the Trojan king is worthy of remark, as bearing a considerable resemblance to that worn by the Wallacks in winter. The drawing and shading of Mercury declare the artist to have been among the best of the time; few, if any, of those of Rome or Pompeii are superior. The sitting figure of Achilles, apparently crowned with laurels, though the head as well as the breast have suffered, is easy and dignified.

The colours, though not bright, are tolerably well preserved. At first, the whole was so covered with dust, that it was with difficulty any colour could be distinguished; but, after carefully washing it, and drying it, they came out more clearly. Some few parts have received a slight incrustation of lime, which might easily be removed with a knife, but we dared not attempt it. The Wallack, who was intrusted to take back the key, looked sufficiently alarmed at the washing; and his ignorance might easily have given an unfavourable report to his mistress, and caused other travellers still greater difficulties in seeing it had we attempted to remove the lime.

The Mosaic on the right represents the judgment of Paris. The first figure is Venus, apparently holding the coveted apple in her left hand above her shoulder. A tight blue and white figured dress covers her to the hips, from whence loose drapery hangs down to the feet. The second figure is probably Juno, whose face, as well as that of her neighbour, whose helmet, gorgon-headed breastplate, and spear, bespeak her Minerva, is overclouded by the scowl of disappointed vanity. The left hand of Minerva, probably rested on her shield; but the whole of the lower corner is much injured and very indistinct. These three figures are all beautifully worked out with rich colours, and a little cleansing from the lime would render them quite distinct. On the other side, Paris sits in judgment, wearing the Phrygian cap; and behind him, stands Mercury: both these figures are considerably injured, and scarcely equal to the others in workmanship. Part of the body of Mercury is wanting, and its place is supplied by the white Mosaic, ancient, but from the dif-

ferent size and colour of the pieces evidently repaired by another hand.

We had found so much trouble—it took us the greater part of a day—in removing the dust and dirt with which these Mosaics were obscured, that we got two linen covers made, and gave directions that they should always be placed over them, except when they were shown. As the peasants who were constantly with us, saw the pleasure we took in such things, they soon brought every relic of antiquity the village could boast; among others, a small female head in white marble, part of a small Doric capital of delicate workmanship, besides several common silver and copper coins of Roman Emperors, found in the place. We paid them for these things, not on account of their intrinsic value, but rather to encourage them to preserve every thing they might find. The larger objects we deposited with the Mosaics, where, I dare say, future travellers will find them. It was not till after we had left Vàrhely, that I was aware that a second Mosaic had been discovered there; but in a paper by M. A. Ackner, in the "Transylvania,"—a very useful periodical, now defunct, dedicated to the antiquaries of this country,—I find mention of a large Mosaic, discovered in 1832, of which only a small part remained perfect, and which, from some dispute among those to whom the land belonged, had been again covered up.

CHAPTER V.

VALLEY OF HATSZEG.

Demsus.—The Leiter-Wagen.—Roman Temple—its Form and probable History.—Paintings in Wallack Churches.—Wallack Priests and their Wives.—Russian Influence over the Members of the Greek Church.—Origin of the United Greek Church.—Religious Oppression.—Education of the Greek Priesthood.—Village of Várhely.—The Wallack Women.—Wallacks and Scotchmen.—Wallack Vices and Wallack Virtues.—The Devil's Dancers.—Our Host's Family.—Household Arrangements.—The Buffalo.

The next morning our host offered to drive us over to Demsus, to show us some antiquities there; and as even he said the road was too bad for our carriage, we were glad to content ourselves with a Leiter-Wagen, so called from the similarity which its sides bear to a ladder. In this part of the world, every thing is in so very primitive a state, that these carriages are not only deficient in springs, but they have often not even a particle of iron about them, so that it is impossible to conceive by what means they hold together. They are gifted, however, with the singular power of bending about like a snake; and, as one wheel mounts a bank, while the other falls into a pit, the body accommodates itself, by a few gentle contortions, to these varieties of position, without in any way deranging itself or its contents.

Trusting ourselves to this conveyance, we followed the low range of sand-stone hills which confine the valley on one side, while, on the other, are the marble cliffs bounding Wallachia,—as far as Pesteny, where we turned into a lesser valley which led us to Demsus. On a small hill, which overlooks the twenty or thirty cottages which constitute this humble village, stands a stone building now used as a Wallack church. It is small, with a curious half-ruined steeple, its *ensemble* so *bizarre*, as to bespeak at once considerable intervals between the periods of the erection of its different parts, and variety in the taste of its architects. It seems to have been originally a Roman temple, the interior of which was about eight yards square, with a semicircular dome,

a recess towards the east, and a portico to the west. The place of the portico is now supplied by high walls composed of stones, evidently brought from other parts of the building, and more recently converted to their present purpose. The entrance to the body of the temple remains in its original state; it is small, low, and quite simple. In the interior are four large square pillars, supporting an equal number of clumsy round arches, on which again the tower rests. These pillars bear monumental inscriptions,* and some figures of horses, and are evidently of Roman workmanship; but I must confess, I never saw any thing similar in any other Roman temple, nor do I ever remember to have seen before this kind of inscription on pillars. Indeed, in form these pillars more resemble altars, although from their position and similarity they appear to have been originally intended for the purpose to which they are still applied. It is possible, that in the centre of these four arches the altar had formerly stood, and a square piece of the floor, which is still without pavement, though the rest has its ancient covering of hewn stone, indicates the want of something which had once occupied this spot. In the semicircular recess behind might have stood the statue of the god.

The exterior walls are supported by recent buttresses, in the construction of which the shafts of several pillars have been employed, which, as well as some others which lie near, had probably belonged to the portico. In another part I observed a Corinthian capital reversed, and built into the wall; it appeared rich, and in a pure style, and may serve to determine the order of the architecture. For what purpose an arched passage which runs along the south side was intended, I was quite unable to sur-

* Among the most perfect I copied the following:

D. M.
G · OCTAVIO · NEPOTE
VIX · AN · LXX · IVLIA
VALENTA HERES CON
IVGI PENTISSIMO
FACENDVM PROCV
RAVIT · H · S · E ·

VALERIA CARA
VIX · AN · XXIX
T · FLAVIVS APER
SCRIBA COL
SARM · CONIVGI
BARISSIMAE

mise. By means of the half-broken walls of the semicircular dome, we mounted to the outside of the tower. Here we found an opening into a small chamber, two yards square and one high, in the body of the tower, and from this there is a very small opening into a circular passage, running round the inside of the little tower between the outer wall and the chimney-like opening, which gives light to the interior. The tower itself is built partly of bricks, partly of stones and pieces of marble from other parts of the building. This tower is to me a complete puzzle. It is evidently later than some other parts of the building, yet it is too elegant to be the work of mere barbarians. As for the use to which the chamber and circular passage had been put, I cannot even offer a suggestion. They cannot have been intended, as some one supposes, to have concealed the priest who spoke the oracle, for they would not have enabled him to communicate with the statue; they could scarcely have served as hiding-places for treasure; and there is no mark of the tower having been used in Christian times for a belfry. Besides the inscriptions I have copied, there are fragments of several others, but none of them afford any clue to the history of the building, nor any indication to what god it was dedicated, unless indeed, the D.M. at the head of the first, and the figure of the horse may not suggest Mars as its patron. I am inclined to believe, that the four pillars, the arches, and the tower, were built after the temple itself by such of the descendants of the Romans as remained after the evacuation of Dacia, and when the original building had suffered from the attacks of some of the earlier barbarian invaders. On ascending the tower, we observed two statues of lions much injured, and apparently but rudely carved.

This temple is now, and has been from time immemorial, used by the Wallacks as a church, to which circumstance it probably owes its preservation. The semicircular recess forms the altar, which is adorned by the most wretched prints of Greek virgins, St. Georges, and other grim saints, and is separated from the rest of the building by a carved wooden screen. The walls, as is common in Greek churches, are covered with rude frescoes: in the present instance, they are very practical illustrations of the evils of immorality, and if the husbands and wives of Demsus do not obey a certain commandment, it is not for want of knowing how the devil will catch them at their peccadilloes, for it is here painted to the most minute details. I have often been much amused with these pictures in the Wallack churches; for, though

too gross for description, they contain so much of that racy, often sarcastic wit proper to Rabelais or Chaucer, wrought out with a minuteness of diabolical detail and fertility of imagination worthy a Breughel, that it recalls to one's mind the laboured illuminations of our old missals. Notwithstanding its sins against pure taste, there is often much that is good in the church's humour; nor, despite the reverence due to the holy character of the subject, is it possible to repress a smile at the sly malice of the monkish illuminator, when he decks out the pharisee in the robes and jewels of some neighbouring bishop; or at the prurient imagination of the cloister, when it breaks forth in warm delineat on of all the charms and temptations by which sin can lead poor man astray.

As we were looking at the church, the Wallack priest came up and spoke to us. He was dressed in a very white linen shirt, fashioned like that of the common peasant, and fastened round his waist by a leathern belt; loose linen trowsers formed his nether habit, and the rude sandal of the country served as covering for his feet. Except from a somewhat greater neatness of person, and the long black beard which hung down to his breast, the Wallack priest was in no way distinguished from the humblest of his flock. With just enough education to read the service of the church, just enough wealth to make them sympathize with the poor, and just enough religion to enable them to console them in their afflictions, these men exercise a greater power over the simple peasant than the most cunning Jesuit, the most wealthy Episcopalian, or the most rigid Calvinist. This is a strong point in favour of the Wallack priest; but I suspect he owes it more to his position than his character; the sympathy of equality begets affection, for though the rich may pity the poor, none but the poor can sympathize with them, because none other can know their wants and feelings.

I have already said, that the Wallacks belong to the Greek church; and in accordance with its rules, the lower order of the clergy or the parish-priests, are allowed to marry, though the monks and the higher dignitaries are condemned to celibacy. One effect which results from the strict adherence to the letter of the Gospel in this matter, is to make the priest's wife the happiest woman in the parish; for, as he can be but "the husband of one wife," he takes the greatest possible care not to lose her, and in consequence pays a heavy tax in the indulgence of whims and humours, an opposition to which might endanger his partner's

safety and condemn him to a state of single misery. The education of a Wallack priest is generally very low, and I have known cases in which the common peasant has been ordained merely on paying the stipulated sum to the bishop. If we may believe the Hungarian nobles, the Wallack priest is characterized by cunning malice, which he employs to maintain his power over the peasant, to enrich himself, and to foment discord between landlord and tenant. The fasts and feasts of the Greek church, which extend to nearly one-third of the year, and during which the peasant is strictly forbidden to labour for his worldly profit, the priest adroitly avails himself of, by assuring him that he may labour in God's service;—which, being liberally interpreted, means his priest's,—and so the lazy and superstitious Wallack, who will scarcely move a limb for his own support, willingly wastes the sweat of his brow in tilling the *Popa's* glebe on feast days, and thus earns his soul's salvation.

The prelates of the Greek church, and the priests officiating in large towns, receive a better education than those of the villages: and, in appearance at least, have an air of greater intelligence and respectability. The dress of the higher class of prists is the same as that so common in Greece and Turkey,—a long black cloak reaching to the feet, which, with the beard and black locks flowing over the shoulders, are often so arranged as to show no small portion of earthly vanity. I am not fond of priests generally,—they are apt to have sly fat minds,—but I took a positive dislike to these fellows, when I saw the looks they directed at the beautiful half-naked Wallack girls, who always stoop down to kiss the Popa's hand whenever they pass him.

As political agents and spies of the Russian court, the Wallack priests are said to be made use of, and I am fully inclined to believe it; for they regard the Archbishop of Moscow as their primate, and the Emperor of Russia as the head of their church. The ritual of the Greek church in Hungary, contains a prayer for the Emperor and King,—such is the title of the sovereign of Austria and Hungary,—the last part only of which the Wallacks however apply to their own monarch, the first being reserved for the Emperor of Russia. This account I have heard, not only of the Wallacks, but also of the Croatians and Sclavonians, among whom the Greek faith is equally predominant, and where the influence of Russia is still farther strengthened by analogy of language. A few years ago, when Austria was supposed to

be a little opposed to the aggressive strides of Russia, a Wallack almanac, printed at Bucharest, and extensively circulated in Transylvania, openly called upon the Wallacks of that country to wrest the power from the Hungarian usurpers, and boldly assert their own right to the land of their fathers. It is not, therefore, without reason that Austria has feared this foreign influence in the heart of her dominions, nor without reason that she has endeavoured to counteract it. Unfortunately, however, instead of acting in a frank and liberal spirit, equalizing all religions, removing causes of discontent, and undermining the influence of ignorance by the diffusion of knowledge, the spirit of Jesuitical propagandism has been let loose on the country, and that feeling of bitter hatred has in consequence been engendered, which any thing like persecution is always sure to beget.

The plan of Government was to form a Catholic Greek, or united Greek church, as it is called,—that is, a church in almost all doctrinal and essential points like the original Greek, but acknowledging the Roman Pontiff as its head. The marriage of priests and the use of the vernacular tongue in the services of the church were yielded by the politic conclave of the Vatican. The temporal powers were not behindhand in concessions. The members of the Greek church, in Transylvania, had hitherto been excluded from a share in the Government; the Conformists were offered a full participation, not only in the rights but in the favours also, which are showered on the Catholics. By dint of such means, and others somewhat less justifiable, the scheme succeeded to a certain extent, the priest received solid reasons for his compliance with the new doctrines, and sometimes brought over his flock to obedience. In other cases, especially in the valley of Hátszeg, the people refused to change their religion in spite of the priest's apostacy, and declined his offices, while the Government, on the other hand, refused to allow any other to officiate, so that instances have been mentioned to me of villages in which, for thirty years, no Christian ceremony, or sacrament, had been performed. Men had been born, married, and had died unchristened, unblessed, unshrived. It is only those who know the sacred character with which the superstitious Wallack clothes his priest, and the importance he attaches to the sacraments of his church, who can appreciate the strength of the feeling which induced him to resist the one, or the cruelty which has been practised in depriving him of the other.

Statistical works on Transylvania are very much rarer than

on Hungary, and even those which exist are of less authority; so that it is difficult to say, with accuracy, what the proportion of the Wallacks to the rest of the inhabitants is, or to state the relative numbers belonging to the Greek and the united Greek churches. According to the best authority I can command at present, the Wallacks amount to about eight hundred and fifty thousand. Now the "Schematismus"* of the united Greek church of 1835, gives the number of souls professing that creed, at five hundred and fifty-one thousand nine hundred and eighty-one, so that if conscientiously correct (which I doubt) it would give the majority very much in their favour. The clergy as well as the people of this belief enjoy all the privileges of Catholics, and their bishop has a seat in the chamber. According to the work just quoted, they have at Balásfalva a Lyceum, Gymnasium, and Normal School, with an abundant array of professors in theology and philosophy.

As far as I am aware, the members of the pure Greek church of Transylvania have no place of education for their priesthood, although in Hungary, where they amount to a million and a half, they have a college at Carlowitz, which generally contains about fifty theological students, besides schools, in Neusatz, Miskolcz, and Temesvár. Notwithstanding this, even in Hungary, and still more in Transylvania, the common Wallack priest has for the most part no better education than the village school has afforded, and no more learning than is just sufficient to get through the services of the church.

In rambling over the scattered village of Várhely in search of traces of former times, we had ample opportunities of observing the state of its present occupants. The houses of the Wallacks are as simple as possible. They generally consist of only one small room, in which old and young, men and women, are indiscriminately mixed, and not unfrequently too the pigs and fowls come in for their share of the accommodation. The material of the building is usually the unhewn stems of trees lined inside with mud, and covered with a very high roof, composed of straw, thrown carelessly on, and frequently retained in its place by branches of trees hung across it. I need not point out to the reader the difference between this hovel and the many-chambered dwelling of the Magyar, the white walls and careful

* Schematismus venerabilis Cleri Græci Ritus Catholicorum Diœceseos Frogarasiensis, in Transylvania, pro anno a Christo nato 1835, ab unione cum Ecclesia Romana 138. Blasii, typis Seminarii Diœcesani.

thatch of which would do honour to a *cottage orné* of the Isle of Wight. Under the overhanging roof are laid out in summer the beds of the whole family, sometimes shaded by a decent curtain; and before the door is generally that semi-fluid mass yclept a puddle, where the pigs and children indulge in their siesta. As we passed one door a group of urchins were quarrelling with their unclean companions for the enjoyment of a large melon, which was fast disappearing in the struggle, while an old woman sat listlessly watching the strife. I shall not easily forget the figure this woman presented. With no sort of covering save the linen shift, which was open as low as the waist, its whiteness strangely contrasting with the colour of the body it should have concealed,—the blear eye and vacant gaze of extreme age, the clotted masses of hair bound with a narrow fillet round the head, the fleshless legs, and the long pendulous breasts exposed without any idea of shame, presented a picture, the horrors of which I have rarely seen equalled. And to such a state is the Wallack woman, so beautiful in the freshness of youth, reduced before she has arrived at what we should call a middle age. This is as much owing to hard labour, as to bad nourishment and exposure to the sun. The very early marriages, too, common among the Wallacks, aid this premature decline. Girls frequently marry at thirteen or fourteen, and the men rarely later than eighteen. I remember Baron B——— coming in laughing one day at a request which a boy of fourteen had just made to be allowed to marry, a request to which he had of course not assented. If a peasant is asked what he wants a wife for, he usually answers to comb him and keep him clean.

The Wallack woman is never by any chance seen idle. As she returns from market it is her breast that is bulged out with the purchases of the day;* it is her head that bears the water from the village well; she dyes the wool or flax, spins the thread, weaves the web, and makes the dresses of her family. In harvest she joins the men in cutting the corn, and, though less strong, she is more active and willing at the task. She uses the spindle and distaff as the princesses of Homer did, and as they are still used in the Campagna of Rome, and they are scarcely ever out

* Nothing can be more ludicrous than the appearance these women sometimes present. The front of the chemise is always open, and, among other purposes, serves that of a pocket. A woman coming from market often fills it with cabbages, meat, and perhaps a dozen other articles, thus forming altogether a most astounding protuberance.

of her hand. You may see her at the market suckling her child, higgling for her eggs and butter, and twirling her spindle at the same time, with a dexterity really astonishing. As far as cleanliness goes, however, she is a bad housewife; nor does her labour produce great effects. Among the German settlers it is a proverb, "to be as busy as a Wallack woman, and do as little." The dress, which I have already described, is with some variations every where the same. The apron has sometimes little or no fringe, and at other times is little else than fringe. In winter they commonly wear the same thick pantaloons as the men, cover themselves with a *guba*, or *pelzröckel*, and wrap up the feet in cloth sandals.

The pattern of the aprons, in which greens and reds, blues and blacks, are the most common colours, reminded me very strongly of the Scotch plaid, especially at the borders, where the colours often cross and form the exact tartan patterns: but I was still more struck when I observed the well known shepherd's plaid, the common black and white check. I bought one piece of this kind, and Scotchmen, to whom I have shown it, at once claimed it as their own. It is generally of very coarse texture, being spun from the long wool of the common sheep, and is loosely woven. The dyes which the Wallacks manage to give their cloths, are celebrated for their brilliancy and durability. The mention of Scotch plaids reminds me that I have seen some author, I think Herodotus, quoted as an authority that the Agathyrsæ, said to have been the ancient inhabitants of Dacia, owned the same origin as the Picts of Scotland. Without entering into such a knotty discussion, I merely throw out for the consideration of Gaelic antiquaries the facts, that the Wallacks wear the tartan, that the Wallacks love the bagpipe, and that the Wallacks drink an inordinate quantity of sliwowitz, alias mountain dew,—the which I hold to be strong marks of similarity of taste, if not of identity of origin.

In appearance, the common Wallack presents a decided difference from either Magyar, Sclave, or German. In height, I should say, that he was below the medium, and generally rather slightly built and thin. His features are often fine, the nose arched, the eyes dark, the hair long, black, and wavy, but the expression too often one of fear and cunning to be agreeable. I seldom remember to have seen among them the dull heavy look of the Sclavack, but still more rarely the proud self-respecting carriage of the Magyar. Seventeen hundred years' subjection

has done its work; and I can readily believe that many of the vices attributed to the Wallacks are possessed by them,—for they are the vices of slaves. They are not, however, without their redeeming qualities.

In examining the characteristics of the Wallack, if I appear somewhat as his apologist, it is because I did not find him so bad as he was described to me, and because it is natural to interest oneself rather in defending the weak than in strengthening the strong.

The Wallack is generally considered treacherous, revengeful, and entirely deficient in gratitude. If once insulted, he is said to carry the recollection of it till opportunity favours his weakness and enables him to accomplish his revenge. This is rather his misfortune than his fault. If stronger, like other people, he would revenge himself without waiting.

Cowardice is another fault very commonly attributed to the Wallack. I remember Count S—— saying, he believed every other European, except the Neapolitan and Wallack, might be made to fight. It is certain that nothing depresses the courage so surely as subjection, and so long a period of it as these people have endured cannot have been without effect; yet the Wallack peasant is a bold and successful smuggler, and no one is more ready to attack a wolf or bear; but it is hard to persuade any, except very stupid men, to fight without a better object than that of adding to the glory of those they do not love. A long succession of ill treatment had rendered them timid and suspicious. A few years ago, a German Count settled among the Wallacks, and with the kindest intentions endeavoured to excite them to industry by giving rewards to those who best cultivated their land. For this purpose, all the peasants of the village were assembled together with due solemnity, but no sooner did their seigneur appear among them than the whole assemblage, as though seized with a panic, started off, and could never be got together again. They were firmly persuaded that some trick was to be played upon them; as for any one doing them a service for their own sakes, experience had not taught them to think such a thing possible. The treatment of the peasantry, however, improves every year with the improved knowledge of their masters. I knew an old Countess in Transylvania who used to lament that "times were sadly changed,—peasants were no longer so respectful as they used to be;"—she could remember walking to church on the backs of the peasants who knelt down

in the mud to allow her to pass over them without soiling her shoes. She could also remember, though less partial to the recollection, a rising of the peasantry, when nothing but the kindness with which her mother had generally treated them, saved her from the cruel death which many of her neighbours met with.

The Magyar peasant holds the Wallacks in the most sovereign contempt. He calls them a "people who let their shirts hang out," from the manner in which they wear that article of clothing over the lower part of their dress; and classes them with Jews and Gipsies. Even when living in the same village, the Magyar never intermarries with the Wallack.

That the Wallack is idle and drunken it would be very difficult to deny. Even in the midst of harvest you will see him lying in the sun sleeping all the more comfortably because he knows he ought to be working. His corn is always the last cut, and it is very often left to shell on the ground for want of timely gathering; yet scarcely a winter passes that he is not starving with hunger. If he has a wagon to drive, he is generally found asleep at the bottom of it; if he has a message to carry, ten to one but he gets drunk on the way, and sleeps over the time in which it should be executed. But if it be difficult to deny these faults, it is easy to find a palliation for them. The half-forced labour with which the Hungarian peasants pay their rent, has the natural tendency to produce not only a disposition, but a determination to do as little as possible in any given time. Add to this, that at least a third of the year is occupied by feasts and fasts, when, by their religion, labour is forbidden them; that the double tithes of the church and landlord check improvement; that the injustice with which they have been treated has destroyed all confidence in justice, and every sentiment of security; and it will not then be difficult to guess why they are idle. The weakness of body induced by bad nourishment, and still more by the fasts of the Greek church, which are maintained with an austerity of which Catholicism has no idea, and which often reduces them to the last degree of debility, and sometimes even causes death, is another very efficient cause. I have often heard this alluded to by land-owners, who have declared, that with the best will the Wallack could not perform the same amount of labour as the well-fed German or Magyar. An English labourer, of that sturdy independent caste which is not yet, thank God, extinct among us, observed to his travelled master, who was tell-

ing him with how much less food the poor on the Continent were contented, "Look ye, sir, them foreign chaps may eat and drink less than we do, but I'll warrant they work less too. Them as does not live well, can't work well." Never did philosophy utter a more certain truth.

Another cause for laziness may be found in the paucity of the Wallack's wants, and in the ease with which they are supplied. The earth, almost spontaneously, affords him maize for his *polenta*,—or *mamaliga*, as he calls it,—and his wife manufactures from the wool and hemp of his little farm all that is required for his household use and personal clothing.

Many Hungarians, I know, hold that it would be impossible to cultivate, were rents substituted for Robot, especially where the peasantry are Wallacks; but only let commerce open a fair market and introduce desirable objects of purchase, and the Wallack will scarcely belie principles of which all ages and nations have proved the truth. There is no want of enterprise among them, for nothing pleases them more than a little commercial speculation. Should a peculiarly fine season have sent a better crop than usual, the Wallack will load his little wagon, harness his oxen, provide himself with his maize loaf and bit of bacon, and set off for some distant market where he thinks he can turn his produce to account. It is true, he sleeps on the top of his load the whole way, perhaps he drinks a good part of the money before he gets back, probably a Jew cheats him out of the rest of it in exchange for some worthless trinkets for his wife,—still the spirit of commercial enterprise is there, little as its benefits are felt.

When the new road was cutting between Orsova and Moldova, there was no difficulty in finding Wallack workmen at eight pence per day, though they were employed at a labour to which they were unaccustomed, which prevented them from returning to their houses, obliged their wives to bring them food from a great distance, and exposed them to many inconveniences attendant on the nature of the undertaking. Regular payment has great attractions; and, if successful in one case, there is every reason to believe it would be so in others where the circumstances are still more favourable.

When I hear the Wallack peasant accused of want of gratitude, I am apt to lose patience, for he has had so very little opportunity of indulging in that feeling, that it is rather the fault

of his oppressors than of himself, if it be totally eradicated from his nature. But I question the fact: in some cases, his conduct bears the appearance of ingratitude, merely because he suspects the motive with which a benefit is conferred; but when understood, it is felt and acknowledged. An intimate friend of mine, who, during the prevalence of the cholera which raged so fearfully in Transylvania in 1836, remained in his village, and who, aided by his lady, rendered every assistance which it was possible, both by medicine and personal advice, to the poor around him, had occasion, after the cessation of the disease, and at the commencement of harvest, to leave home for a short time. He hastened back, anxious to provide for the exigencies of the season, which require the greatest exertions on the part of the master in this country, and on his arrival he was astonished to find every thing finished. The peasants had collected together of their own accord, and agreed to join their labour, cut his corn, and get in his harvest before he came back, to show their gratitude for his kindness to them in the hour of need.

Ignorant as the Wallack peasant may be, he can distinguish between the man who merely wishes to benefit him and the man who really does so. Every landlord knows, that to gain his Wallack peasants' hearts, it is only necessary that he should look in upon their feasts, and accept their invitations to marriages and funerals; in short, it is only necessary that he should appear to be interested in what really interests them, and he is certain of their love.

The intractable obstinacy, which is often charged against these people because they refuse instruction and decline well-meant but injudicious efforts to improve them, often arises from the affection they entertain for their national language and religion, and from the fear that such means are employed only to rob them of these their only treasures. A gentleman, who was desirous of improving his peasantry, established a school, appointed and paid a master, and ordered that all the children should attend. His chief object was to teach the Magyar language, an object very desirable, and one which, by judicious management, might be effected in time; but, unfortunately, in the present instance, this was the first thing begun with. On revisiting his estate, after half a year's absence, he found his school-room entirely deserted, and the schoolmaster declaring that he could get no one to come to him. On remonstrating with them, the peasants, with that stupid air which the countryman can assume

so well when he wishes to conceal his cunning, answered, that they were afraid their children might become wiser than themselves and cease to obey them. In all probability, the priest had become alarmed, excited the fears of his flock, and forbidden them the school. A little prudence, personal attention, and foresight, would easily overcome such obstacles.

One of the Wallack's most prominent virtues is, his love for his parents, and his respect and care for them in their old age. They would consider it a disgrace to allow any one else to support their aged and poor, while they could do it themselves; and I certainly do not remember to have seen any beggars among them. The idiot is here, as with all the peasants of Hungary, considered a privileged person, and is allowed to make himself at home in every cottage.

There is, among the Wallacks, a peculiar tenacity to localities, which, besides having maintained them in this land, where Romans, Goths, Vandals, and Huns, in vain tried to gain a permanent footing, still attaches them, notwithstanding the injuries and injustice to which they are exposed, so forcibly to their native villages, that if a possibility of existence remains, they rarely quit them. This tenacity is an important fact, and ought to make the Magyars very cautious how they attempt to force prematurely any reform in language, religion, or customs, on such a people. They may, perhaps, be led,—no one has yet been able to drive them. Rude as he is the Wallack feels deeply; he loves the land his fathers tilled, the house his fathers lived in, the soil where their bones have found a resting-place. Such sentiments may sometimes interfere with the schemes of the improver, or the profits of the speculator; but, utilitarian as I am, I should be sorry to see this stuff of the heart bartered for such gains as theirs: I hate the pseudo-philosophy which cannot appreciate the utility of sentiment and beauty.

United to a very strong religious feeling, which they manifest sufficiently by the exertions they make to obtain suitable places of worship, they possess a mass of superstition which mixes itself up with every action of their lives. Many of their beliefs and superstitious observances strongly resemble those of some other nations; whether from direct communication, or because similarity of circumstances produces similarity of ideas, I leave others to decide. The notion of hidden treasures being concealed under old castles, in tombs, and such like places, is very common; and, as in Tartary and Circassia, the peasants here be-

lieve them to be guarded by some evil spirit. In the old castle of Gyalu, formerly a fortress of Rákótzy, now rendered a very agreeable residence by Count Bánffy, it has always been said that the treasures of that unfortunate prince were buried. A few years since, some of the servants obtained permission to dig under the great gateway, where rumour located the hidden wealth, and to search for it, and they proceeded accordingly with their task; but on the second day, or rather night,—for they worked in darkness,—something so mysterious and horrible took place, that one of the men died of fright soon after, and the others begged permission to be sent away, though nothing could ever draw from them the cause of their alarm, or induce them to recommence their search.

Like the Turks, the Wallacks ornament their burial places by planting a tree at the head and another at the foot of every grave; but, instead of the funereal cypress, they plant the *swetshen* or plum, from which they make their brandy,—a very literal illustration "of seeking consolation from the tomb." For the death of near relations, they mourn by going bare-headed for a certain time—a severe test of sincerity in a country where the excesses of heat and cold are so great as here.

The village-well is still, all over Hungary, the favourite gossiping spot for matrons and maids. There is a custom which I often noticed among the Wallacks, of throwing over a small quantity of the water from the full pitcher before it is carried away. It appears that this is done to appease the spirit of the well, who might otherwise make her pure draught an evil-bearing potion. Has this not some analogy to the Roman libations to their gods? The analogy, if it be one, is strengthened by the classically-formed earthen vessels which the Wallacks commonly use, and which are often exceedingly elegant.

The only occupation in which the Wallack shows any peculiar talent, is that of a carpenter; here, I believe, he is allowed to excel. His house frequently bears proof of his taste in this particular in the wooden ornaments about the gates, windows, and roof; and it is rarely the church and cross are not adorned with the rude carvings of the Wallack's knife. Domestic manufactures, too, assume an importance unknown amongst more civilized people. The Wallack grows his own flax, his wife spins it into yarn, weaves it into cloth, dyes it of various colours, cuts it out, and works it up into clothes for her family. The wool goes through nearly the same processes; and is made to serve for leg-

wrappings, aprons, jackets, and cloaks. The sheepskin cap and sandals are mostly of home fabrication, so that this ignorant peasant has more knowledge of the ways and means of procuring for himself what is necessary for his existence and happiness than half the wise men of Europe: that he should not, however, be a perfect master of so many trades is scarcely wonderful.

Várhely contains some sad specimens of essays in the millwright's art. Along the brook, which bounds one side of the village, we observed a number of small wooden buildings placed across the stream, and rising considerably above its surface. One of these boxes, about eight feet square, we entered, and found it a very primitive mill, managed by two girls. The wheel was horizontal, and placed in the middle of the stream, and below the mill; the water falling about one foot on the somewhat spoon-shaped paddles. I do not know whether the reader ever noticed the wheel in a patent chimney-top, because the idea might have been borrowed from a Várhely mill, so similar are they in form.

The chief amusement of the Wallacks, after sleeping and smoking, is dancing to the bagpipe or fiddle. On the Sunday evening, a dozen men will collect together, and, joining arms, dance in a circle, alternately advancing and retiring, beating time with the feet, clapping the hands, and singing. The women in the mean time stand round, waiting till one or more of the men start out from the circle, seize their fair prey, whirl her round for some time in a rude waltz, and then, leaving her, return to the circle, dance again the same round, and again, as the fancy seizes, choose another fair one for the waltz.

The Wallack is a most resolute keeper of feasts, and he very often at these times contracts debts,—which are always scrupulously paid,—to enable him to entertain, with becoming honour, his friends of the neighbouring villages. On such occasions, oxen and sheep are roasted whole; wine and brandy flow in rivulets; the seigneur is invited in the good old fashion to come and sanction by his presence his peasants' sports; and for three whole days a scene of wild revelry, which often ends a little *à l'Irlandaise*, is kept up, with a vigour of which one would scarcely have believed them capable.

The Wallacks, especially those of this neighbourhood, have a custom of which I never heard elsewhere. A party of idle young fellows sell themselves, as they say, to the devil, for a term of three, five, or seven years,—the number must be unequal, or the

devil will not hold the bargain,—engaging to dance without ceasing during the whole of that period, except when they sleep; in consideration of which, they expect their infernal purchaser will supply them with food and wine liberally, and render them irresistible among the rustic belles. Accordingly, dressed in their gayest attire, these merry vagabonds start out from their native village, and literally dance through the country. Every where they are received with open arms; the men glad of an excuse for jollity, the women anxious, perhaps, to prove their power, all unite to feed and fête the devil's dancers; so that it is scarcely wonderful there should be willing slaves to so merry a servitude. When their time is up they return home, and become quiet peasants for the rest of their lives.

We had now spent two or three days at Várhely, and it was quite time we should relieve the hospitable family who had received us from the burden of our visit. When we found it so late on the second day, that we could scarcely get to the next place before dark hour, I desired the servant to intimate our wish to trespass on them for another night. A smile lit up the old lady's countenance as she came in, and assured us, as eloquently as words which we did not understand, and looks that we did, could do, that we were welcome to stay as long as we pleased. It was a constant cause of regret to us that we could only communicate with these good people through the servant, for they frequently came and sat with us; and indeed the pretty little daughter was generally at work in our apartment the whole afternoon. Though frugal, our fare had been good; and our supper of this evening may serve as a sample. First, came on a *paprika hendel,*—not a stewed fowl with red pepper, such as is often served up at more polished tables,—but a large tureen of rich greasy soup, red with paprika, and flavoured by a couple of fowls cut up and swimming in it. After this, came a dish made of broken barley and milk, forming a thickish paste, and, though not tempting in appearance, very good. Some remarkably fine potatoes, boiled in their jackets, and some fresh butter, followed by a dessert of plums, apples, pears, and grapes, concluded the meal. Meat we had only once, for in these small villages where no rich proprietor lives, butchers' meat cannot always be obtained. Wine or beer, as I have said, they had absolutely none; and, but for the thoughtfulness of the lady of the Mosaic, we should have been condemned to water.

Here, as well as in other parts of Transylvania, we enjoyed

the luxury of buffalo's cream with our coffee. Paris must hide her head for very shame,—she has no idea of the luxury of true *café à la crême.* In the first place, the buffalo's milk is much richer than that of the cow, and then the method of preparing it here is perfect. Over-night, a little three-legged earthen pot, a *labos*, is placed over a very slow fire, and, as the cream rises to the surface and clots, it is gently moved on one side with a spoon to allow more to rise on the vacant space. This is placed aside, and the next morning is boiled for use; of course, the clot is the best part, and a good house-wife divides it out with great exactness. Buffaloes, rarely seen in Hungary, are exceedingly common here, and their slow movements seem to suit the Wallack precisely. Their power is reckoned equal to that of twice as many oxen, but their pace is only half as fast. In hot weather, the sight of water renders them beyond all control, and many amusing tales are told of carriages lodged in the middle of rivers, spite of driver, whip, or goad. When excited, the fury of the buffalo is said to be terrific, he tramples to death the object of his rage, and a year rarely happens in which some peasants do not fall victims to these shapeless monsters.

During our sojourn at Várhely, we observed a deficiency of what is considered, in every other part of Europe, the most necessary article of bed-room furniture, and for which it was rather perplexing to find a substitute. It is odd enough, that among the old-fashioned and primitive of the Transylvanians, an idea of shame is attached to the employment of such articles within the precincts of the buildings they inhabit. This might be accounted for by the circumstance that the bed-rooms were always formerly, and even still are among the less wealthy, used as sitting-rooms; but it would appear that it springs from a deeper feeling, for the Magyars have a sense of cleanliness and of decency connected with such matters which the traveller will search for in vain over the rest of continental Europe, and which even we should consider hyperdelicate. None have more prejudices, if such they can be called, on matters of decency, than the Hungarian peasants. Certain duties, which the delicate English house-maid does not consider below her, the Magyar girl cannot be brought to perform; so that in many houses, where what the old people call dirty German customs are introduced—for every thing a graybeard thinks dirty or immoral he calls German—a gipsy girl is kept expressly to execute the duties necessarily

arising therefrom. This poor creature, in consequence, is regarded as unclean by the rest of the servants.

From the evidently straitened circumstances of this family, we were anxious in some way to repay them for the trouble we had given them, and the servant said he thought it would be most acceptable in money. They received what we offered without shame or pretended hesitation. I was not less pleased with this, than with the kindness and courtesy of their whole conduct towards us. At first, when asked for a night's lodging, they would not hear of any thing in the way of remuneration; but when we had stayed some days with them, and had put them to considerable expénse, and when they saw that we were rich enough to pay, they then no longer hesitated to receive it.

CHAPTER VI.

ROUTE TO KLAUSENBURG.

Valley of Hátszeg.—Wallack Gallantry.—Transylvanian Travelling.—Arrival at Vayda Hunyad.—The Gipsy Girl.—Hunyadi János.—Castle of Hunyad.—The painted Tower.—A Deputation.—A rogue found out.—Deva.—Valley of the Maros.—H—— taken for a Spy.—Visit to the Mines of Nagy Ag.—Politeness from a Stranger.—Transylvanian Post-office.—Sandstone of the Felek.

It was a cloudy wet day that we turned our backs on Várhely, so that although we crossed the entire valley, or rather plain of Hátszeg, we saw but little of its beauty; occasionally a bright sunbeam burst out, and gave us a glimpse of its glories, but it passed too soon to allow us to appreciate or enjoy them. We had been warned that the roads in this neighbourhood were bad, but we found them worse even than we had expected, and yet this is the shortest and most direct route from Transylvania to the Danube. From the state, however, in which the road is kept, often so as to be dangerous, and at times even impassable, the one by Deva and Lugos, though much longer, is used in preference.

It must be very bad weather indeed which the traveller, in a new country, cannot turn to account if he will; in the present instance the wet muddy road afforded us an opportunity of witnessing a striking example of Wallack gallantry and Wallack modesty. A stout peasant, wrapped up in his guba of thick white cloth, was riding very composedly through the wet, for it could not hurt him,—while his wife was trotting in the mud by his side, her clothes—*proh pudor!*—gathered up to her hips to keep them out of the dirt. This mode of disposing of their dress is exceedingly common among the Wallack women, and it is not without some astonishment that the stranger sees half a dozen of them prepare in this manner to cross a brook, which they do without the least feeling of shame.

The town of Hátszeg had no attraction to detain us, and we started next morning for Hunyad, which we were assured we

should reach in two hours. The first part of the road was bad, and we began to doubt if we should arrive so soon as we expected. The horses and driver we had engaged from the neighbourhood of Karansebes, to take us as far as we required—for in this part of Transylvania, the peasantry are so poor that they have few horses, and use either oxen or buffaloes for agricultural purposes—were evidently unequal to the task. I wished much to persuade our coachman to let me take a relay of oxen, but he declared his horses were capable of any thing, and would not hear of help. The first hill beyond Hátszeg occupied us an hour, for the road was nothing more than soft tenacious clay, good enough perhaps in dry weather, but now almost impassable. Fortunately we were not without cause for consolation; for on getting out of the carriage to walk, and looking back, our eyes fell on such a scene as I do not think the world can equal in loveliness. The plain, from Várhely to Hátszeg, yellow with the over-ripe maize, traversed by half a dozen streams, broken by low hills, and sprinkled over with cottages and country-houses, lay stretched out at our feet, its mountain boundaries rising through the clouds, which hung on their sides, and disclosing their summits, whitened by the first fall of the autumn snow, and all heightened by the magic lights and shades of a fitful sky, formed a picture of most exquisite beauty.

The first hill conquered, we descended to the village of Szilvás, a collection of poor huts, apparently shut out from the world by the hills which surrounded it on every side. Up the steepest of these hills our road now lay. In vain the horses exerted themselves,—they were quite tired out. As we passed through the village, S—— had observed some oxen in a yard, and for these we now sent. But their Wallack owner saw our need, and would only let us have them on paying an exorbitant sum, and that, too, before they left his yard. There was no help; the money was paid, and the four oxen were harnessed to the four horses. These beasts, however, seemed to know the place, and most resolutely declined drawing in the right direction, and not all the flogging and pushing of the drivers could prevent them from dragging us back into the village. The peasant, however, was as cunning as the oxen, and he determined to deceive them by going another way, and, by crossing the ploughed fields, escape that part of the road. So far all went well; but we again reached the road, and now both horses and oxen stood stock still; they seemed to have come to a mutual agreement to draw no fur-

ther. As for flogging and shouting, there was no lack of either, for there were five of us, and we all united voices and hands in the labour. The beasts only kicked. Again we sent off for aid, and comforted ourselves in the mean time with the spare fare—some hard-boiled eggs and well garlicked salami—which our prog-basket afforded. After about an hour's waiting without any appearance of the arrival of fresh relay—travelling in Transylvania demandeth much patience—a merry-looking fellow, with a strong arm and long whip, came singing by, and inquired the reason of our untimely halt. No sooner did he hear that want of power, not want of will, detained us, than angry, apparently at the unreasonable conduct of the cattle—with whom I am by no means sure he had not, like the Irish whisperer, some secret intelligence—he gave a few such persuading flourishes of his long whip, that off set both oxen and horses, nor did they stop their gallop till they reached the top of the mountain.

While we waited there for the servant's return we had leisure to enjoy the extensive panorama spread out before us—plains, valleys, rivers, and wooded mountains, backed by still higher mountains rising over each other, as far as the eye could reach. The valleys of Hátszeg and Hunyad, the plain before Várhely, the hill of Deva, with its ruined castle, lay all before us; beyond them stretched out the Iron-Door Pass, the often-mentioned mountains of Wallachia, and the gold-bearing peaks round Szalatna. We could plainly perceive too the course of the river Strehl, now formed into a respectable stream by the union of the many brooks of the valley of Hátszeg, and which had cut itself a passage through the rocks to the Maros. It is in this direction that the road between Hátszeg and Deva ought to pass. I feel convinced that the Roman road took this course, and as soon as ever this part of Transylvania receives its fair share of attention,—it is now by far the most uncultivated and savage,—a great commercial road will undoubtedly unite, in this direction, Transylvania with the Danube.

Before we reached Hunyad, H——, who had been left at Várhely in hopes of getting some views of the valley, which, however, the cloudy weather prevented, overtook us in a light wagon of the country, with which he had galloped over difficulties our heavier carriage had stuck fast in. It was quite dark when we stopped before some house where the sound of music led us to suppose we had found an inn. We were mistaken, however, and while the servant was making inquiries, and receiving

answers which he could not understand, as to the whereabouts of the hostelry, a gipsy girl came out of the house, and, hearing the nature of our difficulty, at once took the arrangement of the matter on herself. At a single bound she threw herself into H——'s wagon, seated herself beside him, and, giving her orders to the peasant, desired him to drive through the river up the steep bank and along the deep road: we being left to follow them to the inn as best we could. Before we arrived, our gipsy guide had roused the whole house, got the keys of the chambers, unlocked the rooms, and while we were yet joking H—— on his adventure, the heroine of it had already lit the fires, mended the cracked stoves,* got the carriage unloaded, laid the cloth, and was cooking the supper, ere it was yet ordered. Every thing was so quickly done, that it had an air of conjuration about it. It was strange to find one whom, five minutes before, we had never even seen, already our guide, our hostess, our cook, our factotum. Nor was the interest lessened when we had time to observe our mysterious friend. Lila was a pretty gipsy girl of about sixteen, with features more regular than those of her tribe commonly are, but with all a gipsy's cunning flattery on her tongue. She was rather fancifully dressed, for over the Wallack shirt she had a bodice of scarlet cloth, embroidered with black. The coloured fillet over her forehead was ornamented with a gay bow in front, and behind each ear was a nosegay of the brightest flowers. Her rich brown hair, parted in front, fell in a profusion of clustering curls on her neck, and hung down the back in the long-braided band of maidenhood. She spoke alternately Wallack, Magyar, and German, as she in turns scolded, directed, and coaxed. Before we ceased wondering at so pleasant an apparition, a good supper was smoking on the table, and the pretty gipsy by her laughing and talking almost persuaded us that we were supping on ambrosia, while she played the gentle Hebe to our godships. We could never understand the mystery which seemed to belong to Lila's movements. They told us she was a gipsy of the neighbourhood, who often came into the town, and who was allowed to be about the house as much as she pleased.

* The common stoves are made of tiles of coarse earthenware, the separate parts being united together by clay, which of course requires constant reparation, especially at the commencement of winter. The vessel of water which Dr. Arnot observed on the stoves on the Continent, and which he supposes to be placed there to supply moisture to the atmosphere, is intended to absorb the bad smell which a stove often emits.

She had no occupation there, yet she had done every thing. The gipsies are generally such rogues that they are scarcely permitted to enter any house, yet every thing was perfectly secure with her.

Our first duty at Hunyad, after taking breakfast, which Lila, dressed more gaily than before, had prepared for us, was to visit the old castle, as it is historically interesting, having been built by the greatest man Transylvania ever produced, Hunyadi János, the Governor of Hungary and father of Mathias Corvinus. Tradition assigns to Hunyadi a descent from Sigismund, King of Hungary. The tale runs thus:—

As Sigismund was passing through Transylvania, on his way to subdue his rebel vassal, the Woiwode of Wallachia, chance threw in his way a beautiful Wallack girl, Elizabeth Marsinai, the pride of the valley of Hátszeg. Without disclosing his rank, the gay monarch triumphed over the affections of the simple peasant, and, as he left her to prosecute his wars, he gave her his signet ring, with the injunction, that when the fruit of their love should see the light, she should carry it to the King, in Buda, who, on recognising the ring, would be sure to treat her and her child with kindness.

The following year, as Elizabeth and the infant made their progress towards the distant capital, the young mother, overcome by fatigue, fell asleep under the shade of a tree. The child in the mean time played with the ring, which hung like an amulet round his neck. A mischievous daw, who watched the infant's sports, at last hopped from his perch to join the play, and seizing the bauble in his beak, flew off with the prize. Awakened by the child's cries, Elizabeth saw with horror all her hopes of greatness dependent on the humour of a wicked wilful bird. Her brother, her companion and protector in this long journey, was fortunately a keen sportsman; and, as he heard her wailing, an arrow from his bow laid the cause of her sorrows at her feet. The ring recovered, the little party joyfully resumed their way, and when they reached their destination, and recounted their adventures, the delighted monarch could not sufficiently testify his pleasure. He at once bestowed on his son the name of Hunyadi, and presented him with the town of Hunyad, and sixty surrounding villages. The surname of Corvinus, later adopted, with the arms, a crow and ring, were assumed in memory of the events of this journey. Szonakos, the village which gave birth to Elizabeth, was declared tax-free for ever; a right which it still enjoys.

The name of Hunyadi was destined to eclipse even that of his royal father. Brought up amidst the wars, to which the state of the times and the increasing boldness and power of the Turks gave rise, Hunyadi found himself called on at an early age to protect the district over which he had been placed from the inroads of the barbarians. In the reign of Sigismund the Turks had ventured, for the first time, across the boundaries of Hungary, and already had the southern parts of Transylvania been rendered scarcely habitable, so frequent and so fierce had their attacks become. After the death of Albert, and before his successor was determined on, Hunyadi gained a series of glorious victories over the Moslems, following them through Wallachia, across the Danube into Bulgaria, and obliging them to yield up possession of the fortresses of Servia and Bosnia, thus placing all these countries under the vassalage of Hungary. By the support chiefly of Hunyadi, now strengthened by his victories, Ladislaus V. was secured on the throne, and his first act was to give peace to the kingdom, by a truce with the Turks, most solemnly ratified for a period of ten years. To this treaty Hunyadi was a party, nor can any sophistry release him from the disgrace of having broken his word when, only a few days after, the Pope's legate, by that miserable sophism of the church, that faith is not to be held with infidels, persuaded him to violate a solemn engagement, and, unprovoked, recommence the war against the Moslems. The treachery was, however, fearfully punished before Varna—the false king killed, his army destroyed, and Hunyadi himself, flying and at last imprisoned, was just retribution for the crime.

After the death of the king, Hunyadi was appointed Governor of Hungary, during the minority of Ladislaus VI., and though at the head of a powerful army, and surrounded by a large party, he never attempted to grasp a higher power than that which the assembled people had delegated to him. When, at the age of thirteen, the king was placed upon the throne by the machinations of Hunyadi's sworn foes—no great man had worse ones—he at once gave up his power into the feeble hands which could scarcely have wrested it from him. The feelings of the country, however, were so strongly with him, that he was appointed captain-general of the kingdom, and loaded with honours and endowments.

The Turks had now taken Constantinople, and all Europe was roused against them. Crusades were preached; the Monk

Capistran roused Christendom from its lethargy; and Hunyadi, aided by the practised troops from Germany, again took the field. His last campaign was his most brilliant one. After a contest of three successive days, Belgrade fell into his hands, and the Infidel hordes were pursued by the victorious Christians almost to the gates of Constantinople. But their Emperor had little time to enjoy his victory, for, in a few days, disease consumed a life which so many wars had left untouched. But for Hunyadi János it is exceedingly probable that the Turks would have swept over the whole of Europe, as so many of their Eastern predecessors in invasion had already done, and, instead of being only on the outskirts, as they now are, we might have seen them established in its very centre. Their career of victory was, however, checked, their thoughts of conquest turned in another direction, and although, when weaker hands than those of Hunyadi guided the reins of government, they did gain a temporary footing in Hungary, yet the confidence inspired by his victories enabled the Magyars to make head against them, and finally to expel them from the land.

The castle of Vayda* Hunyad is finely situated on a bold precipitous limestone-cliff, washed on three sides by two small rivers, the Cserna and Zalasd, which meet at this point. On the opposite side of the Zalasd, rises another rock of the same height, which slopes gradually down to the town, and is fortified. From this second rock the castle is approached by a long wooden bridge, at a dizzy height above the stream and road below. The end of the bridge nearest the castle, by a simple contrivance, is made to rise and fill up the portal of the watch-tower, which it closes like a door. This is the simplest drawbridge and gate, as well as the most effectual, I ever saw, and it is still in constant use. There is no pulley or chain employed; it is so balanced that it can be raised by placing the foot on the opposite end, the weight of the body being sufficient to turn the scale and to raise the huge mass in the air. The part of the castle on the right of the entrance is that built by Hunyadi, that on the left was repaired, and in part built by a Count Bethlen, at a later date. The wall on the right is almost unbroken by windows, except near the top, where a singularly elegant Gothic balcony runs along its whole length, forming a succession of windows fitted for the lighting of a long hall or gallery.

* It is called Vayda (Woiwode, or Governor) Hunyad, from the rank of the person to whom it gave its name, and to distinguish it from Pánffy Hunyad, a town in another part of Transylvania.

On crossing the bridge, one of the officers of the iron works—for the castle now serves as a depôt for the Government iron obtained from the mines in the neighbourhood—very politely offered to conduct us over it. The interior forms an irregularly shaped court, of which the solid rock constitutes the pavement, and is completely surrounded by the buildings of the castle. A gallery runs round three sides of this court, and most of the windows open upon it. We entered by a Gothic door on the right, and found ourselves in a large room, extending along the whole of one side of the castle, divided by pillars in the centre, and supporting a number of arches, on which rests the groined ceiling. On the capital of one of the pillars, a scroll, picturesquely disposed, bears the following inscription in Gothic characters:—

"Hoc opus fecit fieri magnificus Johannes Huniades Regni Hungariae Gubernator Ano Dni 1452."

The proportions of this room are at present destroyed by a partition which cuts off a part of it for the convenience of the Government officers, who use it as a counting-house. The rest of the space is occupied by bars of iron. It is probable that this part formed the Ritter Saal, though they assured us it was on the story above. This, however, we found divided into three or four very handsome rooms, which are said to have been fitted up for and used by the Emperor Francis, some years since. From these rooms glass doors open to the Gothic balcony I before spoke of, which is divided into several compartments by solid walls, forming the most lovely little boudoirs imaginable. The opposite side of the court is occupied by some of the officers, as a dwelling, and a very handsome one it makes. It is kept in very good order; indeed the whole building seems in good repair, and nothing can be more elegant than the drawing-rooms which the huge round-towers form, nothing more beautiful than the views presented from their windows.

About the largest tower there is something mysterious, for to all appearance it is a solid mass of masonry; nor could our guide give any further account of it. Attempts had been made, he said, to penetrate it, but nothing had been discovered; it was found solid throughout. The exterior of this tower is still painted, as tradition reports it has been ever since its erection. It is in black and white, disposed chequerwise, and looks as ugly as possible. I have noticed, in speaking of Arva, that the ancient

castles of Hungary were mostly painted outwardly; at the present time Hunyad is the only one, perhaps, in which the custom is maintained. I have observed, however, other buildings painted in Hungary even at the present day. At Lugos, the Greek church is ornamented in this way. If I mistake not, private houses, in some old towns, still have their walls painted; but the best example, if I may be allowed to anticipate, is in the old court-house and prison of Klausenburg. This building is covered over with allegorical designs, and is divided into compartments bearing wise Latin inscriptions, in reference to the purposes of the building, and the duties of its occupants. I am not aware that this custom ever prevailed in England, or in any other part of the Continent except Hungary, with respect to the outer walls of castles, common as it is in the enclosed courts and porticoes of Italy. I know of no instance in which the manner called fresco has been employed in Hungary; those I have seen were all in common oil colours.

We were a little surprised on our return to the inn, to receive a request, through our servant, that we should accept a complimentary visit from some of the inhabitants of the town, as we were the first Englishmen who were known to have passed through Hunyad. It would have been difficult to refuse this proffered civility, however little inclination we might feel to play the part assigned us, and we therefore ordered in as many chairs as our miserable room could contain, and turning the beds into sofas, we sat in due state to receive the delegates of Vayda Hunyad to our noble selves,—the wandering representatives of the United kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. The servant opened the door with considerable ceremony, and announced the names, titles and occupations of four as fat little burgesses as could be found in any snug country town of our own island. The spokesman of the party, the fattest and most important person, was the doctor, who expressed in a very complimentary speech, in German, the pleasure they had in seeing Englishmen, members of a constitutional country, and Protestants, like themselves, in their town, and as we were the first who had ever so far honoured it, they could not omit the opportunity, *et cetera, et cetera*. Of course we could only express our deep sense of the compliment paid us, our admiration of the country, and our conviction that as the facilities of travelling became more general, the beauties of Transylvania would attract many of our countrymen to visit them. Thereupon Tokay and biscuits were handed

round, and a parley commenced, consisting principally of questions on their side, apparently arranged by previous concert, and propounded by the doctor, which were answered on our parts as we were able. They consisted chiefly of inquiries relative to points in English law and government, which had puzzled them—no wonder, for they sometimes puzzle even their own authors—in reading the journals, and in regard to the appearance and character of public men whose acts or speeches had interested them. This was another proof of the consideration our dear native land enjoyed among strangers, and we were delighted to satisfy to the best of our power an interest so flattering to England, and so useful to other constitutional countries. In teaching the world that a peaceable reform, obtained by moral arms alone, is more effectual than the most brilliant revolution, England has done more for the liberties of mankind than all the nations of ancient or modern times.

After some time our visiters took their leave, and we prepared to continue our journey, but a difficulty arose which we had not expected. The bill which the landlord presented to us for the very slender accommodation received, was so exorbitant, that it was impossible to overlook such gross imposition. Suspecting that our servant was a rogue, I declined his service as an interpreter on this occasion, and a stranger kindly offered his assistance. It was well I had recourse to this precaution, for I found the rascal had been carousing all night with a party he had accidentally met, and that he had desired the landlord to put the wine,—I forget how many quarts each,—down to our account. On this exposure, and on being subjected to some little abuse by the landlady for certain other offences, the fellow seized a knife and advanced towards the woman with a threat to murder her if she repeated her words. Luckily I caught sight of the knife, and obliged him to relinquish it, but I shall not easily forget his appearance at that moment. He was a strong-built man with an expression of countenance much resembling a wolf, and he had become excited to the utmost fury by the discovery. He was red and foaming with rage when I threatened to strike him to the ground (for I am fortunately a strong man,) if he did not relinquish the knife, but in an instant, with a power over himself I never saw equalled, he bowed low, and in his usual humble voice replied, "Certainly, if my master commands it." I need hardly say that I got rid of him as soon as possible, for I hold that no rogue is so dangerous as one who can command himself.

On a former occasion my suspicions had been raised against him from finding my pistols unloaded and stuffed with dirt; a precaution which I have no doubt he had adopted in case of detection in any roguery.

As we got into the carriage, Lila was there to bid us adieu. Her beauty, her good humour, and her happy way of rendering herself useful, made us quite sorry to part with her, and, I believe S—— did propose to equip her "*en jocké*," and take her with us; but S—— is a wild fellow! I know nothing can be more ridiculous than to fancy a gipsy sentimental, and yet, in spite of ridicule, I would swear I saw a tear glisten in the poor girl's eye as we drove off. A few kind words are rarely lost, even on a gipsy.

At Deva, our next station, we spent, or rather misspent a couple of days; for, placing ourselves under the guidance of a young gentleman who offered to show us the lions of the neighbourhood, we saw only what he thought lions, and not what we should have selected as such.

About ten miles from Deva, there are some of the richest gold mines in Transylvania, those of Nagy Ag, and Szekerem, and to these he promised to conduct us. With great difficulty we got to the foot of the mountain, over almost impassable roads, where we found oxen ready to drag us up the nearly perpendicular rock, and several peasants in attendance, to hold the carriage from falling over. We had often occasion to wonder at the dislike the Hungarian seems to have to walking, but, from imitation, we fell into their customs, sitting still in our carriage, to be slowly dragged through and over places which we could have surmounted much more easily and quickly on foot. Once at the mines, we were conducted along a new railway adit, which I, of course, imagined would conduct us to the workings; but, alas! it will only get there some years hence, for it is yet unfinished; and, in the mean time, we were obliged to content ourselves with the ride on the rail-road for our trouble, it being declared too late to see the other works when we got back. Our guide assured us that many ladies and gentlemen came to see the railway, but nobody thought of going into the mines, so that he had no idea we could have wished such a thing.

The quantity of gold and silver obtained here, though less than formerly, is still considerable; not less than one hundred and fifty marks of gold, and seven hundred and fifty of silver, per annum. These mines are peculiarly interesting to the

mineralogist, as being the richest in tellurium of any in Europe; indeed it was here that metal was first discovered. I afterwards saw a specimen of pure gold from Szekerem, in the form of a tree,—I think mineralogists call it tree gold. It was two inches high, standing quite out from the matrix, and was most beautifully branched and foliated.

Deva, situated on the banks of the Maros, is worth visiting, were it only for the view from the old castle. On the very point of a rock, which rises above the little town, stands the ruins of a fortress, said to have been begun by the Romans, though it was probably used for such purposes ever since the country was inhabited. It is now, however, a very small ruin, although a number of walls and turrets on different parts of the hill show the extent the castle once had. It has lately been repaired in a tasteless manner, and now serves as a watch-tower for a few frontier soldiers.

The view extends, towards the west, along the beautiful valley of the Maros, and, to the east, as far as the blue mountains of Zalatna, which were tipped with the first fall of the autumn's snow. Lover, as I am, of rivers and valleys, I know few that I prefer to the Maros and its vale. I shall have opportunity enough hereafter of describing the higher part of this river, for I afterwards traced it nearly to its source, but of its downward course I may as well speak now, though I did not visit it till a later period.

The first part of the Maros valley, towards the borders of Hungary, is rich, well wooded, and occasionally ornamented with pretty country houses. At Dobra the road leaves it, and I know nothing more of it till some time after it has reached Hungary. Those, however, who are acquainted with the border district, describe it as wild to the last degree;—the river bound in its channel by precipitous rocks, and the valley darkened by forests of the native oak, which have never known the woodman's axe. At Kápolnás the valley widens considerably, and presents a scene of extraordinary loveliness. For perhaps fifteen miles in length, by three or four in width, extends a plain covered with white villages, and groaning under the richest crops of corn, surrounded on every side by mountains covered to their summits by forests of oak, and traversed, in its whole extent, by the river now grown wide and powerful.

There are few things in any country which have struck me as being more beautiful than this part of the valley of the Maros,

but it is completely unknown even to Hungarians. The whole of it at present belongs to the Kammer; and, as it is subject to frequent inundations, against which no precautions are taken, its inhabitants are doomed to much poverty and suffering. When sold, as it will shortly be, it is to be hoped that private capital and enterprise will make it the elysium which nature seems to have intended it should become.

How far steam navigation will succeed on the Maros, in its present state, is extremely doubtful, as it is a very wide and wayward stream, and, in summer, has sometimes not more than two feet of water; but there is no doubt it might be made navigable, and probably it will be, as soon as increased population on its banks shall demand an outlet for their productions.

As H—— was too unwell to day to climb the castle hill on foot, and yet unwilling to leave without some memorial of the scene, a peasant was found who undertook to convey him to the summit in a *leiter-wagen.* Up, accordingly, he went, and just as he had placed himself comfortably to his work, a borderer from the castle, stepping cautiously as a cat about to seize a mouse, hastened towards him, till he was stopped at a little distance by the driver. H—— had observed the man, but as the latter contented himself with holding a long and loud colloquy with the Wallack, and as H—— did not understand the language, he took no farther notice of him, nor did the soldier offer any other molestation to the artist, than by keeping a very sharp eye on his movements, and never quitting the *wagen* till it arrived at the inn. Judge, then, of H——'s surprise, on coming down, to be congratulated at his escape from imprisonment! The simple grenzer, persuaded that the ruins of Deva formed a most important fortress, had come to arrest the daring spy who was taking a plan of its defences, and was armed with a rope, which he was just about to throw over H——'s arms when the peasant interposed, and with great difficulty persuaded him to delay the seizure till he had accompanied him to the village, and informed himself better on the subject. It was a very good joke when so well over, but it might have been otherwise; to be suspected as a spy, bound, and in the hands of a very rude and ignorant soldiery, is a position by no means free from danger.

Nor was this the only adventure which befell our luckless friend at Deva. While quietly finishing his sketches in the inn, he observed an ill-conditioned fellow staring at him through the half-opened door, when, calling the servant, he desired him to

inquire his business. Upon this the ill-conditioned man became excessively abusive, declared that "H—— was a spy, a rogue, a German, or something still worse; that he saw things which he was sure were for no good, and that he would denounce him to the authorities." The servant requested him to change his quarters, but he protested he was a *Nemes Ember*, and would stay where he liked, and do what he liked. As soon as the authorities heard of this affair, they sent to beg we would excuse the brutality and ignorance of an individual who had never seen more of the world than his native country, and who was notorious as one of the most troublesome fellows in it, assuring us, at the same time, that they had taken care that we should not be subject to any farther molestation.

We had been promised vorspann at five in the morning to take us on the next stage to Szásváros: but at ten, in spite of repeated demands, no horses had appeared, and we were obliged to order post-horses. In Transylvania, generally, it is extremely difficult to obtain vorspann; indeed, I believe it is not allowed to any one except the officers of the county or of the crown. On the other hand, the post is much better than in Hungary; and the principal roads are maintained in a state that ought to put many continental states to the blush. The cross roads, however, are in a most deplorable condition here;—nothing can be worse. Count S——, I remember, said he travelled for six weeks in Transylvania, and was overturned six times.

As we approached Mühlenbach, where we meant to remain for the night, a heavy snow-storm warned us that winter was setting in, and induced us to change our intended route, and, instead of proceeding to Hermanstadt, to go directly to Klausenburg. The inn was so full, that they had no apartment to offer us but a very small room, where it was impossible to stow three beds; and we were preparing to encounter the night and storm on the road, when a gentleman, who had preceded us, sent to offer his large room in exchange for our small one. As this was a person we had never seen, and who knew only that we were foreigners, and in difficulty, it is worth adducing, as one of the thousand proofs of the civilities we received merely in right of our character as strangers. This gentleman joined us in the evening, and proved to be a Szekler connected with the post-office. He was a very agreeable companion, from whom we received much information, which the reader will have the benefit of at the proper time and place. With respect to the depart-

ment in which he was employed, he assured us, that the reports so often repeated of letters being opened were entirely without foundation, as far at least as Hermanstadt was concerned; and, he believed, they were equally unfounded with respect to every other place in Hungary and Transylvania. As to what took place at Vienna, he knew only from hearsay.

As we returned next morning for a short distance on our road of the preceding evening, we found we had passed over a plain of some extent, and called from its richness the Kenyer Mezö, (bread-field,) illustrious in Transylvanian history for a great victory gained over the Turks by one of their native princes, Báthori István, in 1479.

I shall say nothing more of our journey to Klausenburg, which occupied us two days, for we scarcely put our heads out of the carriages, so miserably cold and wet had it become; and, as we shall pass over the same ground when we visit the mines of Zalatna, it is of no importance. As we reached the summit of the long hill, down which a winding road of two or three miles' descent leads to the capital, the sun was pleased to show himself ere he set over the now white mountains, and gave us a beautiful glimpse of the valley of the Szamos, with Klausenburg in the midst, just below us. The Szamos is the second river in Transylvania in point of size, and flows through another of those valleys which give to this country the appearance of a mass of small mountains traversed in various directions by rivers, which have cut out for themselves water-courses from one hundred yards to a mile or two in width, occasionally, where a tributary stream lends its force, widening into small plains like those of Hátszeg, Kenyer Mezö, Három-szék, and Thorda. The principal roads are formed along these valleys, so that travelling in Transylvania presents a succession of beautiful scenes rarely to be met with in other lands.

A curious substitute has been found for curb-stones to the bridges and dangerous places in the descent of the Felek hill. The stratum, a fine sand-stone, has formed itself naturally, in some places, into nearly perfect globes of considerable size,—four times that of a man's head,—which are used as curb-stones, and which answer perfectly well for the purpose to which they have been applied. I observed one place on the road where these stones were quarried, and it appeared that they were formed between two layers of the sand-stone, some of them assuming the cylindrical form; but almost all more or less nodu-

lated. We galloped down the Felek hill at a tremendous rate, chiefly, I believe, because the weak horses, and weaker harness, had not strength enough to hold back; nor did we feel ourselves safe till we whirled through one of the old-fashioned gates of Klausenburg, and were rattling over its rough pavement. The only tolerable inn within the walls was full, and we were fain to content ourselves with such accommodation as was furnished by the best of those in the suburbs.

CHAPTER VII.

TRANSYLVANIA.—HISTORY AND POLITICS.

Transylvania.—Its Population.—Settlement of the Szeklers,—of the Magyars,—of the Saxons,—under Woiwodes.—Zápolya.—Native Princes.—Bethlen Gábor.—Aristocratic Democracy.—Union with Austria.—Diploma Leopoldinum.—Confirmed by Maria Theresa.—Actual Form of Government.—Constitution infringed.—Opposition.—Baron Wesselényi.—County Meetings.—Grievances.—General Vlasits.—Diet of 1834.—Archduke Ferdinand.—History of the Diet.—Violent Dissolution.—Moral Opposition.

A STRANGE little country is this Transylvania! Very likely the reader never heard its name before, and yet some hundred years ago it was in close alliance with England; and, long before religious liberty, annual parliaments, payment of members, and the election of magistrates were dreamed of, amongst us, they were granted to Transylvania, by a solemn charter of their Prince, the Emperor of Austria. Here is this country, on the very limits of European civilization, yet possessing institutions and rights, for which the most civilized have not been thought sufficiently advanced.

The distinctions and differences among the population of Hungary have offered us a singular spectacle enough, but the Transylvanians far outpass them in these matters, as they vary among themselves, not only in language, race, and religion, but in civil laws and political institutions. The Magyar, the Szekler, the Saxon, and the Wallack, have all their rights, but differing most materially in nature and extent from each other. The whole population of the country does not amount to more than two millions,* yet they have among them four established religions,—

* The best statistical authority on which I can lay my hand is a small geography of Transylvania, by Lebrecht, published as far back as 1804. The whole population is estimated at 1,458,559 (without the clergy;) of these, 729,316 are Wallacks; about 358,596 Magyars; about 123,085, Szeklers; 181,790 Saxons; while of Gipsies, Jews, Greeks, Armenians and Bulgarians, there are about 65,772. In the "*Transylvania*," published in 1833, it is conjectured to have risen to 2,034,375, including the Transylvanian military Borderers.

besides several others tolerated,—at least four languages, and I know not how many different national customs, prejudices, and modes of feeling.

It is not my intention to enter upon these matters at any length. Suffice it to say, that there are three nations, the Magyar, the Szekler, and the Saxon, which have each a part in the government of the country. They inhabit different districts; the Magyars, the whole west and centre; the Szeklers, the east and north; and the Saxons, the greater part of the south; and with these are mixed up a number of Wallacks, Gipsies, Jews, Armenians, &c. In order to give the English reader some idea of this country, and of its present state, I believe it will be best to dedicate a page or two to its previous history.

When the Romans finally retired from Dacia, and Aurelian offered as many of the inhabitants as chose to accept it, a refuge in Mœsia, which he named his Dacia,* the country was left defenceless, and open to the incursions of those barbarous hordes which in turn cursed Europe with their devastating presence. The greater part of these seem to have passed and repassed Transylvania, without either effecting the total destruction of the Dacians, or being able to establish themselves in the country. Of one of them, however, a considerable number—whether cut off from the principal body of the enemy, or separated by some quarrel among themselves, or stationed to retain a command of the mountain-passes, and so facilitate a return, is unknown—were left behind the rest; and there their descendants remain to the present day. These are the Szeklers.

From which of these savage nations the Szeklers, or Siculi, are derived, is one of those historical puzzles in which the learned of Hungary are fond of losing themselves. Attila and his Huns having gained the widest renown, if not the best, Szekler antiquaries generally fix on them as their forefathers. But, be that as it may, the Magyars found them where they now are, on their entering the country in the tenth century; and as they were evidently of the same family—for their language, features, character, all declare them Magyars,—they were received into favour, and allowed to retain free possession of their lands, on condition of guarding the frontier.

The Magyars made themselves masters of Dacia and Pannonia as early as the beginning of the tenth century, and from that

* The Wallacks, still found in some parts of Bulgaria, are probably the descendants of those who followed Aurelian.

time till 1526, Transylvania was little more than a part of Hungary, though it must be confessed a very unruly part. A certain degree of independence is still maintained. It was governed by a Woiwode appointed by the King of Hungary, who seems to have held Diets to consult with the nobles on the affairs of the country. These meetings were sometimes even presided over by the Kings of Hungary themselves. During the greater part of this period, Transylvania was rarely without suffering the evils of domestic or foreign warfare, and so terribly was the population diminished, that whole tracts of country lay waste for want of cultivators. To supply this deficiency, foreign colonists were invited to re-people the wasted districts. As early as the middle of the twelfth century, a colony of Germans, from the Rhine country, were tempted by the offer of a fertile soil, and by a promise of the enjoyment of their own customs and religion, as well as of certain other privileges, to settle in the nearly deserted Transylvania. It is to this colony the present Saxons owe their origin.

It was not till the battle of Mohács had reduced the power of Hungary to so low an ebb, that she accepted an Austrian Emperor for her king, and till she so far forgot her ancient traditions, as eventually to establish the succession hereditary in that family, that Transylvania, under Zápolya, threw off her dependence on Hungary, and proclaimed herself an independent state. Zápolya's views were not confined to Transylvania; his object was the crown of Hungary, and it is certain that his schemes during the weak reign of Ludwig II. constantly tended to that object, and it is even suspected that his absence from Mohács was caused by the same ambitious motive. Be that as it may, although actually crowned at Stuhlweissenburg, and although supported by a large party, he was unable to establish himself on the throne, and he was finally reduced to the principality of Transylvania, which he may be said to have founded.

Transylvania achieved her independence, if such it can be called, under bad auspices, for Zápolya submitted to the degradation of paying a tribute to the Porte, as the condition on which he should receive aid against the arms of Austria. For more than a century and a half, Transylvania continued in this state of partial independence, sometimes paying tribute to the Porte, sometimes seeking the support of Austria, but always throwing off her allegiance, both to one and the other, the moment her own strength or rather their weakness, afforded her the slightest

chance of doing so with impunity. During this period, the country was governed by native princes, generally chosen by the Diet, but rarely without the intervention of a Turkish Pasha, or an Austrian ambassador, and sometimes they were nominated by one of these powers without even the form of an election. Short as was the time, Transylvanian historians enumerate, with exultation, no less than twenty-four possessors of the Crown, as if the number of princes increased the brilliancy of the epoch. Of these, one reigned only a single day, others not more than a year; and it often happened that two reigned at the same time, the one acknowledging himself a vassal of Austria, the other a tributary of the Porte. Of all these princes, but few have either acquired or deserved a European reputation. Bethlen Gábor, who presided over the destinies of Transylvania, nearly at the same period as Cromwell over those of England, is the most striking exception; like Cromwell, he was a stanch adherent to the doctrines of Calvin, a successful general, and a man of most determined resolution and untiring energy. As a sign of the times, rather than as a characteristic of the man, it may be mentioned that Bethlen composed psalms which are still sung in the Reformed churches, and that he read the Bible through twenty times. Two of Bethlen's most constant objects were the banishment of the Jesuits from Transylvania, and the securing the rights of the Protestants in Hungary; but to accomplish the first, he did not hesitate to persecute to the death, and the second seems to have been rather a cloak to ambition than the object in which that ambition centred. The part which Bethlen took in the Thirty Years' War, gave a European importance to Transylvania, such as it never before nor since that time has enjoyed. For many years Bethlen's favourite project was the restoration of the kingdom of Dacia, including Transylvania and Hungary east of the Theiss, in favour of himself; and the only reason that can be assigned for his having abandoned this project was, the failure of heirs to inherit his power and glory. He died childless. The engagements of Bethlen with the chiefs of the Thirty Years' War, the faithlessness of the Jesuit ministers of the Austrian court, and the discontent of the Protestants of Hungary, together with his own ambition, made the life of this prince a constant series of intrigues and wars. That his character should come out quite clear from such a trial is hardly to be expected; indeed, in the intricate mazes of policy, there seems to have been few paths, however tortuous, which he did not tread; yet it is im-

possible not to admire the greatness of his designs, the fertility of his resources, his diplomatic skill, and the noble principle of religious liberty, for which he professed to struggle.

What the strength and cunning of a Bethlen Gábor was unable to hold in peace and security, the comparative feebleness of his successors rendered a perpetual object of contest. For a long series of years, Transylvania was engaged in wars, half political, half religious, in which neither the bigotry of the mass was rendered respectable by its sincerity, nor the restless turbulence of the chiefs by their faith or disinterestedness. The Protestants of the mountains of Transylvania, and the half nomade population of the plains of Hungary, were ever ready to engage in expeditions, where their faith was to be defended, and plunder to be gained. Nor were adventurous leaders wanting; who, if they did not gain freedom from the struggle, rarely failed to increase their patrimony by obtaining rich grants of lands ere their zeal could be cooled. As the first battle of Mohács may be said to have given rise to this state, so the second battle of Mohács may be considered to have put an end to it.

It has often astonished me to hear Transylvanians speak of the period during which they were ruled by native princes, as the golden age of their history, the epoch of national glory, the time to which their national songs and legends all relate. Is it that national independence has such charms for a people, that civil war, with all its horrors, foreign invasion, with all its suite of crimes, can be forgotten under the influence of its magic name? It must be so; and yet are there men who dare to mock such sentiments, and who dispose of nations with as little regard to their feelings as if they were flocks of sheep.

Perhaps, too, it may be that this period was the one most fruitful in the establishment of free institutions, of which the benefits are still felt. If the weakness of Transylvanian princes gave a vast weight to the demands of the aristocracy, their need of support during such long wars, induced them to extend the privileges of that aristocracy to so great a number as to render it almost a democracy. It is to this circumstance we must attribute the character of freedom which distinguishes the institutions of Transylvania.* It was no longer a privileged few

* Transylvania can scarcely be considered an aristocracy any more than America can. The native Indians and negroes of America—the free negroes of the north, I mean, for Transylvania knows nothing so degrading as absolute slavery—occupy the place of the gipsies and Wallacks of Transylvania; the rest of the inhabitants of both countries enjoying nearly equal rights.

demanding power to restrain the suffering many. The aristocracy became a people, demanding liberty for all, except the conquered part of the nation. The establishment of equal rights for four denominations, at a time when all the rest of Europe was persecuting for religion's sake, was an act so far above the paltry spirit of oligarchic legislation, that we can account for it in no other way than by reference to that great extension of political rights enjoyed by the Transylvanians, and which was, in a great measure, achieved under their native princes.

Another circumstance which has made the Transylvanians look back to the government of their native princes with affection and regret, is the frightful persecutions to which, in the earlier times of their subjection, they were exposed at the hands of foreign masters, and, in later days, the violence with which their constitutional rights have been trampled under foot. The names of Basta, Caraffa, and Heister, generals of Austria, to whom the task of oppressing Transylvania was in turn committed, are never mentioned without a shudder, even to the present time. The peasant still tells his children of the sad days when Basta, after having taken all their cattle, harnessed their forefathers to his wagons, and thus supplied his army with forage and transport.*

Without attempting to trace the constitutional history of Transylvania step by step, through its various phases of development, it may be worth while to pause a moment, and examine its great foundation stone, the celebrated Diploma Leopoldinum, as it not only contains the chief elements of the form of government which has been in operation from the day on which it was granted to the present, but may serve also to give us some notion of the progress made by the nation previous to the period when it was obtained. The want of good historians of Transylvania,—at least in the German language, and I believe also in the Hungarian,—the disturbed and unsettled character of the period itself, and the fact that the institutions were then rather forming than formed, must be our excuse for not entering more fully into the political condition of the country, previous to the date of the Diploma. It is certain, however, that the princes were elected,† but the form of election was exceedingly

* A kind of wheelbarrow was introduced for that purpose by Basta, and they are still called *Basta szekêr*, or Basta's carriages.

† I have been astonished to hear really sensible men refer to the time when they elected to,—that is, quarrelled for, fought for, intrigued for, bribed for, betrayed for,—the throne, as a period of glory, and the loss of

indeterminate, and the supreme power was more frequently obtained by force of arms than by a majority of votes. The Diets were held annually under some princes, nearly dispensed with by others. The members were in part elected, in part nominated, and in part, I suspect, even hereditary.

In judging of the state of legislation previous to the Diploma Leopoldinum, it must not be forgotten that Austria obtained the election of the emperor as prince of Transylvania, chiefly through the influence of treachery on the part of one or two Transylvanians, seconded by the weakness of the aged prince Apaffi, and by the presence of a large army under Caraffa, and that the Diploma was, therefore, little more than a compromise forced on the country, between the absolute principle of the Austrian Government, and the almost republican forms then in use in Transylvania.

The first article of the Diploma gives an assurance of equal rights to the four religions, viz., the Catholic, Lutheran, Reformed and Unitarian, and the permission to build new churches wherever their numbers may require them.

The second secures to each religion all the lands, tithes, benefices, foundations, churches, schools, &c., then actually possessed by them, although they may have belonged formerly to the Catholics.

The third ensures the Transylvanians the enjoyment of their civil privileges, according to the established laws of Hungary, while by the Saxons their own municipal organization is to be retained.

By the fourth it is promised that nothing shall be changed in the form of government, in the appointment of the privy council, in the constitution of the Diet, the manner of voting, or the administration of justice, except the right of appeal to the crown.

The fifth excludes foreigners from the possession of offices.

By the sixth it is declared that property reverting to the crown, by the extinction of families, shall be bestowed on other deserving persons, and that Transylvanians possessing property in Hungary shall enjoy it, with the same rights as Hungarians.

that privilege as the greatest misfortune. I, on the contrary, believe sincerely that the greatest—some might say the only—advantage Hungary and Transylvania have received from their connexion with Austria, is the loss of this right, and the establishment of an hereditary succession to the crown.

By the seventh, it is stipulated that the president of the privy council, the commander-in-chief of the Transylvanian militia, the chancellor, the members of the privy council, the prothonotaries, and other high dignitaries, must be natives, chosen by the Diet, although requiring the royal assent to their election.

By the eighth it is provided that in the privy council a fourth of the members shall be Catholics, as likewise in the supreme courts of justice.

By the ninth, an annual Diet is guárantied, the dissolution to depend on the royal will.

It is stipulated by the tenth that the governor shall reside in the country, and that he, as well as the privy council and the members of the court of justice, shall be paid by the crown.

It is agreed by the eleventh, that in peace the country shall pay an annual tribute of fifty thousand thalers; in time of war, against Hungary and Transylvania, four hundred thousand florins, including supplies delivered in kind. The assessment of this sum to be left to the Diet. All other charges are to be borne by the crown, out of the Kammeral revenues derived from the Fiscal estates, salt tax, metal tax, among the Saxons the customs' tenth, and in the Hungarian counties the tithe rent.*

By the twelfth the free Szeklers are to remain tax free, but bound to do military service.

The thirteenth provides that the taxes, duties, and customs shall not be increased beyond what they had previously been.

By the fourteenth, the tithes are to be rented by the landowners, but the fiscus is to receive the arenda canon or composition.

By the fifteenth, the country is required to maintain troops for its occupation and protection, under the command of an Austrian general; but he is not to mix in civil affairs, and must maintain a good understanding with the governor, the Diet, and the privy council, in matters of war.

* This tithe-rent arises from the secularization of all the church property under one of the princes,—I think the Unitarian Zápolya Zsigmund. Previous to that time the nobles had paid tithe to the church, they were now to pay it to the fiscus. As the collection in kind more than swallowed up the profits of the tax, it was generally let, or compounded for, by a fixed sum of money, paid by the nobles, who had then the right to collect the tithe from their own peasants. This composition is paid to the present day.—A great part of the Transylvanian clergy of the established religions are paid by the government. The Greek church alone entirely maintains its own.

By the sixteenth, the people are to be relieved from the burden of supporting and lodging travellers, by the establishment of posts and inns.

Although the Austrian power was long rendered uncertain by a series of civil wars, in which Transylvania took a leading part, it was finally established on a firm basis, and, as the Austrian party grew stronger, the more liberal articles of the Diploma were gradually invaded, but the monarchs, nevertheless, continued to swear to their observance, and no legal modification was ever made in its provisions. Maria Theresa imitated her predecessors, and adopted the Diploma in all its extent, requiring only that the Diet, in return, should formally renounce the right of electing the prince, and accept the pragmatic sanction establishing the succession in her and her descendants. Here, as in Hungary, during the latter years of Maria Theresa's reign, and during the whole of Joseph's, the constitution was in abeyance, nor, during the very few occasions on which the Diet was called together, towards the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, did any important change take place. The long wars in which Austria became engaged soon after, furnished an excuse for ruling without a Diet, and so matters remained till 1830.

The actual form of government, then, as settled by the Diploma Leopoldinum, and according to law,—if not always according to fact,—existing at the present time, is nearly as follows:—

A Governor, aided by a Privy Council, Secretaries, and others, corresponding with the Transylvanian chancery at Vienna,—in other words, acting under the direction of an Austrian minister, —constitute the executive, whilst the legislative is formed by a Diet, to be held every year. The appointment of the executive is to be vested jointly in the Diet and the Crown.* For every office the Diet is to candidate or nominate three individuals from each of the received religions, that is, twelve persons for each office, from among whom the Crown appoints one.

The Diet itself forms only one body, though it is composed of various elements. Every county and free town sends its members,—the Magyars about forty-six, the Szeklers eighteen, and the Saxons eighteen also; the members of the towns in Transyl-

* This is a disputed point which I do not pretend to decide, but merely state how it actually takes place; whether right or wrong, I leave others to determine.

vania have the same rights as those of the counties; the Catholic church sends two members, representatives of abbeys. The Catholic and united Greek Bishops claim each a seat also. Besides these, there are Regalists, as they are called, (a sort of Peers,) who sit and vote with the others, but who are not endowed with any other power or title in consequence. Some of these are nominated by the Crown for life, others have seats in virtue of their office, as the Lords Lieutenant, Privy Councillors, and Secretaries. The number of Regalists is said to have been limited to eighty-nine by Maria Theresa, but this regulation has been grossly infringed, the present number exceeding two hundred.

Besides the candidation of the executive, the duties of the Diet may be said to consist in the making and altering of laws for the internal government of the country, the voting supplies of troops, the levying, but not voting the contribution, and the conferring the *Indigenat** or right of citizenship upon strangers.

The Municipal Government of the counties and towns is nearly the same as that of Hungary, except among the Saxons, of whose form of local government we shall speak further hereafter.

From the little we have said, it is easy to see how grossly the institutions of Transylvania have been violated; and one far better able to judge than we can possibly be, Baron Kemény Dénes, has publicly declared, "that of the whole Diploma Leopoldinum, but one article has been faithfully observed, and that is the one stipulating that the general commanding the troops should be a German!"

The length of time which elapsed without the assembling of the States, and the consequent illegal appointment of all the chief officers; the neglect to call the county-meetings, and the want of legal sanction to all the municipal proceedings, were fast destroying in the minds of the people all confidence in the faith of the Government, all trust in its officers, and almost all respect for the laws they administered. A corrupt bureaucracy, whose interest it was to maintain this order, or rather disorder, of things, because by its illegality alone could its members exist,

* Although the King can make any Hungarian peasant noble, he cannot confer on a foreigner, not even on an Austrian subject, the rights of Hungarian nobility; this power, both in Hungary and Transylvania, the Diet reserves to itself. The Indigenat tax—in Hungary two thousand, and in Transylvania one thousand ducats—is often remitted as a compliment to the person on whom the right of citizenship is conferred.

was fast demoralizing the country by an exhibition of the basest subserviency to power, and of the most open contempt for every principle of honour and honesty.

Fortunately, the very excess of its viciousness was the cause of saving the country. A number of well-meaning men, who had consented to aid Joseph in his constitutional violence, because they saw it associated with so much that was enlightened and good, shrunk with horror from a system which alike violated the rights of the nation, and the rights of man. The stanch conservative party, which had never been juggled out of its consistency by any pretence of amelioration, and which loved old things because they were old, still hated the innovators, however they might otherwise have liked their principles; and besides these, a new party had arisen, far more powerful than all the others. The progress made in the West of Europe, during the last quarter of a century, in the establishment of rational freedom, was not without its effect even in this distant part of the globe. In vain the youth of Transylvania were forbidden to exercise their ancient privilege of visiting foreign universities; in vain the strictest censorship endeavoured to suppress and mutilate the truth; liberal facts, and liberal principles found their way into the country, and a Liberal party was gradually formed. By this party the ancient institutions were all the more closely cherished, because they were free; nor were there wanting among them those who felt that stronger guarantees were required for the observance of these institutions, and above all, that it was necessary to extend the privileges, now exclusively enjoyed by the nobles, to the other classes of society. The greater portion of this party, however, have no higher wish than to return to the strict letter of the constitution, as enjoyed by their ancestors, and sworn to by the Emperor, and they claim therefore for themselves the title of conservatives, and denounce their adversaries as destructives.

The events of 1830, which shook all Europe to its basis, gave a voice, in Transylvania, to those feelings of discontent which had been long entertained in secret, and the country, as with one accord, demanded that the county-meetings should be summoned, and a Diet called together.

A really strong popular feeling rarely wants a good leader to direct its expression; in Transylvania such a leader was found in Baron Wesselényi Miklós. In addition to the advantages of rank and fortune, Wesselényi possesses so much energy and cou-

rage, so much truth and sincerity, and withal an eloquence so powerful, that it is not astonishing he was soon acknowledged as the head of the party.

The first point conceded by Government was the county-meetings, and these were immediately taken advantage of to give expression to public opinion. In the absence of a free press, these meetings were of the greatest importance; they operated as safety valves, which, while they may have given vent to some useless vapour, served to inform the observer under how great a pressure the machine was labouring.

Wesselényi, and a party of his friends, purchased small portions of land in every county, that they might have the right of attending, and of speaking at every public meeting. They had no lack of matter for the exercise of their oratory; the unconstitutional procedure of withholding the Diet, the consequent illegal appointment of the great officers, and the neglect of municipal privileges, were all subjects for eloquent declamation. Then, too, since the last Diet, no less than twenty thousand soldiers had been raised in Transylvania without the consent of the nation. The taxes,—that subject which touches the most indifferent, and in which some men believe the whole science of politics to consist,—were open enough to animadversion: for from the 300,000 florins stipulated in the Diploma, they had been arbitrarily raised to upwards of a million and a half.* The salt tax, too, which the Government had been allowed to increase during the war, still continued at the war rate after fifteen years of peace. The export and import duties, which the Diploma expressly declared should not be altered, had been raised so high as to be prohibitory.

The grievances of the Protestants were deep, and, from their numbers and intelligence, of much importance: they demanded that they should enjoy their rights, and be admitted to places of trust and profit equally with the Catholics; they objected to the forced observance of Catholic holidays, and they protested against the injustice of forcing the Catholics, who wished to become Protestants, to undergo six weeks' instruction from a priest, while the Protestant was received into the Catholic church without the slightest difficulty being thrown in his way.

* The exact amount of the present contribution is not known. The mode of levying it has been completely changed; a fixed sum is paid by the peasant for his land per acre, and for his cattle, sheep, &c., so much per head, without any relation to any stipulated agreement, so that the tax goes on increasing in amount probably every year.

The Szeklers were discontented that one portion of their nation were obliged both to serve in the army and to pay taxes; and the Saxons—even the quiet, submissive Saxons—were not without their griefs. Their municipal constitution had been completely changed, and, instead of being governed by officers freely elected by the people, they found themselves delivered over to the tender mercies of a self-elected bureaucracy.

These and a host of minor abuses, which had crept into the administration from the want of due popular control, formed the subject-matter of the harangues of Wesselényi and his friends, and they were insisted on with a degree of courage and energy which lent force to their acknowledged truth. The Liberals carried the day at almost every meeting at which they presented themselves; petitions and remonstrances, more loud and more angry as delay exhausted the patience of the petitioners, crowded the archives of the Chancery: petitions and remonstrances soon grew into demands, and demands at last assumed the form of threats. Baron Wesselényi publicly announced his intention to allow no soldiers to be levied on his estates till a Diet had been granted. Not only individuals, but several counties followed his example.

In the mean time Baron Josika, the Court-nominated governor, overlooking the legal and constitutional character of the opposition, saw nothing but revolution in these demonstrations, and he is said to have written the most exaggerated reports of their danger to Vienna, and to have demanded a supply of troops to repress them.

So violent a measure seems to have startled even the Court itself, and, though troops were sent, they sent with them a commissioner, General Vlasits, with power to inquire into the state of the country, and to apply the necessary remedies to the existing evils. On a certain day the county-meetings were assembled in every part of Transylvania, and an edict of the Crown was published, denouncing the decision of the former meetings, as illegal and null, and promising them a Diet and the reform of abuses, on condition of their retracting the offensive resolutions.

Although several of the counties refused to adopt this suggestion and stultify their former acts, General Vlasits reported the country to be in perfect tranquillity, and the reports of the revolution, which he had been sent down to quell, without a shadow of foundation. The conduct of Vlasits though intrusted with so delicate a mission, secured for him even the respect and esteem

of those most strongly opposed to him; but by the Court, his efforts were not favourably regarded, and he was shortly afterwards recalled.

The moment, however, was now come when it was thought no longer safe to resist the popular wish. The Court knew full well that Wesselényi* was a man to keep his word, the counties too were firm in supporting him, and, under such circumstances, a collision, in which the nobles would appear as the protectors of the peasantry, was to be avoided at any price. A Diet was granted.

In 1834, then, the Transylvanian Diet was again called together, after an interval of twenty-three years.

The election returns left no doubt as to the state of opinion in the country, even if any could have been entertained before. The members of both towns and counties were, with few exceptions, liberal. The Regalists, by office, as well as the Regalists by royal appointment, were also strongly tinctured with the same opinions; and, consequently, the governor, with his little band of faithful officials, saw before him nothing but the melancholy prospect of a certain defeat.

It is necessary that the Diet should be opened by a royal commissioner; and the person chosen for the purpose was the Arch-duke Ferdinand d'Este, the brother of the Duke of Modena, and a near relation of the Emperor. The influence which the high rank of the commissioner might naturally be expected to exercise on the nobility, was probably calculated upon as likely to strengthen the Court party; but, unfortunately, the well-known sentiments of the Arch-duke in favour of absolutism, and the troops which soon followed his arrival gave his appearance

* A short time previous to this, when Wesselényi was attending a levee of the Emperor at Presburg, the sovereign, in making his round of the circle, stopped opposite our Transylvanian, already distinguished as a Liberal leader, and, shaking his head very ominously, addressed him, "Take care, Baron Wesselényi, take care what you are about! recollect that many of your family have been unfortunate!"—(His father was confined for seven years in the Kuffstein.) "Unfortunate, your majesty, they have been, but ever undeserving of their misfortunes also!" was Wesselényi's bold and honest answer. It is only those who know the habitual stiffness and decorum of an Austrian court that can conceive the consternation into which the whole crowd was thrown by this unexpected boldness. Explanations were offered to Wesselényi to soften down the harshness of the royal reproof, in hopes of bringing him to beg pardon; but he could not apologize for having defended the honour of his family, even when attacked by his sovereign.

among them so much the air of an attempt to overpower and control the freedom of their discussions, that it only increased the bitterness of feeling and party spirit by which the country was divided.

Under such auspices the Diet opened.

The length of time that had elapsed since the last Diet had, among other consequences, rendered doubtful many of the rights and privileges of the chamber. At the very outset, the Government disputed the right of the chamber to elect its own president, while the chamber refused to admit the nominee of the Government.

This was but the beginning of a series of angry disputes, in which almost every constitutional question, in season or out of season, was dragged into the discussions; for it was another evil of the long recess, that it had disaccustomed the leading members to those habits of parliamentary debate, and those forms of parliamentary business, on which the practical utility of a parliament so much depends. One of the most interesting of these questions was, the publication of the debates, which the Archduke positively forbade, but which Wesselényi, by means of a lithographic press, still found means of carrying on. Another, perhaps, still more important question, was, the manner in which the election of officers should take place,—whether each of the twelve candidates should be chosen by an absolute majority or not—the Liberals contending for the absolute majority, by which alone they could exert some influence over the nomination of the Crown. At this period of the affair, the Diet sent a deputation of its members to wait upon the Emperor, to disabuse him of the falsehoods with which they believed his ministers and their spies had poisoned his ear against his faithful Transylvanians, and to prove to him that their objects, so far from revolutionary, all tended to the preservation only of their ancient rights and immunities.

In the mean time, evil passions had been called into play, which rendered greater every day the separation between the two parties. Personal animosity and private pique, ambitious vanity and wounded dignity, all conspired in turns, to imbitter the debates. The conduct of Wesselényi himself was any thing but conciliatory. With principles and views too far advanced, probably, both for the Government he wished to control, and the party he wished to lead, he grew only more uncompromising in their support, the more sharply they were attacked. It was in

vain that Professor Szász, that Count Bethlen János, and others of the Liberal party, endeavoured to moderate the demands of the ultras, or the mistrust and fears of the Absolutists. It was in vain, the more cautious inveighed against the danger of playing the lion's part with only the fox's strength; Wesselényi was not a man to yield, where he believed himself right, and he steadily refused to sacrifice a single principle on the plea of expediency.

The political fever was now spreading far and wide, and the Arch-duke and the administration became so unpopular, that the waverers, the men of no opinion, threw themselves into the ranks of the opposition. The colleges, with all the enthusiasm of youth, added their voices to Wesselényi's demand for liberty and justice. From the mountains of the hardy Szeklers to the quiet villages of the cautious Saxons, the cry for reform of abuses grew louder and louder. At such a moment, a bold hand, a comprehensive mind, and an honest heart would at once have grappled with the difficulties, offered a frank reform of abuses, and gone in advance even of the expectations of the people in correcting acknowledged evils. In an instant the whole country would have been at the foot of the throne. No one would have ventured to oppose so fair a promise of good, and Transylvania would have overlooked a thousand past faults in the anticipation of a happy future.

Such, unfortunately, was not the course pursued. On the 24th of May, Wesselényi had presented to the chamber his lithographic press, had claimed for it the protection of the country, and had seen it accepted with acclamations. A few hours later, and a proclamation from the Emperor had dissolved the Diet, suspended the constitution, and nominated the Arch-duke absolute governor of the country!

A *dénouement* so sudden and so unexpected, produced the most extraordinary sensation. Angry words were exchanged between the parties, and in the excitement of the moment, a sabre is said to have started from its scabbard; but, fortunately, the leaders restrained these ebullitions of feeling, and the chamber separated in perfect quiet. What was their surprise on leaving the hall, to find the streets lined with troops, and every thing bearing the aspect of a military demonstration!

Intimidation was probably the object aimed at, for I will not for a moment suspect the Government of having wished to provoke a movement that they might thus dispose the more easily

of their antagonists; the loyal and honourable character of the Arch-duke forbids such a suspicion, even should that of some of his counsellors provoke it. Intimidation was probably the sole object, but never was a purpose more signally defeated.

It was immediately determined, that without any appeal to arms, the strongest moral opposition should be offered to this act of constitutional violence. With one or two exceptions only, every man of character holding office under the Crown—Lords-Lieutenant of counties, Privy Councillors, Secretaries of State—at once threw up their appointments, declaring that they could no longer act with a Government that seemed to set all law and justice at defiance.* This was an unexpected blow; the Court party had reckoned on the love of place being stronger than the love of principle—a few years previously it would have been so—and its disappointed rage seemed uncontrollable. Actions at law were commenced against the leaders of the Liberals before judges certain to condemn them; injury and insult were heaped upon every member of the party, and their security and repose were placed entirely at the disposal of inveterate, and often unprincipled, enemies.

These events took place in the spring of 1834; and, in the autumn of 1835, every thing remained as it was placed in the first moments of distrust and violence.

An extraordinary number of troops were still collected in and about Klausenburg, and were even quartered in the houses of the nobles. The Archduke Ferdinand remained apparently in military occupation of the country, for he had no position of authority recognised by the constitution. All the vacant places were filled up illegally, for no Diet had been summoned to give its list of candidates. With a few exceptions, the officers appointed were chosen from among the least respected persons in the country. The few men of honour among them declared publicly that they were ashamed of their associates; and, worst of all, even the municipal constitution had been suspended, and consequently, all the magistrates, though fairly elected, had held their offices beyond the proper period, and all their acts were therefore illegal.

* Among these, the principal were, Privy Councillors, Baron Kemény Ferenz, and Szék Dániel; Lords-Lieutenant, Count Degenfeld, Baron Bánffy Lászlo, Baron Bánffy Adám, and Ugron István; Secretaries, Count Bethlen Imré, Ugron—and some others, besides a great number of inferior officers.

During the whole of this time the greatest tranquillity prevailed,—a tranquillity which confounded the advocates of absolutism ten times more than would the most violent revolt. Incapable of understanding the confidence which freemen feel in the justice and righteousness of their cause, they cannot estimate, and therefore cannot oppose the moral courage which suffers in the full conviction that its suffering will eventually work out a remedy for the evil.

In such a state was the political horizon of Transylvania when we reached Klausenburg.

CHAPTER VIII.

NORTH OF TRANSYLVANIA.

Transylvania Roads.—A Solitary Inn.—Drág.—Zsibo.—Horse-breeding.—Old Transylvanian Breed.—Count Bánffy's Stud.—English Breed.—Baron Wesselényi's Stud.—A Cross.—Bábolna Arabs.—Interesting Experiment.—Rákótzy.—Robot.—Ride to Hadad.—The Vintage.—Transylvanian Wines.—Oak Woods.—Scotch Farmer.—A Reformer's Trials.—State of the Peasantry.—Urbarium.—Stewards.—Establishments of the Nobles.—Social Anomalies.—Old Fashions.—The Dinner.—Drive to Nagy Bánya.—Gipsies.—Gold Mines.—Private Speculations.—Return.

Before the winter set in, there was yet a promise of a week or two of fine weather; and we were recommended to avail ourselves of it, to visit some interesting objects in the north of the country.

I believe my duty, as an honest chronicler of my travels, would be to give the reader at least two pages of tirade against the bad roads of Transylvania; for if I do not how can I convey to him an impression of the misery we suffered while we were dragged over or rather through them? But lest he should grow as tired of hearing of them as we did of travelling on them, I will spare him the infliction, and content myself with saying that we now occupied three days in accomplishing what one day suffices for in summer.

Our first halt was at a lone country inn—a sort of caravansary in the desert—for I do not recollect that we had seen a house for two hours before we reached it. About an acre of ground, forming the yard, was enclosed with a strong fence, and held the dwelling-house, the wagon-shed, some stables, and a well. A more solitary spot I have rarely seen; the hills all round were covered with a scanty pasture, the road was only a muddy track, and there were no signs of cultivation or habitation within a circuit of many miles.

At Drág, which we did not reach till some time after nightfall, we were hospitably entertained by the Seigneur of the place; for

we were now obliged to have recourse to our letters of introduction here, the inns being really too bad. We were shown at Drág a large Roman statue of Jupiter, without the head, which had been discovered some miles off in the bed of a brook. It was of a rather coarse white marble, probably obtained in the country, and of indifferent workmanship.

One object of the route we had chosen in this excursion, was to enable us to visit Zsibo, the seat of Baron Wesselényi Miklós; and we arrived there on the second evening.

We did not expect to see the Baron himself at Zsibo, for we knew that he was an unwilling absentee. Immediately after the stormy conclusion of the Diet, which we have related in the last chapter, Baron Wesselényi had hastened into Hungary, where, as we have already seen, he was actively employed in serving his country, while, in the mean time his enemies commenced an action against him in Transylvania, for printing the Journal, and other less important charges. Attacked by a severe illness at Presburg, Wesselényi was unable to answer the summons of the Court to appear, and, in spite of the certificates of his physicians, he was condemned for contumacy and a warrant of arrest issued against him, should he return to Transylvania. Though he still remains free, the chief object was gained, that of driving him from the scene of his greatest influence; for, from that day, he has never been able to return to the country. His establishment, however, was still kept up as before, and his steward was there to show us over it.

Besides other branches of industry, Baron Wesselényi has particularly devoted his attention to the breed of horses. If horse-breeding is a matter of interest to the Hungarian gentry, it is almost a passion among those of Transylvania. I think Bethlen, in his "Ansichten von Siebenbürgen," published at the beginning of this century, gives the names of no less than sixty celebrated studs in this small territory. The original, or rather the oldest breed of Transylvania, is probably that still found in the mountains of the Szekler Land, a small wiry horse, capable of enduring great fatigue, and easily fed, but deficient in size, power and speed. These horses bear, in many respects, a great resemblance to our Welsh ponies. During the long occupation of the country by the Turks, a considerable intermixture of Arab blood took place, which, though it may have added something to the Transylvanian horse's speed and beauty, seems to have detracted from his strength and hardihood.

Among a host of other evils, which the connexion between Spain and Austria brought on Hungary and Transylvania, one of the most permanent, if not the most serious, was the deterioration of the breed of horses. The Spanish horse, with considerable beauty,—at least to the unskilled eye,—with extraordinary docility and a most pompous bearing, is, nevertheless, the very worst horse in Europe. The fashion of the court, however, of course decided the fashion of the country, and till the present century the Spanish was the most esteemed blood. In fact, it was not ill-adapted to the wants of those times. When to be slow was to be dignified, when all grace centred in a minuet, and beauty took refuge in powder and hoops, it was but right that pomp should have its prancing steeds, which could curvet a whole hour without advancing a mile; but in these waltzing, steaming, matter-of-fact days, nothing less than our full bloods can keep pace with modern restlessness, and they have accordingly been introduced into Transylvania, as well as into most other parts of Europe.

There are still, however, some old-fashioned people who are content to move on as their forefathers did,—the Court and its party, more especially the bishops, are said to monopolize this privilege in Hungary. To supply this taste some of the old studs are still maintained. The most perfect is that of Count Bánffy, at Bonczida, where every thing corresponds so well with the historical character of its horses, that I cannot forbear a description of it. The whole of one side of the court-yard of the castle is occupied by a superb stable, ornamented with sculpture, and entered by folding-doors. The stable is composed of one vaulted hall, with stalls on either side, and a wide walk down the centre, the floor being boarded with oak. As we entered, the *Stall-meister*, in long jack-boots, and armed with a coach-whip, received us in due form, and ushered us into the presence of nearly a hundred horses, all with their heads turned towards us, ornamented with ribbons, and attended by grooms in full livery, with bouquets in their hats. After walking up and down this magnificent avenue, listening to pedigrees, and admiring the beauty of the gallant steeds, we retired again to the court-yard to see them brought out. Two horses at a time were led to the door in long braided reins, and, on a given signal from the Stall-meister's whip, off they started, curvetting, neighing, and galloping, till they had made the tour of the court, when, at another signal, they came to a dead stand, at a certain spot where they remained

as quiet as lambs, to be handled and examined from head to foot. It was impossible to see these horses, as they proudly stretched themselves out as if to show their points to the greatest advantage, and deny that they had much beauty about them: as for their capability to endure fatigue, I cannot speak, but I fancy they are rarely exposed to such a trial. What is not least important, these horses are said to find a ready sale. A hundred pounds for a pair, as carriage horses, is considered a high price, even for the best of them.

Baron Wesselényi was the first who undertook to reform these matters, and though he began it with only a very few English mares and one horse,—Cato,—his ordinary stock stud now amounts to about two hundred. We went first of all into the paddock, where we found a promising herd of young things of different ages, from two to five, in excellent condition, and carefully tended by keepers, like sheep by their shepherds. Those which most interested us, were a cross between the English full blood and the small Szekler mare, and an excellent hackney it seems to have produced. The mares were mostly powerful animals, admirably chosen for breeding speed and strength.

On returning to the stables, we found thirty or forty horses up, and in condition for sale or work. There were some of them which left nothing to desire. I remember particularly one, a four years' colt, already nearly sixteen hands high, which looked as much like a hunter, as ever I saw a horse. Baron Wesselényi is considered to sell his horses dear. The prices vary from about 40*l*. for the half-bred Szeklers, to 250*l*. for thorough-bred entire horses. The four years' old gelding, just alluded to, was estimated at 80*l*. As soon as English horses become a little more common in this part of the world, I have no doubt that the best of them will be re-exported to England, the price of breeding and rearing being so much less here, and the demand for first-rate horses so far beyond the supply with us. The expense of keeping a horse in condition in this country, for twelve months, I have heard estimated at 10*l*.

There are now probably not less than twenty studs in Transylvania, with a greater or less infusion of English blood. It is amusing enough to find, that there is a strong connexion between breeds of horses and opinions in politics here. A young Liberal, the first thing on coming to his fortune, clears his father's stables of the old stock, and recruits anew from Zsibo; while the Absolutists adhere religiously to the pompous useless

steeds of their predecessors. So far does it go, that a man's politics are known by the cut of his horse's tail. As Baron H—— overtook a party of Liberals, returning one dark night from a county-meeting, he was hailed as a friend; for though they said they could not see his face, they knew by his horse's dock that he was of the right sort.

Before I take leave of the horses, I must say a few words here of the Government studs in Hungary, of which Marshal Marmont has given so particular an account. Bábolna, though not so large as Mezö Hegyes, was particularly interesting at the time I visited it, from a new importation of Arabs which had just taken place. Bábolna is a complete military establishment, under the direction of a major of dragoons, aided by a certain number of officers, non-commissioned officers and privates. They farm a large estate of more than seven thousand acres, from which they draw their supplies of corn, straw, and hay. The most interesting object to us was the Arab stud, which the major had himself just brought from the interior of Arabia. There were fourteen mares, and nearly as many horses. It is impossible for language to convey an idea of the beauty of some of these creatures. They are small, rarely exceeding fourteen hands; but their strength and symmetry are perfect. There was one little mare, a bright bay, which caught my eye, and so completely fascinated me, that I could scarcely look at any of the others after. Such depth of shoulder, such bony fore-legs, such loins, and such quarters and hocks, it was never my fortune to see in so small a compass, or in such perfect proportion, before. The major was evidently pleased at my choice, for the bay mare was his favourite also: the more so, perhaps, from the difficulty he had found in getting possession of her. He had heard of her reputation long before he reached the tribe to which she belonged; for, after a defeat, she had borne her master across the sandy wastes without a halt, an incredible distance, and actually arrived at the encampment of the tribe, six hours before any of the others who had commenced their flight at the same time. To induce an Arab to part with such a treasure was no easy matter; and long were the negotiations and high the bribes which enabled the major to secure this gem of the desert for his imperial master.

In one part of the establishment, we were shown the summer *day-rooms* for the breeding stud, immense places, where some hundreds of mares and foals are turned in together, the floors

being covered with straw above the horses' knees to protect their feet, and the walls lined with marble troughs, in which they receive their food. Notwithstanding the number let loose together, it is very rarely any accident happens; indeed, from the constant presence of man with them, nothing can exceed the quietness of these creatures. We went among whole herds of them, and touched them without the least danger. The tenders always carry bread with them, and give a bit to the horse as a reward for good behaviour; and they consequently follow one about, poking their noses into one's hands and pockets with the docility of dogs. I was surprised to hear, that in these large buildings every horse knows his place, though it is quite undivided, and is as tenacious of it as an old bachelor of his chimney corner.

A most interesting experiment is at present under trial at Bábolna. Major Herbert is of opinion, that the size and strength of a horse does not depend on the race, but on the nourishment of the individual animal. In consequence of this opinion, and taking the Arab as the most perfect model of a horse for form and symmetry, he is desirous to confine his stud stock to the Arab blood, and trusts to his system of feeding for supplying the deficiency of size. When I saw Bábolna, he had specimens of four and five years' old horses raised on this system; and there was certainly a considerable change in their size, compared with that of their sires. When this experiment commenced, however, he had no Arab dams in the stud, and the proof was therefore incomplete, for the mixed German and Spanish race, to which the old mares belonged, though faulty enough in other particulars, is not very small. Some of the double crosses—where the sire, for two generations, was a small Arab—were nearly fifteen hands, and, in other respects, good in form, and leaning much to the Arab in appearance. The system of feeding is nearly the same as that pursued with our racing stock,—to let them nibble oats as soon as they can; and for the first three or four years, instead of starving them on a bad pasture, to give them the best of every thing.

That the experiment will succeed to a certain extent, is, I think, evident, both from what I saw, and from the history of improvements introduced into the breeds of other animals, which have been generally produced by judicious selection and high feeding; but whether the expanded Arab will retain the same symmetry of form, the same relative proportion of bone and body, and, above

all, the same hardihood and endurance which distinguish the desert stock, appears very doubtful. The question is—can the qualities of the English hunter be fed into the Arab form? Nowhere can the experiment be so perfectly and satisfactorily settled as in one of these institutions, for the amount of food is fixed and weighed, the number on which the experiment is tried renders it independent of exceptions, and, above all, the character and interests of the gentlemen by whom it is conducted, place them above all suspicion of false play. For the present, however, it must be considered under trial. No English sportsman should pass through Hungary without visiting Bábolna. The politeness with which Major Herbert showed us the whole establishment, though we presented ourselves entirely as strangers, and without introduction, requires our special thanks. The destination of the horses raised in the royal stud, is, to improve the breed in the districts of the Austrian empire, among which they are distributed. If any remain above the number required for this purpose, they are sold to officers for chargers, or even sent to the remount of the regiments.

But to return to Zsibo. Zsibo is one of the very few houses I have yet seen in this part of the world which is really well situated. It occupies a large platform, at a considerable height above the village, and is backed by still higher hills, and surrounded by woods which shelter it from the north. Below it extends on either side, the valley of the Szamos, and opposite a conical mountain rears its head, the scene of one of the most interesting events in Transylvanian history. It was on this mountain that Franz Rákótzy II. the last native prince of Transylvania, took his stand, and witnessed the final defeat of his forces by the troops of Austria.

Weak and vacillating as Rákótzy was, it is impossible to read his adventurous history without interest, or to reflect on his fall, when deserted by his former friends and adherents, without pity. "*Pro patria et libertate*," was a noble inscription to place upon his coinage—but it was sad to think that the coin itself was base: religious freedom was an object well worth contending for, —but it was difficult for one brought up a Jesuit to maintain it consistently; mildness and justice were good qualities in a ruler, —but weakness and indecision were destructive to the general. After years of civil war, in which Rákótzy sometimes seemed on the point of ascending the throne of Hungary, sometimes was

threatened with annihilation by the quarrels amongst his own friends, he at last ended his troubled life a fugitive in Turkey.

As we were passing from one part of the establishment of Zsibo to another, we crossed a beautiful wood on the banks of the river, which is fenced in on all sides to protect the pheasants, with which it literally swarms, from the wolves and foxes. The proud birds were crowing from their perches on every side of us. The pheasant is yet a stranger in Hungary, and can only be kept in woods appropriated to the purpose of rearing them, where they are carefully fed, and in winter driven under cover, and shut up till the next spring.

On our return by the farm-yard, we observed a very merry group of children and women occupied—if such lazy work can be called occupation—in pulling off the outer skins of the maize. A man stood over them to direct them and to enforce their attention—but what can one man do against the mischief and fun of fifty women and children? I was very much surprised to hear that these merry workers were sent as substitutes for husbands and fathers in the performances of a day's Robot. If a landlord gets but one hundred days' work such as this, for a year's rent for a farm of thirty acres, it is not very highly paid. I am sure ten of ours would be of more worth. The steward seemed to think this, however, but a very slight misfortune compared with others his master had to suffer: "Probably," he observed, "before the winter is over, these people will have eaten all this corn which they are now so lazily dressing. The harvest has been a scarce one here, and when that is the case, the peasants come on their landlords for support, as if they had a right to it. It has frequently happened that the Baron has not been able to sell one grain of corn for a whole season, every particle of it having been required to keep his own tenantry alive, and sometimes he has been obliged to buy more in addition." This is a pretty good answer to the stupid accusation of ill-treating his peasantry, which had been raised against Baron Wesselényi; an answer unneeded, however, for their prosperous and happy state, superior to almost any in the country, and their devoted affection to their master, rendered the accusation itself perfectly ridiculous. One of these very peasants walked all the way from Zsibo to Vienna, to present a petition to the emperor from some hundred of his fellows, that their lord and benefactor might be restored to them.

We had spent so much time, that the day was well nigh past

ere we had finished our drive round Zsibo, and we had still a considerable journey before us. The steward, however, had sent the carriage forward early in the morning, and now offered us some of the half-bred Szeklers, that we might try if their deeds deserved the praises we had bestowed on their appearance. We got over to Hadad, our next station, in little more than two hours, through a woody and hilly country, often presenting views of the most perfect park-like scenery it is possible to fancy. What is the exact distance I know not, but we certainly put our little horses on their mettle, and arrived considerably before the carriage which had started in the morning. One of them, a small mare, with two crosses of English blood, was the most extraordinary trotter, of her height, I ever saw. She was sold soon after for about 60*l*. There never was a country more beautifully laid out for riding over than Transylvania; without high mountains or hard roads, it is just sufficiently hilly to vary the surface, and twenty or thirty miles of uninterrupted springy turf, glorious for galloping, is no great rarity. The advantage, too, is as great as the pleasure. From Hadad to Klausenburg, which takes always three days in winter for a carriage, has been ridden, by means of relays of horses, in less than six hours!

We arrived at Hadad at a fortunate moment; they had just begun the vintage, and our host, the young Baron W—— F——, who was a considerable wine-grower, invited us the next day to see his vineyards. The vintage is always a merry scene in every country, apparently rather from the associations connected with its produce, than from any thing peculiar in the labour itself; unless, indeed, we allow that the beauties of nature, in which the season of the vintage is so rich, has its effect even on the coarse nature of the peasant. I believe that such is the case, and moreover, that many an uncultivated soul which lacks words in which to clothe its feelings, is far more capable of appreciating the glories of God's works than the whole race of maudlin town-bred poets, who prate so loudly of them.

After about an hour's gallop across some rich green meadows, in which the beautiful Baroness W—— accompanied us,—for the ladies of Transylvania almost rival our own as horse-women, —we arrived at the vineyard, situated on the slope of a small hill. There were about one hundred peasants employed in picking and carrying large baskets of the bright grapes to a small pressing-house near by. Beautiful groups they formed as we

caught sight of them every now and then, half hid among the tall vines: there were young and old, men and women—the village seemed to have sent out all its forces for the joyous occasion, and in dresses so picturesque, too, that the artist's fancy could have desired no happier union of colour, form or expression.

Leaving the Baroness in conversation with some of the old peasant women, the Baron beckoned us away, and led us alone to see the pressing process. I could not understand this mystery, but, like a wise man, held my tongue, and submitted,—and it was well I did. In a number of large tubs we found a set of almost naked men dancing barefooted, with all their force, to the music of the bagpipes, on the heaps of fruit which the carriers were throwing into them. I did not wonder we were led to this place alone, for except in some of the Silenic processions of Poussin, I never saw so extraordinary a scene. And it is in this manner the whole wine of this country is prepared! The Transylvanians, who are singularly delicate as to the cleanliness of their food, declare that every possible impurity is driven off in the fermentation the wine goes through after, and I was not sufficiently cruel to undeceive them. The great object of all this dancing seems to be to break the grapes, for they are afterwards subjected to the press. I need not say that a thousand simple mechanical contrivances might be substituted for this nasty process. It is reckoned that one man can dance about two hours, when his feet become so cold that he is forced to yield his place to another. In cold weather, hot wine is often poured over their legs to enable them to hold out longer, and spirits are allowed almost *ad libitum*. But the greatest support of the wine-presser is the bagpipe or fiddle, without which he could not continue his dancing half an hour. During the whole time, he dances the regular national step, and accompanies it with a song, which he *improvises* as he goes on. The usual termination of the vintage is a supper and a dance for the whole village.

Transylvania is a country which will probably one day assume a high rank as a wine-growing district. It is almost entirely laid out in small hills, it is well watered, a great many of its strata are of volcanic origin, and the land itself is rather poor; all circumstances which, united to its geographical position, fit it for the purposes of the wine-grower. Although, even at the present time, no less than one-ninth of the whole population is said to live by the cultivation of the vine, nothing can be more

careless than the actual method of wine-making. All kinds of grapes are mixed indiscriminately; no care is taken to separate the over-ripe and those yet green from the others; and the process of pressing is, as I have described it, dirty and careless. The cultivation of the vine is equally neglected or ill-understood. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, however, there are already some score different kinds of wine which enjoy a well deserved reputation. Their reputation, however, is only provincial, for so little is this country known, that its wines are scarcely heard of, even among the Hungarians. They are mostly white wines, and are remarkable for their bouquet and flavour, as well as for considerable body. They are perhaps less strong than the generality of the Hungarian, but they are also less acid and thin than some of the finer white wines of that country. It is very characteristic of the state of commerce here, that there is not a single wine-merchant in the country, and when at Klausenburg, we found it difficult to get even a tolerable wine to drink. Every gentleman, nay, every respectable tradesman, grows his own wine, and he would rather send a hundred miles off for it, than give hard cash to buy it of another on the spot.

Some of the most celebrated wines of Transylvania, and those which it would be most worth the foreigner's while to inquire after, are those of the Szilágyság, the Kokel, and Maros. The wines of the Szilágyság are celebrated for their strength and durability. They are chiefly white wines, of a pleasant flavour, full-bodied, and when new, are very heady. The highest price, in an ordinary year, of the better sorts, is about two shillings per eimer, (sixteen bottles.) The best are those of Tasnád and Szördemeter. In the valley of the Maros, the wines of Rozsamál, Malom-Falva, Czelna, Gurészáda, Mácsa, Oklos, and Bábolna, are most sought after; and again, in the valley of the Kokel, or Küküllö, those of Dombo and Bocács. The Kokel wines are less strong than those of the Szilágyság and Maros, but perhaps more wholesome, and equally well flavoured.

Baron W——, when in France, had engaged a French *vigneron* to come and stay with him some years, in order to try if he could make champagne from the grapes of Transylvania. We had frequent opportunities of tasting the wine he produced, and though it was much too strong and heavy for champagne, it was sparkling and pleasant, far better than the stuff we had often drunk under that name in other countries.

On our return, we visited a small farm of about three hun-

dred acres, which our host had laid out a year or two before, on the system of rotation crops, and which was under the management of a clever Scotch bailiff. We found the Scotchman, a giant specimen of his countrymen, hard at plough, grumbling, of course, as we all do, when abroad, at every thing foreign, from the very soil to the people it nourishes. He was very proud, however, to show us his barns, his stacks, his fat oxen, and his huge potatoes, one of which filled a large dish of itself; but he inveighed most bitterly against the laziness of the poor peasants. He already spoke a jumble of various languages, by means of which, and his heavy fists, he managed to make himself understood by Magyars, Wallacks, and Germans, with all of whom he had to do. A short time previously, he had made rather too free a use of this latter organ; for, on some of the peasants attacking one of the Baron's officers, to get at the wine he was distributing to them, the Scotchman rushed in and made such good use of his strength, that some of them were laid up for months after. I could easily believe, when I saw him, that a blow from his arm was quite sufficient to annihilate a poor, half-starved Wallack peasant.

Though the quantity of labour required by the Scotchman, and the expensive processes by which he cultivated, rendered it doubtful how far his farming would be profitable in the end, the Baron confessed that the amount of produce was enormous, and that he received as much hay and corn from these three hundred acres, as he had formerly received from the fourteen thousand, of which his estate consists. Many of the oak woods through which we passed, were, he said, almost useless. They furnished firewood, gall-nuts, acorns for the pigs, and as many casks as he required for his wine, but of net revenue he derived scarcely any thing from them.

About two thousand Merino sheep, which he had just purchased, as a commencement of a flock, promised something better. Beyond the first cost, the expense of shepherds, and the gathering of winter keep, he might reckon what they brought in as clear profit, for the land they grazed on was of no other value to him. Should a corn trade ever open with England the case will alter, but at present the low price of wheat, and frequently the impossibility of disposing of it, renders its cultivation a hazard and often a loss. With but little increase of expense, the Baron reckoned he could graze ten thousand sheep, to which number he hoped shortly to increase his flock.

As we approached the village, the Baron led the way over some pretty good fences, to show us a field of clover, of which the second crop was just cut. This had been one of his earliest agricultural improvements, for in spite of the quantity of land he possesses, he was formerly often in absolute want of hay and straw for his own horses in winter. On many Transylvanian gentlemen's farms, it is no uncommon thing to hear of horses and cattle dying of starvation, if the winter is severe or a few weeks longer than usual. This crop of clover had been looked upon, therefore, as a treasure, and conceive his disappointment to hear one morning, just as the first cutting was ready for the scythe, that the peasants had broken down the fences, turned all the cattle of the village into the field, and completely destroyed the whole crop. The starved cows devoured this novel luxury so greedily that they almost all died in consequence. Vexed as our friend was at this piece of malice, he was even more astonished the next day to hear that no less than thirty of these same peasants had commenced suits against him for having planted poisonous herbs to kill their cattle! Ignorance is a sad enemy to improvement.

Baron W—— assured us this was only one of a series of malicious injuries which he had brought on himself by his attempts to improve the state of his own property, and the condition of his peasantry. "I have diminished the time of their labour," he observed; "I have lessened the amount of their payments; I have forbidden my steward and others to have any peasant punished without a trial before the magistrates of the district, and instead of gratitude, I meet with nothing but injury from them; they look at all these attempts as so many signs of folly and weakness on my part."

On further inquiry we found the peasants of Transylvania in a far worse condition, and much more ignorant than those of Hungary. When Maria Theresa forced the Urbarium on the nobles of Hungary, she published certain *Regulations Punkte*, founded on nearly the same principles, for the government of the peasants of Transylvania. Whether it was that these *Punkte* were not adapted to the state of the country, or whether its greater distance from the central power allowed the nobles to evade their adoption, it is certain they never obtained the same force as the Urbarium, nor have any succeeding attempts to improve their condition met with a better result. The Transylvanians say they are ready and anxious to do every thing that is

right and just, provided only it is done in a constitutional form, through the intervention of the Diet.* In the mean time the state of the peasantry is a crying evil, and one which, if not speedily remedied by the nobles, will be remedied without their consent, either by the Government or by the people themselves; and I fear the sympathy of Europe will scarcely be in favour of those who oppose such a measure of justice.

The frightful scenes which took place under the leadership of Hora and Kloska, two Wallacks, who in 1784, raised the peasants of Transylvania in revolt, are still fresh in the memory of the Transylvanians, and may serve as a warning of what an injured people are capable, when expectations of redress are held out to them, and then disappointed. It is said that Joseph actually promoted the insurrection of Hora and Kloska, and it is certain that military aid was not sent to repress it so quickly as it might have been; but I do not believe the accusation of intentional excitement. Independently of the improbability that one, whose chief fault was too much openness and honesty, should resort to such base means, I think the mere belief that the Government was favourable to their claims, and the nobles opposed to them, when aided by the false representations of designing leaders, would be quite sufficient to cause such events among such a population at any time. During the late popular movement it has been the policy of the opposition to attach the peasantry to their party by any means in their power, and I feel certain that as hopes of amendment have been raised,† it is now the interest and the duty of the opposition to see that these hopes are not deceived, be the sacrifice on their part what it may.

Among the greatest evils of which the Transylvanian peasant

* The Diet of 1837 nominated a commission to prepare an Urbarium for Transylvania, but I cannot yet (1839) hear that any thing has been done.

† I have since heard that on the publication of the Hungarian Urbarium, the peasants, in every village of Transylvania, sent deputies to purchase copies of it for themselves, and paid the priests to translate and explain it, and that there is not a village in Transylvania now without a copy of this act. I have been surprised to hear a member of the Liberal party talk of this as a conspiracy, and declare that the peasants ought to be punished for it! Such, I am sure, are not the opinions of the leaders of that party; if they were, I should be one of the first to say it was high time that the Government interfered to check a liberty which manifested itself only in enslaving others.

has to complain, is the absence of any strict and well-defined code of laws to which he can refer, and, in consequence of that deficiency, his almost entire subjection to the arbitrary will of his master, against which he has nothing but custom to urge in defence. The peasant-land too, has never been classed here as in Hungary, according to its powers of production, nor has the size of the peasant's portion, or fief, been ever accurately determined. The amount of labour, therefore, cannot be fairly and legally proportioned to the quantity and value of the land. Nor is the amount of labour itself better regulated. In some parts of the country it is common to require two days a week; in others, and more generally, three are demanded; and in some the landlord takes as much as he can possibly extract out of the half-starved creatures who live under him. Here, too, the flogging-block is in full vigour; every landlord can order any of his tenants or servants, who may displease him, twenty-five lashes on the spot, and it is generally the first resource which occurs to him in any dispute about labour or dues. But it is in the hands of the underlings, the stewards, bailiffs, inspectors,—a flock of hawks which infest every Hungarian estate,—that this power becomes a real scourge to the poor peasant. It is the custom to pay these officers an exceedingly small sum in ready money, as a salary, so small indeed that it would be impossible for them to live decently upon it; it is consequently obliged to be made up by the addition of some land, or by the permission to feed a certain number of cattle, or horses, or to sell a certain quantity of corn on their own account. Now, to cultivate this land, or to carry this corn to market, labour is required, and this they generally manage to get out of the peasantry without payment, either by threats or punishment for slight or imaginary offences, or by applying for themselves what ought to be given to their masters. Generally both these means are used,—the master is robbed, and the peasant ill-treated.

From the manner in which estates are commonly divided in Transylvania, it is nearly impossible for the landlords to escape from the clutches of these bailiffs. Every son has an equal share in the male estates, and every child in the female estates of a family. This equality of right in each individual estate, is often the cause of great inconvenience, for the same person might have a few acres only in twenty different villages, when the expense and difficulty of management would exceed the revenue. Of course, the most natural remedy is an equitable division

among the members of the family themselves; and, where this can be effected, it is well; but, where it cannot, their only remedy is cultivating in common and dividing the profits. In such cases almost the entire management rests in the hands of the stewards, and this complication, together with the endless lawsuits to which it gives rise, is one of the greatest evils to which both the landlord and peasant of Transylvania are subject.

The ignorance of the Transylvánian peasant is of the deepest dye. He is generally superstitious and deceitful, the two greatest signs of ignorance. These qualities are most conspicuous in the Wallack peasantry, but the Magyars are by no means free from them. Schools are extremely rare. It is only here and there that they have been established by the good sense and liberality of the Seigneur, and even then they have often failed for want of a little caution and perseverance in those who have conducted them. The peasants belonging to the Greek church are undoubtedly the most ignorant, those of the Unitarian and Lutheran churches, the best educated.

We entered some of the Magyars' cottages at Hadad, and though they were superior to the Wallack huts of Várhely, they were still very inferior to those we had visited in Hungary. It is rare that the Transylvanian peasant's cottage has more than two rooms, sometimes only one; his furniture is scanty and rude, his crockery coarse, and those little luxuries, which in the Hungarian denoted a something beyond the needful, are rarely seen in Transylvania. There is an air of negligence, too, about his house; his fence is broken, his stable out of repair, and every where there is a want of that thrifty look which declares that a man thinks he has something worth taking care of, and hopes to make it better.

The peasants of the Szilágyság have not the best of characters. Though allowed to be fine, brave, independent fellows, they are reckoned among the most desperate rogues in the country. No Szilágyság man thinks it a disgrace to have been flogged, but, to have shrunk under a flogging.

The life of a country gentleman in Transylvania, though somewhat isolated by his distance from any large capital, and by the badness of the roads, is by no means without its pleasures. For the sportsman, a large stud of horses—few men have less than from ten to twenty,—every variety of game, from the boar and wolf, to the snipe and partridge, and a boundless range for hunting over, are valuable aids for passing time. If a man likes

public business, the county will readily choose him Vice Ispán, or magistrate, and the quarterly county-meetings are a constant source of interest, and afford ample opportunity of exercising influence. If agriculture has any charms, some thousands of untilled acres offer abundant scope for farming, and promise a rich return for capital. If philanthropy has claims on his heart, the peasantry, who look up to him for almost every thing, afford a fine scope for its effusions, and a certain reward if judiciously and continuously exercised.

The houses of the richer nobles are large and roomy, and their establishments are conducted on a scale of some splendour. It is true, that they are deficient in many things which we should consider absolute necessaries, but on the other hand they exhibit many luxuries which we should consider extravagant with twice their incomes. It is no uncommon thing, for instance, in a one-storied house, with a thatched roof and an uncarpeted floor, to be shown into a bed-room, where all the washing apparatus and toilet is of solid silver. It is an every-day occurrence in a house, where tea and sugar are considered expensive luxuries, to sit down to a dinner of six or eight courses. Bare whitewashed walls and rich Vienna furniture; a lady decked in jewels which might dazzle a Court, and a handmaid without shoes and stockings; a carriage and four splendid horses, with a coachman whose skin peeps out between his waistcoat and inexpressibles, are some of the anomalies which, thanks to restrictions on commerce, absence of communication, and a highly artificial civilization in one part of the community, and great barbarism in the other, are still to be found in Transylvania. It is not, however, in such houses as the one in which we were visiting, that such anomalies are to be sought, but rather in those who boast themselves followers of the "good old customs of the good old times." But laugh as we young ones may at those "old times," it is not altogether without reason that the epithet of "good" so pertinaciously clings to them. There is something so sincere and so simple in the manners of those times,—when an Englishman wishes to express his idea of them he calls them homely, and in that word he understands all that his heart feels to be dearest and best,—that, see them where we may, they have always something to attach and interest us.

In some of the old-fashioned houses in Transylvania, there is still almost a patriarchal simplicity in the habits of the family. An early hour sees all the children, from the eldest to the young-

est,—ay, the married ones too—proceed in due order of progeniture to the presence of their parents, whose hands they respectfully kiss, and from whom they receive the morning blessing. After a simple breakfast of one small cup of coffee and cream, and a slice of dry bread, the family disperses for the business of the day. The children are left to their masters and governesses—and, oh, what a nuisance those same masters and governesses are; I have heard of no less than six living in one family in the country at the same time. The master of the house takes his meerschaum, ready filled and lighted from the hands of his servant, and sallies out, accompanied by his steward, bailiffs, and overseer, to give directions for the cultivation of his estate, or to settle the lawsuits of his peasantry; or, perhaps, the county-meeting calls him into town, and then he wraps himself up in his bunda, gets into his carriage, and four fat horses convey him to his destination. Or it may be, the doctor has come over to see after the health of the family, and the seigneur takes that opportunity to lead him round the village, that he may bleed and physic all those who have wanted it for the last three months, or who are likely to want it for the next three months to come.* Or, perhaps, some quarrels among the peasantry, or some disobedience to his orders, have provoked the terrible anger of the master, and he at once assumes the authority of the judge, and condemns and punishes, where he himself is a party in the cause. Or, perhaps, the Jew merchant humbly waits an audience, and with shining gold tempts him to dispose of the coming vintage. And then the stables have to be visited, and the cooper to be hurried for the vintage, and the gipsies in the brickyard to be corrected.

But, if the occupations of the lord are many, who shall tell the busy cares and troubles of the lady of the "good old times?" With not less than one hundred mouths to provide food for daily, with no resources of a market-town near at hand, with stores, consequently, of provisions for six months to be taken care of, and these provisions, too, of a variety† and quantity such as

* A worthy old Baron, now dead, used to have the doctor over every spring and autumn with a wagon-load of herbs. These herbs, duly decocted and distilled, were administered to the whole family and village, which were then considered sound for six months to come.

† Among other objects strange to us, might be mentioned the collection of snails. The large wood snail is a favourite dish here, and a very good one it is. The snails are drawn out of the shell, cut small with a kind of

English housekeepers can form no idea of, and which I, unfortunately, am very inadequate to describe; with a crowd of servants, including artificers* of various kinds, to superintend and direct, the multiplicity of her duties may be instinctively guessed. If somewhat less elegant, and less accomplished than the more fashionable ladies of the capital, these worthy housewives are never deficient in that respectable dignity which a strict performance of the duties of their station confers.

At one, the old-fashioned family, even of the present day, assemble in the drawing-room, and proceed to dinner. It is rarely that they sit down without some guest; for, whoever of their acquaintance happens to be travelling near, always manages to drop in about dinner-time, as he knows he will be well received; indeed, his passing by, without stopping, would be considered an insult. And a goodly sight is that hospitable board, for it is crowded by those who might otherwise be ill-provided for. Besides the family and guests, all the governesses and masters dine at table; and then there are three or four stewards and secretaries, and the clergyman of the village, or perhaps both clergyman and priest, and the poor schoolmaster, all of whom never dine at home when the seigneur is in the country.

The dinner, instead of being placed on the table, is carried round, that every one may help himself, each dish being first presented to the lady of the house, who never fails to take a small portion by way of recommending it to her guests. As for telling the reader of what the dinner is composed, it is impossible; but I can assure him, that both in quality and quantity, he must be very difficult to please who is not satisfied. The *élite* of the company retire to the drawing-room, after dinner, to partake of coffee and liqueur, while the inferior guests, who have not the *entrée*, make their bows and depart. When speaking of the occupations of the ladies of Transylvania, it would be very ungrateful were I to omit their talent in making liqueurs: some of the home-made liqueurs of Transylvania equal the best maras-

savoury stuffing, and served up replaced in the shell. As for their being disgusting, it is all fancy. I have seen delicate ladies relish snails exceedingly, who would have shuddered at the sight of a raw oyster. In some parts of Transylvania, instead of eggs and fowls, the peasants pay their tribute in snails and game. One lady's ordinary winter supply was upwards of five thousand snails.

* In some houses, the weaver and tailor are hired servants; and in most, the cooper, baker, and smith.

13*

quinos and curaçoas in flavour. A drive out in the cool of the evening in summer, and embroidery, cards, books, and conversation, with the interlude of a *gouté* composed of fruits, preserves, savoury cold meats, and, now-a-days, tea, and, at nine, a supper nearly as large as the dinner, complete the occupations of a day in the country in Transylvania.

But it is high time I returned to our travels. Baron W—— kindly offered to accompany us to Nagy Bánya, just beyond the north frontier of Transylvania, to visit the gold mines there. It is a good day's journey, even in summer, and the only chance of accomplishing it at this season, was by sending on beforehand, half way, a light carriage, so that the horses might be rested, and ready to go forward directly we arrived.

We started on horseback; and, after a delightful ride, sometimes winding through fine forests of oak, now crossing a rich green meadow, now losing ourselves and making straight across the country for the nearest village, to inquire our way, and now toiling along a muddy lane where the horses sunk almost up to the middle in the mire, we at last arrived where the carriage was waiting for us. The greatest drawback to the pleasure of such a ride is the danger of injuring one's horse in crossing the rude wooden bridges which are thrown over the brooks in this country. They are composed of unhewn stems of trees, laid side by side, with a coating of soil over them. From accident or carelessness, nothing is more common than to find a considerable interstice between these stems, which is concealed by the soil, and so becomes a veritable pitfall. My horse put his foot into one of these, and sank up to the shoulder; but, fortunately, he escaped without injury.

In the course of our ride, in a small valley a little off the road, the Baron showed me a colony of gipsies,—permanent, as he said, in contradistinction to others who are always erratic,—who occupy a little land, and do him some work for it. The reader may have remarked that I do not hesitate here, as well as in other parts of this work, to speak of the Czigány of the Hungarians by the English name of gipsies, for it is impossible to doubt their identity. There is the same dark eye and curling black hair, the same olive complexion and small active form. Then their occupations and manner of life, different as are the countries and climates they inhabit, still remain the same; fiddling, fortune-telling, horse-dealing and tinkering, are their favourite employments,—a vagabond life their greatest joy.

Though speaking several tongues, they have all a peculiar language of their own, quite distinct from any other known in Europe. Here, as with us, they have generally a king, too, whom they honour and respect, but I have not been able to make out what establishes a right to the gipsy crown. I believe superior wealth, personal cunning, as well as hereditary right, have some influence on their choice.

They first made their appearance in this country from the East, about the year 1423, when King Sigmund granted them permission to settle.* Joseph the Second tried to turn them to some account, and passed laws which he hoped would force them to give up their wandering life and betake themselves to agriculture. The landlords were obliged to make them small grants of land, and to allow them to build houses at the end of their villages. I have often passed through these *Czigány város,* gipsy towns, and it is impossible to imagine a more savage scene. Children of both sexes to the age of fourteen, are seen rolling about with a mere shred of covering, and their elders with much less than the most unfastidious decency requires. Filth obstructs the passage into every hut. As the stranger approaches, crowds of black urchins flock round him, and rather demand than beg for charity. The screams of men and women, and the barking of dogs—for the whole tribe seems to be in a state of constant warfare—never cease from morning to night. It is rare, however, that when thus settled, they can remain the whole year stationary; they generally disappear during a part of the summer, and only return when winter obliges them to seek a shelter. Others wander about as they do with us, gaining a livelihood, as accident throws it in their way. They are said to amount to sixty-two thousand three hundred and fifteen in Transylvania.† The Austrian Government, I believe, is the only one in Europe which has been known to derive any advantage from its gipsies, but by means of the tax for gold washing, to which we shall allude hereafter, it must derive a considerable revenue from this people. They are often taken for soldiers,

* In Hungarian law they are called "new peasants." The name of *Pharaoh nepek*, Pharaoh's people, I imagine has been given either from contempt, or error. The name Czigány, by which the Hungarians call them, is so like the Zingari, Zigeuner, Gitani, Gipsy, of other nations, that I have no doubt it is the one they originally gave themselves.

† This enumeration is taken from a very imperfect statistical work on Transylvania, by Lebrecht, and is, I suspect, exaggerated.

and are said to make pretty good ones. Most of them are christened and profess some religion, which is always the seigneur's—not the peasants'—of the village to which they belong. In fact the gipsies have a most profound respect for aristocracy, and they are said to be the best genealogists in the country.

Their skill in horse-shoeing,—they are the only blacksmiths in the country,—and in brick-making, renders them of considerable value to the landlord. What is the exact state of the law with respect to them, I know not; but I believe they are absolute serfs in Transylvania. I know the settled gipsies cannot legally take permanent service out of the place they were born in, without permission, or without the payment of a certain sum of money.*

They are just as great beggars here as elsewhere, and just as witty in their modes of begging. A large party of them presented themselves one day at the door of the Countess W——, whom they used to call the mother of the gipsies, from her frequent charities to them, with a most piteous complaint of cold and hunger—all the children, as usual, naked; when the chief, pulling a sad face, begged hard for relief; "for he was a poor man," he said, "and it cost him a great deal to clothe so large a family."

Of the most simple moral laws they seem to be entirely ignorant. It is not rare to see them employed as servants in offices considered below the peasant to perform. They never dream of eating with the rest of the household, but receive a morsel in their hands, and devour it where they can. Their dwellings are the merest huts, often without a single article of furniture. Having such difficulty in supporting themselves, as is manifested in their wasted forms, one cannot help wondering how they can maintain the pack of curs which always infest their settlements, and often render it dangerous to approach them. By the rest of the peasantry they are held in most sovereign contempt. As I was travelling along the road one day, after my return from Turkey, my servant turned around as we met a camp of gipsies, and exclaimed, "After all, sir, our negroes are not so ugly as those in Turkey."

On arriving at a village about half-way to Nagy Bánya, we found the servants had laid the table at a miserable cottage, though the best in the place, when quickly despatching the good

* In Wallachia, when I was there, they were sold as slaves in the open market. I believe this law has been since abolished.

dinner which was waiting for us, we got into the wagon and hastened on as fast as we could. It was night, however, before we reached our destination; and we had an opportunity of proving the inconveniences of travelling in the dark, in such a country; for, in passing a small overflow, the wagon sunk on one side into a deep hole, and quietly overturned us all into the water. We escaped with no other injury than a good wetting, which we managed to rectify by means of the liqueur-bottle, which S—— had instinctively grasped in the fall, and so secured from injury.

Nagy Bánya, is rather a pretty little town, with a large square and some buildings, so good, that one wonders how they could ever have got there. The country round it is mountainous, and some of the valleys in the neighbourhood are exceedingly pretty. The mining district, of which Nagy Bánya forms the chief place, extends for a considerable space around it; but, though still rich in ores, it is much less important than some others we have visited. The most interesting of the mines is that of the Kreutzberg, close by the town, which, having been worked by the Romans, and afterwards deserted, has been reopened within the last eighty years, and now yields a considerable return. We entered it by a fine adit, which will soon be fit for horse wagons. Traces of the beautiful Roman work were visible on every side. We found them working a new vein, or rather an offset from the old one, which was tolerably rich, and seemed to offer good prospects of continuance. The centner of ore contains about eight ounces of silver, and every ounce of silver forty denarii of gold. The Kreutzberg produces about four marks of gold per month. The matrix is generally porphyry. To free the mine from water, an eight-horse wheel working a pump is kept in constant motion. Not many years since, a skeleton, supposed to be the remains of an ancient miner, together with some tools, and a Roman lamp, was found in this mine.

The most interesting object connected with the Kreutzberg, is a vast cleft which penetrates from the surface to a depth of three hundred and eighty yards, and which extends twelve hundred yards in length, and is six feet wide. When this cleft was produced is not known; but, if I remember rightly, there is reason to believe it was since the time of the Romans.

We visited the smelting-works, which are situated somewhat higher up the valley, and found them in a better condition than almost any others we had seen.

The chief products of these mines are gold and silver, the

amount of which I have seen stated, the former, at four hundred marks per an., the latter, at eighteen thousand marks. Besides these some copper, lead, and iron are produced. The officers on the spot could not give us the net amount of these products per an., for the gold and silver are sent off from Nagy Bánya to Kremnitz every month, in a single mass, and are only separated when they arrive there. Of the mixed metal, they say about twelve hundred marks are produced every month, which would reduce the amount considerably lower than that given above.

Mining is one of those tempting speculations which it is very hard for persons living in a mining country to resist; yet it is just one of the most dangerous, for those ignorant of its mysteries, to meddle with. To the scientific miner, I have no doubt, Transylvania offers certain wealth; but to a country gentleman, who puts his money into a mine much as he would into a lottery, it is a pretty certain loss. A member of our friend's family had fallen into this snare, and we had intended to visit the mine; but we heard such a poor report of it, that it was not thought worth the time. In fact a steward, who had been dismissed for dishonesty, had begged to be employed to conduct a mine, which he declared, after a very small outlay for the first year, would not only pay itself, but soon produce a very handsome return. From a mistaken feeling of kindness the request was granted; and now, after three years' working, no return could be heard of.

On our way back to Hadad the next day, we began to feel extremely hungry, and our horses seemed quite ready for a rest about one o'clock, at which hour we found ourselves near a village where there was no inn. "Never mind," said the Baron, "we have got plenty of cold fowls and ham, and wine; and the coachman has not forgotten some corn for his horses, so that we shall not starve. But as it would not be pleasant to sit and eat our dinner here,—(the snow was beginning to fall,)—we will go to that house," pointing to a gentleman's house at the other end of the village; "for though the master is not at home, and I know him very slightly, I am sure the servants will be very glad to let us in." When we drove up to the door, the servants no sooner heard our wishes, than they opened the dining-room and offered us any thing they had, as if it had been a matter of course. The horses were put up in the stable, and the coachman bought some more corn of the bailiff and gave them a double feed. The absence of inns renders this kind of hospitality

an absolute duty, and no one hesitates to avail himself of it when in need.

Though it was yet scarcely the middle of November, the snow fell so heavily that every one declared it was setting in for winter, and we were glad, therefore, to get back to Klausenburg as quickly as we could. It was melancholy to see the peasants up to the knees in snow, searching for the grapes which were not half gathered. It is reckoned that a great part of this year's vintage will be entirely lost. By following a longer but better road, we were enabled to reach Klausenburg in two days, with no other accident than the breaking of some iron-work of the carriage, which we were able to supply by means of ropes.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SALT MINES AND GOLD MINES.

Horse Fair at Klausenburg.—Moldavian Horses.—Cholera in Klausenburg.—Thorda.—Valley of the Aranyos.—Miklós and his Peccadilloes. A Transylvanian Invitation.—The Wallack Judge.—Thorcczko.—The Unitarian Clergyman.—St. György.—A Transylvanian Widow.—Peasants' Cottages.—The Cholera.—A Lady's Road.—Thordai Hasadék.—The Salt Mines of Szamos Ujvár.—The Salt Tax.—Karlsburg.—The Cathedral and krumme Peter.—Wallack Charity.—Zalatna.—Abrud Bánya.—The Gold Mines of Vörös Patak.—Csetatie.—Detonata.—Return.—College of Nagy Enyed.—English Fund.—System of Education.

The reader must now allow me to pass over three quarters of a year, of which period I shall give him no further account than to say it was passed in travelling through some parts of Greece and Turkey, and he must fancy me returned to Transylvania, determined to see the part of the country which the approach of winter had prevented me from visiting the year before. My brother had taken Mr. S——'s place as my companion; but, alas! Mr. H—— had left for England, and I was forced to content myself with such poor sketches as I could make myself of what most struck me in this tour.

When I came back to Klausenburg, it was just at the time of the horse-fair; and a number of gay carriages were rolling about, making the whole place seem quite alive. This fair has only been established a few years, and it is as yet considered a matter of honour for the chief horse-breeders to send a number of their horses, if only to show them. A large circus has been enclosed on the outside of the town, in which the horses are trotted and galloped round, while the company, including a crowd of ladies, occupy a kind of stand erected at one end. As the most beautiful horses of the country are produced here, and as they are often ridden by their owners, it is a very animated scene. On the outside of the circus, the carriage horses are exhibited; and many were the smart teams of four long-tailed little horses, which whirled the light carriages round the circle.

In one corner we found a group of some hundred perfectly wild horses from Moldavia, not one of which had ever had a halter round his neck. They were guarded by a set of men, if possible, even wilder-looking than themselves. Some of these horses were by no means deficient in good points; and though they do not bear a high character here, the low price at which they were sold,—eight or ten pounds the pair,—tempted purchasers. To see the newly purchased horses separated from the herd was a great treat; it was one of the most clever feats of address and courage I almost ever witnessed. No sooner was the horse fixed on and pointed out, than one of the savage-looking tenders rushed into the herd, seized him by the ears and mane, and hung to him with all his strength. Alarmed at this treatment, the poor beast became furious, dashed about, kicked, reared, and put every artifice of horse ingenuity in force to get rid of his enemy. It was all in vain, there the fellow hung,—now in the air, now on the ground,—he still held to the head. No bull-dog could pin his adversary more securely. Fatigued at last with his own exertions, the horse was quiet for a moment, when a rope with a slip-noose was thrown over his neck, on which three or four men pulled with all their might, till they dragged him out of the herd. Half dead from strangulation, fear, and fatigue, the poor creature was now bound tightly to his fellow, and the pair were led off. When they first felt themselves yoked as it were, there was generally one more struggle for liberty; but it was useless, they only exhausted each other's strength, and probably became sufficiently tame in a few hours, to be harnessed to a wagon and driven home.

The gay aspect of Klausenburg, however, soon disappeared. It was the season of the harvest, and all good landlords had plenty to do at home. There was another reason also which called the better-intentioned into the country. The cholera was raging frightfully through almost every part of the land, and the peasantry, the chief sufferers, had no one from whom they could ask or expect aid and advice but their lords and ladies, and nobly, in many instances, did they perform their duties. Personal attendance even in some cases, and medicine and food in almost all, were liberally supplied. Of the numbers who perished during this attack it is impossible to give any account; I doubt even if it is known. In Klausenburg, for some time, the number of deaths amounted to from twenty to thirty a day; and before it ceased, probably not less than one-twentieth of its population was

carried off. I have heard of some villages in which even a tenth perished. We were lodged just opposite one of the gates of the town which led to the great cemetery, and through which every corpse was carried out. From two o'clock, as long as daylight lasted, the funerals proceeded in one melancholy procession. It is the custom that every member of a trade should be followed by the whole of the corporation to which he belonged, and it is therefore scarcely a figure of speech to say that all Klausenburg was engaged in this mournful task. A gipsy band is a necessary attendant on a Transylvanian funeral; and it is usually accompanied by the voices of a hundred followers chanting a mass or singing a psalm as they marched along. The soldiers, too, suffered severely, and the fine military bands were generally heard three or four times every afternoon. These melancholy scenes, and the continual tolling of the great bell, rendered Klausenburg really more like a city of the dead than the living; and we were heartily glad when our preparations were made, and we could dissipate our gloomy thoughts by new scenes and new objects of interest.

In the little excursion which we made, and which did not occupy us more than a week, I think it will be best to follow my journal.

August 18th.—Left Klausenburg and got to Thorda for dinner. Finding nothing very interesting, though there are said to be some remains of a Roman road in the neighbourhood, and the post-house is ornamented with some Roman bas-reliefs, we engaged horses to take us on to Thoroczko, where we hear there are some iron-mines well worth seeing. We agreed to pay eight shillings a day for five horses, the coachman being bound to maintain himself and steeds.

The road to Thoroczko was hilly, and in many places so bad that we could only advance at a foot pace. A little before sunset, we arrived at the summit of a very high hill, from which we had a splendid view over a fine mountainous country, with crags and precipices on every side, and just below us the little village of Bare, and the Aranyos winding along the valley. Across the river was one of those curious covered wooden bridges, so common in Switzerland; indeed, there was nothing but a snow mountain wanting to have made us fancy ourselves in the Cantons. As we were slowly descending the hill at the imminent hazard of our necks, with both wheels locked, and the servant hanging to the step to balance it, I began to make some inquiries

as to the distance we had still to go before we arrived at Thoroczko, where we had been told there was a comfortable inn. I may add, in a parenthesis, that a comfortable inn in Transylvania means a dry room, clean straw, and a couple of roast chickens for supper. "Oh, I quite forgot," exclaimed Miklós, "to tell your grace that I have learnt at Thorda, that there is no inn at Thoroczko; but it is of no consequence, for the Countess T—— lives there, and she would certainly be very glad to entertain you." It was of no use scolding—though, like most angry men, I believe I forgot that in my anger—for although this fellow had been in my service nearly a year, I had never been able to make him feel why I often preferred a poor dirty inn to a handsome mansion, and starved chickens to good fare. That any motives of delicacy could make me hesitate to intrude on the hospitality of those with whom I was unacquainted, was an idea altogether so foreign to the habits and customs of Transylvania, where in fact such visits are not considered intrusions, that it was no wonder the poor fellow could not comprehend it.

But it is time I introduced this same Miklós to the better acquaintance of the reader, for a traveller who is ignorant of the vulgar tongue of a country in which he travels, is so dependent on his servant, that the character of the latter has often more influence on his adventures than even his own. After dismissing old Stephan, I had taken a man who turned out so great a rogue that I was obliged to get rid of him as soon as I arrived in Klausenburg the first time; and here some friend found Miklós for me to supply his place. Miklós was a stout good-looking little fellow of about twenty, who spoke Hungarian and Wallack perfectly, and knew as much German as enabled him to get through a message, which had been twice repeated to him, with only two or three blunders. His greatest merits were his desire to travel, and his constant good-humour in all the difficulties attendant on it. If any thing was to be drawn out of an ill-tempered landlady, or a rigid-looking custom-house officer was to be softened, Miklós was pretty sure to manage the affair. Then he could make a bed, cook a dinner, cut hair, mend clothes, sleep on the ground, fast for a week, and bargain with a Jew. If the carriage stuck in the mud and we required additional assistance to get it out again, he was the first to mount a horse and gallop off without bridle or saddle to the next village, and it was hard if he came back without having obtained his object. If the coachman could not drive his team or had an unruly leader, Miklós

mounted as postillion or took the reins, and drove as if he had been bred a Jehu. These were all valuable qualities; but then the fellow was careless, made endless mistakes, which no scolding could teach him to avoid for more than twenty-four hours; and had, moreover, a shocking habit of making love to every woman he came near. He got deep into the affections of a lady's maid at Pest, attracted the attentions of a Greek widow in Constantinople, promised marriage to a Wallachian girl at Bucharest, and was besieged by a host of inamoratas in Klausenburg. Some may fancy that all these were no matters of mine, but I assure them they are mistaken, for independently of the annoyance of complaints from masters and mammas, love-making occupies much time which might be better employed; besides that, leaving every place one enters with a *Dido desolata* delaying the start is by no means agreeable. Notwithstanding his peccadilloes, however, Miklós was a good servant, and I must say I was sorry when I left the country and was obliged to part with him—especially when I saw him neglect to take up his money, and blubber like a great child at leaving me.

The valley of the Aranyos and the little village of Bare which we had now reached, looked so inviting, that I was much tempted to make a better acquaintance with it, and accordingly desired Miklós to see if it was not possible to get a room in some peasant's cottage for the night. The judge immediately offered us beds in his house, and promised us some supper too if we would stay; an offer I was glad to accept in spite of Miklós's contemptuous expression when he found it was a Wallack under whose roof we were to rest.

While they were making all possible preparations in the cottage, we scrambled along the craggy banks of the river for a considerable distance up the valley. Some mines in the neighbouring mountains gave food to an iron hammer which was plying its noisy restless task, disturbing the whole vale with its melancholy song.

However Miklós may have sneered, the Wallack judge's cottage was by no means so bad. Besides the room in which the whole family lived, and the entrance where they cooked,—both of which were certainly very filthy,—there was another room, which, if it had no other floor than the hardened clay, and no other wall than the baked mud, was yet dry and tolerably clean. It contained two beds, very short and very hard, and all around were hung rude earthen jugs and pots, and in one favoured cor-

her was a cluster of pictures of hideous saints, after the most orthodox models of the Greek church. But the pride of the family consisted in a long row of not less than twenty aprons, besides a number of shirts, ostentatiously displayed along one side of the room. The aprons were such as are commonly worn by the Wallack women; but of a finer wool, and of beautiful colours. The shirts were of a coarse linen, but prettily embroidered with blue at the wrists and neck. The whole of this treasure was the produce of the housewife's own hands.

As we were examining these arrangements, while Miklós was disposing some new pieces of home-spun linen in the guise he thought most likely to make us fancy them a table-cloth and napkins, a clattering of horses' hoofs was heard to cease at the door, and he was presently called out to speak to some stranger. When he returned, it was to announce that a servant of the Countess T—— was just come to say that his mistress had heard of our visit to Thoroczko, and would expect us to take beds at her house. Here was a pretty affair! The carriage unpacked, the horses in the stable, and we expected some miles off! However, it was now too late to think of going further, and besides, I had taken a fancy to the Wallack's cottage. The beds too were made, a wax-light robbed from the carriage—these people were too poor to have candles of any kind—threw a cheerful light over the room, every thing was put in order, and I fancied it looked *very comfortable;* in addition to which, the cloth, such as it was, and the smell of roasting was far from disagreeable to men who had not eaten since mid-day, so that there was nothing to be done but send a very polite message with an excuse for not coming, on account of the lateness of the hour, and a promise to do ourselves the honour of paying a visit the next day.

I know not whether it was the difficult mastication of the fibrous old cock which now smoked upon the table, or some other cause, which called up certain doubts in my mind as to the correctness of the message which had just been delivered; but certain it is they did arise, and I forthwith questioned Miklós as to whether he had learnt how the Countess could have heard of our coming, as we knew she herself had but just returned to Thoroczko from another part of the country. "Why," said Miklós, making more than his usual number of blunders in German, as he answered, "the fact is, the Countess does not know of it yet, but she soon will; the servant who had been to Klausenburg on business, had heard there of your Grace's arrival in this part of

the country, and so he thought of course you would visit his lady, and he hastened home to tell them of your coming; but as he found we were stopping here, he told your Grace that they already were expecting you, that he might not have to come back again to say so." And thus, on the servant's invitation, I had coolly sent to say I should visit a lady to whom I had no introduction, and whom, though I knew by name, I had never seen in my life. Oh! I could have broken the rascal's head for his blunder! but he was evidently unconscious of any fault, and thought, I have no doubt, that both he and the other servant were a couple of very clever fellows.

19th.—Rose early, got a sketch of the bridge and river, and started for Thoroczko, where we arrived before ten. It is a pretty little town, cleaner and with better houses than one generally sees. Its inhabitants are all Magyars and Unitarians. A friend in Klausenburg had given us a letter to the Unitarian clergyman, as the person best able to give us information of any thing worth seeing in the neighbourhood, and we drove straight to his house. He was out attending a sick parishioner; but his wife received us, and insisted on sending to inform him of our coming.

In the mean time we entered his modest dwelling, which, except in being rather larger, and having the kitchen and servant's room separated from the dwelling-rooms, differed little from those of his peasant neighbours. Its interior however bespoke his superiority. The two little rooms of which it consisted were crowded with book-shelves. Here they groaned under quartos of Latin theology; there they displayed probably all the best works in Hungarian literature,—and no great number either,—while, in another part, belles lettres and natural history flourished in mis-shapen tomes from the German press. Some fine minerals from the neighbourhood which were scattered about, and a number of little drawers, which I am sure contained specimens, declared our priest a natural philosopher. While we were making these observations, a stout, middle-aged man, with a mild expression of countenance, long black hair hanging down his back, and dressed in an Hungarian coat and knee-boots, made his appearance; and by a long complimentary speech in Latin, proclaimed himself our host. Before he was half through his address, I interrupted him, and petitioned for German; but he declared off on the score of inability, and we were accordingly forced to carry on a medley discourse of Latin and German as we best could,

We found the immediate object of our visit, the iron mines, were in a very bad state, and scarcely worth the trouble of seeing. The clergyman told us of several natural curiosities in the mountains near; but they demanded a day or two at least to visit them, and we determined therefore, after paying our self-proffered visit to the Countess, who, our friend assured us, was a "*nobilissima et generosissima dama,*" to return to Thorda. We were not allowed to leave, however, without visiting the Unitarian church; a large, and rather handsome building for the size of the town. The object to which our attention was more immediately drawn, however, was the organ; it was a recent acquisition, and was exhibited, I thought, with no small feeling of clerical pride.

After all, the Countess T—— did not live at Thoroczko, and we were therefore obliged to penetrate some miles farther into this beautiful valley before we reached St. György, the place of her residence. Nothing can be more secluded than this valley, nothing more lovely. On one side it is bounded by precipitous cliffs, on the very summit of which we could perceive some ruins of an old castle, on the other are wooded hills, and in the middle a pretty stream and rich meadows and corn-fields.

We drove at once to the château, where we were received as expected guests, our horses taken out, and ourselves set down to lunch, as a matter of course. The Countess T—— was a lady of the old school, possessing all that easy dignity of manner which, when united to a warm heart, forms the perfection of the social character; and, though now in the decline of life, exhibiting a regularity and delicacy of features, which told she must have been a beauty in her younger days—nor was their tale belied by the image of those days which, for us, was reproduced in the person of her daughter. The servant had not been mistaken; for it was certain that his mistress expected not only that we, but that all other gentlemen who travelled through her secluded valley should visit her on their way. Any idea of leaving before dinner was scarcely allowed utterance. "As a widow," said the Countess, "my forenoons are pretty well occupied, for in Transylvania, we must be farmers, miners, doctors, and I know not what else beside. I leave you free, therefore, till the hour of dinner, when I shall expect the pleasure of seeing you again. See," she added, "the bouquet my steward has brought me this morning; it is composed of the heaviest ears of corn he has been able to find this

season, and I assure you no hot-house flowers could be half so agreeable to me."

The Countess Julia observed, that perhaps as strangers, we might feel interested in visiting the cottages of some of the peasants; and added that if we did not fear the cholera, which had unfortunately made its appearance in the village, she should be happy to show us some. Of course we were delighted to accept the offer. "St. György," she added, "is, I believe, one of the richest villages in Transylvania; and, for the credit of my country, I am therefore the more anxious you should see it. The peasants are Magyars, and mostly of the Unitarian belief."

The cottages were of one story, and built on the same general plan as all the others we had seen; but in many cases they were larger, and the farmyards seemed more plentifully stocked. One house into which we were taken, might have been held up as a pattern of cleanliness and order in any country. Round the best room hung a prodigious quantity of fine bed-linen, beautifully embroidered on the edges, in different colours. "This is the handiwork of the unmarried girls, and is intended as their dower: and hard enough they work at it," smilingly added our fair informant, "for they cannot get husbands, till, by such works as these, they have given good proofs of their industry and talent." The daughter of the house was easily persuaded to put on her Sunday costume, which was as rich as embroidery and ribbons could make it. The St. György girls are said to have the handsomest dresses of any village in the district. What a pity it is, that all these beautiful costumes, and the honest pride and self-esteem they give rise to, must disappear, as soon as the cheap wares of Manchester, or some other cotton capital, gain entrance to these valleys, and drive household manufactures from the field! If real civilization, founded on improved institutions and an enlightened system of education, do not accompany the introduction of luxuries produced by machinery, they may become a curse instead of a blessing to a people. It is difficult to find for the uneducated peasant woman an occupation more befitting her powers of mind and body, more consistent with her duties of mother and housekeeper, than is afforded by the simple processes of spinning and weaving. If this is taken away, and the means of applying herself to higher and more difficult objects are not afforded, she has little left but idleness, or the coarse degrading labours of the field.

The owner of this house, though a simple peasant, was said

to be possessed of more than a thousand pounds. The only advantage he had enjoyed above his fellows, was in being freed from the seigneurial labour-dues for some service rendered to the late Count,—industry and sobriety had done the rest. The only book I could see in the house, was a large Hungarian Bible, richly bound and fastened with a pair of heavy brass clasps.

We had time enough before dinner to wander about the village, and climb a conical hill, at a little distance from it, on which stand the picturesque ruins of the Castle of St. György. We had a fine view from this point, over the whole valley. Farther than we had yet traversed, we could observe an exit from it by means of a vast cleft in the limestone rocks, which otherwise bounded it on every side. On looking back over the road we had come, we saw more clearly the few walls on the summit of those stupendous cliffs, which mark where the old castle of Thoroczko formerly stood. It would require at least two hours' good climbing to reach it from the valley. It was formerly always the lot—I cannot call it privilege—of the eldest sons of the family of Thoroczko to inhabit this mountain nest; while the younger were allowed to choose some less ambitious dwelling in the valley.

"You have visited St. György at a very unfortunate moment," said the Countess, when we returned; "the cholera, which set in only two days ago, has assumed a very serious aspect to-day. Since yesterday, no less than four deaths have been reported to me, and I fear we must expect many more." For these persons we found the Countess was the sole physician, her house their dispensary, and sometimes even their hospital, for she had had several of them brought there, that they might be better attended to. Several times, during dinner, her daughter was obliged to leave the table to send off medicines for some new patient who claimed her aid. In this she was assisted by the steward and clergyman, who seemed both to take an active interest in the fate of the poor sufferers. During the short time we remained, five more deaths were reported.

In returning to Thorda, the Countess proposed that we should take a nearer road than that by which we had come. "It is rather a rough one," she added; "but it is the one I always take myself, and I do not suppose that, for young men like you, its little dangers will be any objection." After many adieus and kind invitations to renew our visit at a more favourable moment, we at last started. Our new route led us almost immediately from the village, up the sides of a high and steep

mountain, after having mastered which, we were promised a continual descent. As we turned round to take a last look at the scene we were leaving, we witnessed one of those beautiful effects which none but the dwellers in mountain lands can ever behold. A storm came roaring up the valley below us, throwing every thing into deep shade, except the castle on the hill, which caught a gleam of sunshine, and stood out in bright relief against the black mountains behind it. We paid, however, dearly for the treat: by a sudden veer of the wind, the storm seemed to quit the valley; and clinging to the side of the mountain, followed our footsteps, overtook us, and beat with such force on the horses that they turned round and refused to move any farther. Flogging made no impression on them, they only kicked and backed,—and they had chosen for that operation a ridge of the mountain, from whence one might have slipped into immortality, almost before one was aware of it.

Our only remedy was to sit still while Miklós mounted one of the horses, and went back to beg the Countess would lend us some oxen to drag us up the rest of the mountain. A peasant, however, who was at work at some distance, and saw our difficulty, took his horses out of the plough; and harnessing them before ours, got us at last to the top. So much time had been lost, that it very soon became dark, and we found ourselves in a bad and dangerous road, which it was impossible to traverse faster than at a foot pace. Miklós was obliged to take the lamps and walk on before, while we held the carriage from falling over. We were not only every moment in danger of overturning, but of losing the carriage at the bottom of a ravine whence it would have been impossible to recover it. Instead of four hours, we occupied eight in this short cut, but we were too well contented to have escaped with whole skins, to grumble at the loss of time. Such roads may suit Transylvanian ladies, but Heaven preserve all English gentlemen from them!—A steeple-chase is safe in comparison.

20th.—Projected a visit this morning to the Thordai Hasadék, a mountain cleft, of the same kind as that we saw at a distance yesterday, from St. György, but said to be much larger. In traversing the few miles which separate the Hasadék from Thorda, we passed over a part of the Prat de Trajan, where the great victory was gained by Trajan over Decebalus. Though Transylvanian antiquaries place the scene of the action more to the east, and nearer the banks of the Maros, than our route led

us, I am inclined to think they must be in error; for we observed a great number of tumuli in this direction, of a size and form which render it exceeding probable that they were intended to commemorate the death of the heroes who fell on that occasion. I am not aware that any of them have been opened, or that any tradition exists as to their origin.

After about an hour's drive we arrived at the entrance to the Hasadék. We descended into a little valley in the form of a semicircle, which surrounds the opening of the cleft, and is inhabited by a few poor Wallacks and their cows; and scrambling over some broken rocks, entered this extraordinary place.

Let the reader imagine a chain of low mountains, twenty miles long, cut transversely through to a level with the valleys they divide, and he will have some idea of the Thordai Hasadék. In no place (I should think) is the cleft more than twenty yards wide at the bottom, though it increases somewhat towards the top. As might be supposed, the sides of it are as precipitous as any thing can be imagined. A small stream which rises from some springs in the semicircular valley, makes its way among the broken rocks through the cleft, and passes out at the other side. It so nearly occupies the whole of the space left between the rocks, that we had to cross it at least twenty times in order to find dry footing; sometimes we had to pick our way for a considerable distance along the stepping-stones placed by the peasants in its bed, and once to climb the rocks at the imminent hazard of slipping into the pool below.

Some of the cliffs in this valley are truly magnificent. In one place they rise from the very base, in a perpendicular line to the summit, a height I will not venture to guess. About midway through the Hasadék, and at some height up the side of the cliff, there is a remarkable cavern called the Bayluka. A steep pathway leads up to the entrance, which is defended by a double wall, with ramparts and holes for musketry. The cave itself is large, and arched like a vast Gothic hall, and is capable of containing a hundred persons. Beyond the first chamber it divides into several smaller ones, which we could not penetrate far into, for want of lights. It is extraordinary that opposite the Bayluka, on the other side the cleft, there is a second cavern, of which the natural entrance is exactly like the first. This is interesting; because it proves that they were once joined together, and that it was only by some violent convulsion that they were torn asunder. The stratum is a compact limestone, as far as I observed, without fossils.

The first of these caverns was formerly the favourite stronghold of a celebrated Transylvanian robber, Bay, from whom it takes its name. A number of popular stories exist about this Bay, though I was not able to collect any of much interest; but if he was half the hero he is represented, it must have required a brave man to attack him in his mountain fortress.

We traversed the cleft completely to the other end, and I should say, the distance is from two to three miles. At one point, where the brook filled up the whole valley, and the rocks came down close to the water's edge, we met a gay party of peasant lads and lasses in their holiday clothes, apparently going to some merry-making in the next valley. The lads tripped lightly over the rocks, where we could hardly find footing, and many were the jokes and jeers they cast at the girls, when they sat down to take off their sandals preparatory to wading the brook, which they preferred to the exposure their modesty feared from climbing the rock. A curious phenomenon we observed at the far end of the valley,—a natural arch formed in the rock, with an arched roof and window, so much like the work of the Gothic architect, that it is no wonder the peasantry should have christened it the chapel. I must not forget that the superstitious attribute the whole cleft to a prayer of St. Ladislaus, who entreated that the mountain might open, and save him from the heathens. If it is so, I can only say we are indebted to the saint for one of the most beautiful scenes of rocky grandeur I know.

On our return to Thorda we started for Maros Ujvár, a small village about twelve miles off, where are the chief salt-mines of Transylvania, which we reached late in the evening.

21st.—We sent to request permission to enter the mines, and received a polite answer, that we had only to present ourselves, and one of the officers would feel great pleasure in conducting us over them.

The chief part of the salt-mines of Maros Ujvár is formed by three vast subterranean chambers. As they were not using the buckets, we were obliged to descend by the staircase. Before we had reached six feet from the surface, the salt was already perceptible. After passing some new workings which we shall understand better when we have described the principal ones, we descended to the lower workings.

We entered at one end of a vast hall—two hundred and seventy feet long by one hundred and eighty wide, and two hun-

dred and ten high,—with a Gothic arched roof, dimly lighted by the candles of the miners. At the opposite end to that by which we entered, was a huge portal, reaching nearly to the top of the chamber, and affording entrance to a second, and that again to a third hall of equal extent with the first. On a signal being given, a sudden blaze burst forth in each of these chambers, and lighted up the whole space with a brilliant illumination. It was the grandest sight I had ever beheld. The walls were of solid rock-salt, which, if not so dazzling as writers are generally pleased to describe it, was extremely beautiful from the variety of its colours. It resembled highly polished white marble veined with brown, the colours running in broad wavy lines.

The size of these halls, the effect of the light, the grandeur and extreme simplicity of the form, with the exquisite purity of the material, impressed me with a feeling of their architectural beauty, beyond that of almost any object of art I know. No words can express the intense enjoyment with which I regarded them.

As soon as we could sober down sufficiently to listen to the details of our conductor, he pointed out the whole floor of the chamber, covered with workmen employed in detaching and shaping vast masses of the salt preparatory to its ascent. It is cut by means of sharp hammers into long blocks of about one foot in diameter, which are afterwards broken up into masses, weighing from fifty-eight to fifty-nine pounds each, and in this form it is brought to market. The accuracy with which they can measure the weight is extraordinary. After shaping his block above and on the sides, the miner calls to two or three of his neighbours to aid him in detaching its base from the rock. This is effected by repeated blows of very heavy hammers on the upper surface, the most exact time and equality of force being maintained. This is the severest part of their labour, but it lasts only a few minutes at a time.

The number of workmen employed here is about three hundred. Among these are Magyars, Wallacks and Germans. The Magyars are said to work the hardest, but also to drink the hardest. I believe the tales one so often hears of men being born and dying in mines without ever having seen the light is pure fiction; it certainly is not the case any where in Hungary, and least of all here. The miners begin their work at three o'clock in the morning and leave it at eleven, and the average rate of wages for eight hours' labour is about ten pence. In

such large spaces the air could scarcely be otherwise than good, and the temperature is always the same—13° of Reaumur—summer and winter. The employment is far from unhealthy, and even children often apply themselves to it very young.

Some of the new workings, which are higher than those we have described, are laid out for the same kind of chambers. In one part a hole has been cut through the roof of the first great hall, and as we looked into the vast abyss, innumerable lights seemed dancing below, and figures flitting round them, while the clear ring of many hammers faintly reached the ear. The poet who would describe a descent to Erebus, might envy me that sight.

The quantity of salt annually produced from these mines is six hundred thousand centners, all of which, with the exception of about thirty thousand used in the neighbourhood is sent to Hungary.* In this calculation I believe the *dust salt*, or broken particles produced by the hammering, is not included. Many thousand centners of this salt are thrown into the river every year. For each of the masses of fifty-eight pounds which we have mentioned above, the miner receives two and a half kreutzers (two pence.) With all the expenses, however, the centner is delivered at the pit's mouth, for about twenty-four kreutzers *c. m.*, or ten pence. It is sold in Transylvania at three florins and a half, or seven shillings, the centner. The greater part, however, is sent by the Maros to Szegedin, at an expense of about ten pence more each centner. It is sold there at seven guldens and a half, or fifteen shillings, the centner!

There has been so much complaint against this price of salt in the Diet, that we must say a few words more about it.

A monopoly of the sale of salt is one of the Royal privileges, acknowledged as such by the nation, and enjoyed by the Crown for a long succession of years. It can hardly be supposed, however, that the right of the Crown can extend to raising the price of one of the first necessaries of life to any amount it may think fit; for this would be the admission of an indefinite and irrespon-

* The east of Transylvania is supplied from mines in the Szekler land, which we shall visit later, and the North of Hungary chiefly from Velicska and the Marmaros. In a small work on Transylvania, published by M. Lebrecht, in 1804, the amount of salt furnished by Transylvania, is stated at above a million centners. The price was then one fifteenth of what it is at present. The population has increased, and the consumption fallen off. Is not the elevation of price the cause?

sible right of taxation on all classes. To go no farther back than 1800, the price of salt was at half a florin (one shilling) per centner. The long and exhausting wars, which brought on two national bankruptcies within a few years of each other, were an excuse for raising this price to three florins and a half in Transylvania, and seven and a half in Hungary. Even during the continuance of the war, complaints enough were heard against this augmentation, and since that time they have become every year more angry and more just. Now there are several reasons which render the continuance of this exorbitant burden peculiarly injudicious. First of all, it has a bad reputation. The *gabelle* has been so often the cry by which a revolutionary leader has excited the passions of a mob,—it is so closely associated with recollections which all prudent statesmen would avoid awakening, that one cannot help wondering it should be continued. And then, hitherto, the Hungarians have entertained a notion that their cattle could not live without a large admixture of salt with their food; but they are beginning to find out that this is an error, and to see that although the cattle like salt and will eat coarser food with it than they would without, it is neither necessary to keep them in health nor to feed them; and if such a discovery spreads very far, it will cause a greater loss to the revenue than the diminution of two-thirds of the price of the salt, for the quantity used by men is small in proportion to that given to the cattle.

But the most extraordinary part of the affair is, that the Government incurs this obloquy, and runs the chance of this loss, all to no purpose. The whole line of frontier, from the Adriatic to the boundaries of Russia, is beautifully adapted for smuggling; and bulky as salt is, I can assure the reader it is smuggled in along the whole of this frontier. If I am asked from whom I have obtained this information, I can only answer from some of the Government salt officers in Hungary, who told me that they themselves bought their salt from the smugglers! If any Austrian official doubts the extent to which this traffic is carried on, let him compare the returns from the frontier counties with those from the interior, in proportion to their population, and he will hardly doubt the fact.

I have been shown the salt smuggler's paths on the frontiers of Wallachia, where they often come over with whole troops of laden horses. I have heard from the county magistrates, that it was ridiculous to attempt to oppose them; that they had the

sympathy of the peasantry with them, and were not only able to bribe the border guard, but that they came in such numbers, and so well armed, that they did not dare to make a show of resisting them. I doubt if there is one great proprietor in the south of Hungary, who uses Government salt, except in such quantity as decency requires to blind officers who do not wish to see. In that part of Hungary, bordering on Transylvania, the more tender-conscienced declare they would not use Turkish salt on any account; but I found that that was because it was cheaper to smuggle it from Transylvania, where it is only half the price it is in Hungary. "Oh!" they exclaimed, when charged with this peccadillo, "we buy the emperor's salt, at any rate; we don't go to those rascally Turks for it:"—absolutely priding themselves on their loyalty, when compared with the sinnings of their neighbours.

And, then, what has become of the paternal anxiety to keep out the plague, which led to the establishment of such a vast and perpetual cordon as that of the borderers? It is certain, that not a day terminates in which men with bags of salt do not pass from one country to the other, without any intervention of quarantine, or process of purification. For the maintenance of a paltry tax, the health of all Europe is constantly exposed to an invasion of the plague!

The foreign trade, of course, is entirely lost by the increase of price; and Wallachia, Moldavia, and Servia, which formerly drew their salt from Hungary, now, as we have seen, return the compliment.

22nd.—Karlsburg. We arrived here last night, after a pleasant drive along the rich and beautiful valley of the Maros. Every day these valleys of Transylvania gain on one's affections. They are so green, so smiling, so varied in their beauties, that it is impossible not to love them.

Our host, we find, is a character. *Krumme* (lame) Peter, as he is called, is a noble; and, besides the privileges of his order, he is one of those happy mortals who have achieved the right to say and do whatsoever seemeth them good to whomsoever they please. Though his inn is by no means the best, and although he allows no one to find fault, every body goes to it for the sake of Krumme Peter. It is amusing to see how quietly he assumes an equality with the proudest Count or Baron of the state; how he discusses their families, their fortunes, their opinions, and what sharp home truths he sometimes tells under that air of half-dignity,

half-buffoonery, he commonly puts on. And then Krumme Peter keeps a table which might content a bishop, and he does the honours of it, too, with a feeling of the importance of the duty; and, after all, he charges you so little, that you begin yourself to doubt whether you have not been his guest rather than his customer.

Karlsburg is formed by two distinct towns, the one, a long, ill-built, straggling village, occupying the plain; the other, a handsome fortress, containing many good buildings and neatly laid out, situated on the hill above. We reached the fortress by a winding road, defended by walls, into which were built a number of Roman statues, and tablets bearing inscriptions. These are remains of the Roman Colonia Apulensis, which occupied the site of Karlsburg. Within the fortress is a museum, in which still more interesting antiquities of the same period are preserved. Colonia seems to have been the mining capital of the Romans in Dacia, the seat of the Collegium Aurariarum, and the residence of the Procurator or chief officer of the gold mines.

The present fortress is of no greater age than the time of Charles the VI. (1715,) whose name it bears. As a fortress, nothing can be worse placed; it is ill-supplied with water, and commanded by the neighbouring hills. It is said to have been built after a plan of Prince Eugene's; and, if I mistake not, it is not the only bad fortification I have heard attributed to him.

In the centre of the fortress is a fine cathedral, built in fulfilment of a vow to St. Michael, made by Hunyadi János, in the battle of St. Imré. I think it was in this battle that the order had been given to the Turkish army to seek out and destroy Hunyadi, who was distinguished by his white plume and brilliant armour. This news having been reported to the Hungarians, Keměny, one of the officers of Hunyadi, assumed the armour of his chief, and nobly devoted himself to a certain death, to save his country the loss of her greatest general. The cathedral, which is small, is in a style half Gothic, half Byzantine, characteristic enough of the age and history of its erection. The exterior is heavy, and the ornaments, which are in the barbarous taste of the Byzantine school, are far from relieving it. The interior, however, is in a more bold and pure Gothic style; and the tracery on the capitals of some of the long slender pillars, is as graceful and light as any thing in York.

For a long time, this cathedral was the favourite burying-place of the princes of Transylvania. The tombs of Hunyadi,

and his beheaded son Ladislaus, and another of his family, though much injured, are still interesting. The figures of the knights, which resemble those we so often see in our own churches, decorate the top of each sarcophagus. That of Hunyadi is represented as clothed in a flowing mantle, beneath which is a tight surcoat, fastened round the waist by a cord, and which, falling back from the legs, displays the tight pantaloons, resembling those worn at the present day. The two other figures are of a later date, and are of much ruder workmanship. They are both in armour, but with waists more ridiculously pinched in, than even a Paris milliner would venture on. Still further, we found the tomb of Isabella, and her son, John Sigmund Zápolya. It was this princess who introduced from Poland, her native country, the doctrines of Unitarianism into Transylvania, and who likewise granted equal rights and privileges to the four churches, which still constitute the established religions of the country. This monument is in white marble, of a considerable size, and ornamented with bas-reliefs, interesting as illustrating the costume and mode of warfare of that age. We find cannon and heavy arquebuses already in use, although the horsemen are completely encased in armour. The chivalry of Transylvania is seen advancing in battle array, each knight bearing on his spear not only his banner, but a kind of tuft, something like the horse tails of a Turkish Pasha. Under the great porch, we observed, on one side a slab, to the memory of George Rákótzy I., and on the opposite side was the pedestal of another, of which the slab had been removed. It is said, that in 1716, when the Catholics again obtained possession of the cathedral—for it had served in turn Catholic, Unitarian, and Calvinist—they had the pitiful bigotry to destroy the monument of Bethlen Gábor, which formerly stood there. The verger denied all cognizance of the matter, but confessed he knew nothing of any such monument; and I must say, this vacant place looks very much as if the allegation were true. I could not help smiling at the pious horror the verger seemed to have of Protestant persecution, when he said, that during the time the Protestants possessed the church, they only allowed the Catholics the use of the porch, which was fitted up as an oratory; but he forgot to say that the Catholics did not leave the Protestants even that poor privilege, but turned them out altogether.

The Transylvanian mint, where all the gold found in Transylvania is coined, stands near the cathedral. We were allowed

to walk in and examine it without difficulty. We found them at work with some new presses made by an Englishman in Vienna; they spoke of them in high terms, and they were certainly very superior to those we had seen at Kremnitz. The average monthly coinage I have seen stated at 100,000 florins (10,000*l.* sterling.) This is probably about correct, for I find the whole amount of gold said to be produced in Transylvania, estimated at 2500 marks (the mark, 36*l.* 12*s.*) or 91,500*l.*; of silver, 500 marks, (mark, 2*l.* 10*s.*) or 12,500*l.*; together 104,000*l.* Great complaints are made by private speculators in mines, against the facilities afforded by the mint to gold robbers. In an article of so much value, it is almost impossible to prevent the common miners from stealing when occasions offer; but good police regulations, which would prevent jewellers from purchasing raw metal, and strict observance on the part of the mint, to receive it only from persons who can have obtained it honestly,—and that is easily known, for every mining adventurer must possess a permission from the Crown—would do much to check the practice. Here, on the contrary, every grain is eagerly grasped at by the mint under the absurd and mischievous notion which we have often had to notice, that it might otherwise be sold out of the country, and so impoverish the land. Thus we see a government establishment from pure ignorance of the simplest principles of political economy, labouring to demoralize those whom it ought, and whom I believe it wishes only to benefit.

On quitting Karlsburg, for the mines of Zalathna, we left the valley of the Maros, and with it, to all appearance, the habitable world itself. A secluded valley cut out of the hard rock by the little river Ompoly, whose banks we followed, brought us at last however to our journey's end. It was a sultry day, and five long hours did it take us to accomplish the task. Not that we had any thing to complain of; the valley was often pretty, and every now and then a curious rock, which seemed, as it were, to have started from the side of the mountain, gave occupation to our thoughts in attempting to account for the manner of its formation. And a still more pleasant theme for musing,—for it was on the kindliness of the heart of man,—did we discover in a custom of this secluded valley. Under the cool shade of a large spreading tree by the road-side, and just high enough to place it out of the reach of cattle, we noticed a small wooden frame, something like that often seen in Catholic countries, containing the image of a favourite saint. Instead of a saint, how-

ever, in this one there was a large pitcher, such as the peasants commonly use for carrying water. Opposite this tree our peasant driver deliberately pulled up his horses, and getting off the box, took down the pitcher from its niche, and, after first offering it to us, indulged in a long and hearty draught of the pure fresh water it contained. To the Transylvanian peasant, under a Transylvanian sun, a great quantity of water is an absolute necessary. Of that we had been often made aware, for our coachmen constantly stopped the carriage without thinking it at all necessary to ask permission whenever they saw a well, or a clear stream, to quench their thirst; we had often, too, seen the peasant woman, as she carried home her full pitcher from the well, offer it to the passing traveller without a moment's hesitation, though it cost her the trouble of returning some distance to refill it. But here, where no friendly spring was nigh, some neighbouring peasant family had undertaken to supply the deficiency by erecting this little structure, and providing it with a constant supply of fresh water. How many a weary traveller had gained fresh strength from the bounty of this unknown hand! "I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink;"—never were the words of our Saviour more beautifully illustrated; never was charity performed in a more Christian spirit.

23rd.—At Zalathna itself, there was little to be seen beyond the smelting houses, which differed in no essential points from those we had seen before. At some distance further up into the mountains, in the neighbourhood of Vörös Patak, we had heard that there were some extraordinary mines, and, somewhere in the same direction a basaltic mountain of very wonderful proportions. So having spent a good part of the morning in providing a guide and saddle horses,—for we were told it was impossible to make the excursion in a carriage,—we ate an early dinner and started. Besides ourselves and the Wallack guide, we set Miklós between a couple of carpet bags, on a fourth horse, that he might serve as interpreter and general provider. Our immediate destination was Abrud Bánya, where we were promised beds and supper.

For the first two hours the road led us along a thickly wooded valley, where our horses had some difficulty to find a footing among the loose stones with which it was filled. No solitude could be more complete; during the whole time not a soul crossed our path. Just at the point where we were to leave this valley, and cross the mountain, about half the distance to Abrud Bánya,

we came suddenly on a comfortable-looking little inn, with half a dozen carriages and a number of servants standing before the door. A more unexpected apparition could scarcely have presented itself in the back woods of America.

We had hardly passed the door before some of the servants came running after us with their masters' salutations, requesting to know who we were, and where we were going, and offering us, at the same time, their company on the road. The first part of the matter I had no hesitation in satisfying, but the latter was more than I could undertake. I know that I was wrong,—I am perfectly aware that a traveller who undertakes to amuse or instruct others by his travels, is in duty bound to suffer all manner of annoyances; to go "pokin his nose"—as a certain minister for foreign affairs expresses it when his protection is asked for an enterprise of difficulty and danger—into all manner of disagreeables, where he has any hope of extracting amusement or information; and from these gentlemen I have no doubt I might have obtained much, for they were the great mining notabilities from the whole country round—the Berg Raths and Berg Inspectors, and I know not who else beside,—who had been solemnly admitting a new member into their body, of course over a good dinner, that forming a part of all solemn ceremonies all over the world. I know, therefore, how much I have failed, and I impose this confession on myself as a punishment for my backsliding; but really I had not the courage to go through the ordeal of answering all their questions about ourselves, our objects, and our travels; of listening to all their remarks thereon, and, above all, of suffering their hospitality—for there are moments when well-meant but rude hospitality inflicts much suffering. In fact I must have been out of temper, for all I could bring my politeness to do, was to answer their queries, that they might not take us for spies, or what not, and apologize, on the plea of a coming storm, for not delaying longer on the way.

As we passed the mountain, we had occasion again to wonder at the strange passion the middle classes here seem to have for travelling in carriages in preference to horseback or on foot. The road was frightful; in many places it was positively dangerous, and every where rough enough to dislocate the best-set bones; yet we met a young man of not more than twenty, sitting out all this in a wagon without springs, and smoking his meerschaum just as composedly as if he had been enjoying himself exceedingly.

When we had reached the other side of the mountain, and had again descended into a valley, we found ourselves in the midst of mining operations on every side. Not a little stream but was employed in moving crushing-mills and washing ore. Most of those we remarked were working gold ores, which prevail over the whole of this district; but some also those of mercury, which occurs in the form of cinnabar. I was sorry not to have an opportunity of seeing the process by which the mercury is extracted from the cinnabar; but I could not make out even where it is carried on.

Abrud Bánya, which we reached before sunset, is a little metropolis in its way, and like many of the mining towns, astonishes the stranger by an exhibition of wealth and luxury which he little expects to find in the midst of the wildest natural scenery. Many of the houses are large, and really handsomely built. Some have owed their origin to persons whom a lucky mining adventure has made suddenly rich, others to the officers of Government who, somehow or other, manage to live well, and acquire wealth in spite of their paltry salaries:—I leave the explanation of this interesting mystery to the penetration of their employers.

24th.—We got off this morning at an early hour, in hopes of reaching Zalathna before night, but the accounts of the distance as well as of what we have to see, are so various and contradictory, that it seems highly probable we may have to bivouac somewhere in the mountains. Our first point was the mines of Vörös Patak, the *Csetátie* or fortress, as it is called. For the first hour we kept along a good road, constructed for the conveyance of the ores from Vörös Patak to Abrud Bánya, where they are smelted. The country was a succession of mountains as far as the eye could reach, for the most part covered with wood, or pasture. We noticed several, however, the lower portions of which were conical, while their summits offered a singular appearance of a small table-land supported by bare cliffs. At a distance they looked like rocky islands, standing out from a stormy ocean. From their white appearance, I suspect them to be limestone.

On leaving the road, which would have conducted us to the bottom of the valley in which lies Vörös Patak, we turned along the back of the mountain, and in about half an hour arrived at the *Csetátie Mike*, or little fortress. This hill is so called from the appearance of a ruined fortress,—or rather of a honeycomb, bored through and through on every side,—which it presents.

The most unlearned of my readers are probably aware that in the generality of mines, the metalliferous ores are found in veins which traverse the mountains in various directions, and that it is the duty of the miner to pursue these wherever they may go, removing only so much of the surrounding matter as is necessary to enable him to carry on his operations; here, on the contrary, the whole mountain mass contains gold, and it is, in consequence, cut away somewhat as we often see stone in a common quarry, and in this form it is conveyed to the crushing-mills, and broken up. Sometimes it is found too in a nest, or bunch, that is a small extent containing much more ore than the surrounding mass. Formerly, however, it possessed veins, too, of wonderful richness, and these the early miners have pursued and exhausted, and it is to the open mouths of these old levels, and to the peculiar operations carried on at the present time, that it owes its remarkable appearance.*

The *Csetátie Mare* (the great fortress,) on the other side of the mountain, is still more curious. The whole top of the mountain has fallen in, and produced a kind of vast hall, open above, in the very heart of the mountain itself. From the side of the mountain we entered an old level, large enough for laden horses to pass through—something like a covered way into a fortress—and in a short time arrived at a large circular space completely walled in by solid rock. Above us was a wide opening,—something like what the crater of a volcano may seem to Vulcan's friends as they amuse themselves below—and round about a number of open passages of every size and shape. These openings were the remains of former workings, and they were highly illustrative of the history of mining in Transylvania. There were small passages scarcely large enough for the body of a man, which I am inclined to refer to the efforts of the barbarians both before and after the conquest of Dacia; then there were the stately chiselled levels of the Roman workmen, and here and there marks of where the fire had done its work; and again the more careless traces of the modern Wallack's labours. It is probable that the greater part of this space had been exhausted before the top fell in; and from the appearance of the masses which still encumber it, I should imagine it to have been a mere shell. Some of the old Roman levels, which we followed deeper into the mountain

* I strongly recommend the careful study of this mountain and district, to those interested in the inquiry, as to the origin and causes of metalliferous veins.

to see the present workings, are really splendid. I think it is no exaggeration to say that a carriage and pair might drive along them.

It is a curious fact in the history of labour that there are no large capitals employed in working these mines; they are entirely in the hands of poor peasants, who work them either singly or in small associations of two or three persons. When the mountain was richer, Government found it worth while to work on its own account; but since it has become poorer, none but the peasants, it is said, can get a good profit out of it. Accordingly, when a peasant makes an application for a grant of so many square yards of mountain it is never refused him, unless it interferes with the workings of some of his neighbours. The working we visited was carried on by a father, two sons, and their mother. The father bored, blasted, and filled the panniers, while one son sometimes aided him, sometimes drove the horse from the mine to the crushing-mill. Here the other son and the mother were engaged, or sometimes the mother alone. In other cases the same hands dig the ore, transport it to the river, dress it, wash it, and finally convey it to Abrud Bánya. It is scarcely necessary to say, with such a system, that all these processes are carried on in the rudest possible manner. As we looked from the top of this mountain into the valley below, I think we must have seen not less than five hundred crushing-mills and washing-floors within the space of a couple of English miles. They consisted of a single small wheel, generally deficient in half its buckets, which moves three crushing-poles, none of which go equally, and one of which is generally wanting, or broken. As the crushed stuff falls down, it is carried by the water over a single board, and the small residue it leaves is collected, and without further dressing, transported to the smelting-house. In spite of the excessive rudeness of these mechanical processes, and the loss they occasion, the peasants manage to get rich by them. Vörös Patak is said to abound with houses loaded with every luxury the ignorant Wallack peasant can think of. It is impossible to attribute this to any other cause than the stimulus which interest excites and the discoveries which the number of minds directed to one object, and so stimulated, are constantly producing. Of course, in these circumstances a vast amount of inquisitive research and speculative energy is necessarily called into action; and although those who employ it are very ignorant and very poor, and not very industrious, they can make a profit where scientific knowledge,

unlimited capital, and well-directed division of labour, confess themselves unable to compete with advantage. This is, perhaps, one of the strongest facts in favour of individual energy against associated capital and its concomitant advantages, of any I know.

I must not forget that in passing between the two Csetáties, we observed a peasant carefully scraping up the soil from the little path we followed,* and depositing it in a basket beside him, much in the same way as we see the children collect manure on our high roads,—but with this difference, that the Transylvanian obtained gold ready made to his hand, while our own countrymen only acquire a means of aiding industry in its acquisition. I dare say every body has heard of streets paved with gold; but I must confess I had always believed it a romance; here, however, it was a serious reality. In fact, the road was formed of stones from the nearest rock, which we already know contains gold, and as it had been raining during the night, it was no wonder that the water should have washed away the lighter particles which had been crushed to dust under the feet of the passers, and left the heavier ore glittering in the sun behind.

After we had satisfied ourselves with admiration at the extraordinary phenomena of the Csetátie, and listened to the clattering of the five hundred mills of Vörös Patak, we again took to our horses and pursued a hilly road, which was to lead us to the basaltic mountain. Our route lay over the same kind of green mountains we had seen the whole of the day, and was only varied by our stumbling every now and then on some strange little mining settlement which had buried itself in a hidden nook, or perched itself on a mountain top, as the object of its search might have dictated. We met a fat and jolly-looking Wallack peasant in the course of the morning, whom our guide pointed out to us as possessing more gold than any count or baron in the country. He was riding beside a wagon drawn by bullocks, in which sat his servant dressed just like himself. The guide could give us no idea of the amount of his wealth, which he said was so much that the man could not count it himself. The only approximation to a fixed sum we could obtain, was, that he received a whole wagon-load of ducats from the Karlsburg mint every two months, in return for the gold he sent there. Whatever may

* Pliny describes nearly the same scene in his day.

be the troubles riches bring in their train, they certainly had not as yet affected our Wallack, for he was one of the merriest-looking peasants I ever saw.

After about a two hours' ride we emerged from a wood of dark pines, and found ourselves in presence of the *Detonata* (thunderbolt,) a basaltic rock of about two hundred feet in height, crowning the top of a mountain; and though exceedingly curious, far less wonderful than we had been led to expect, or than those who had never seen any thing of the kind before believed it to be. It is composed of columns, some of which are nearly perpendicular and others horizontal. I observed no less than five different inclinations in these pillars. They are most irregularly formed and much smaller than those of Fingal's Cave; indeed, they can bear no comparison with the latter. Some of these columns have a slanting direction, and have been fancied by the peasants to have some resemblance to a fiddle, whence it is also called the Black Stone Fiddle (*Piatra Csityera Nyagra.*) The name Detonata, by which it is commonly known, is not uninteresting, as it is accompanied by the belief that this rock has been produced by some sudden convulsion attended with the noise of thunder. It must be remembered that this tradition is found among the Dacians, the oldest inhabitants of the country; and if it can be supposed to have its foundation in fact, I believe it would be the only instance in which we have any evidence of the production of a columnar basaltic rock, since this globe has been inhabited by man.

While we were climbing the back of these rocks, and Miklós was spreading out the contents of our prog basket under the shade of the pines, the guide had disappeared in search of a frozen spring near the base of the mountain, in hopes of procuring some ice to cool our wine. He returned, however, empty-handed, for it had formed so compact a mass that he could not detach any of it without a hatchet. Our ride, however, had furnished us with a good apology for such luxuries, and stretched out on a soft bed of moss, we managed to do credit to our meal even without iced wine. It was already four o'clock before we could leave the Detonata, and we had still another mine to visit and a long journey before us ere we could reach Zalathna. Our horses were refreshed, however, by their food and rest, and we again mounted and pushed on.

There was nothing very remarkable in the mine we visited. It belonged to a private company, who were just erecting one of

those curious water engines which are peculiar I believe to Hungary. It consisted of a cylinder and piston, much like that of a steam-engine, but instead of the piston being moved by the expansive power of steam, it is pressed down by the weight of a vertical column of water which passes out at the bottom, where another stream is admitted which forces the piston up again. Its great advantage is in the vast power obtained by it from a very small quantity of water. Of course it can only be used where the fall is great. There were three hundred men employed in this mine. I have been told by the chief proprietor that the pay of the *Hauer* (cutter,)—the lowest order of workmen, answering to our *tut* workers,—who is paid by the piece, amounts to about six or eight florins, *c. m.* (twelve or sixteen shillings) per month. They rarely work more than four or five days per week, and never more than eight hours per day. The *Sprenger* (blaster,) and *Hutleute* (smelters,) have fixed wages, varying from ten to twenty florins, *c. m.* (twenty to forty shillings) per month. My informant adds, "the double of this amount would not be too much if the stealing could be prevented; but as things exist at present, that is impossible."

After a six hours' ride through woods and over mountains, at first illuminated by all the brilliancy of an autumn sunset, and then varied by the cold tints of the pale moon, we at last arrived at Zalathna; and having given orders for an early start to-morrow, lay down to dream of gold mines and golden pavements, and wagon-loads of ducats, and I know not what beside.

Before I leave this curious district, however, and with it all further reference to mining matters, let me say a few words on the gold-washing, and gold-washers of Transylvania.

In some parts of Hungary, and in almost every part of Transylvania, but especially in that through which our wanderings have lately conducted us, a large quantity of gold is annually procured from the sand deposited by the rivers and brooks. There is scarcely a single river in Transylvania of which the sands do not contain more or less gold, but the most celebrated are the Aranyos (golden,) the Maros, the Strigy, the Körös, and the Szamos. The gold is commonly found in the upper part of these streams, before the sand becomes mixed with mud from the richer lands of the valleys. There can be no doubt that the gold is derived from the decomposition of metalliferous rocks, from the attrition of detached masses, and sometimes, though more rarely, from the breaking up of a vein of ore itself, by

means of running water. As it is mixed in very small quantities with other débris, it becomes only worth the search where it has been collected by the operation of natural causes in a greater proportionate quantity than that in which it originally existed—in short, only when nature has dressed and washed it. This occurs after a flood, at the elbows, or bends of rivers, where the water, surcharged with broken matter, which its unusual force has enabled it to bring down, flows slower and deposits the heavier particles, carrying the lighter further on. In such spots the gold-washers collect when the flood has abated; and taking up the sand in wooden shovels or scoops, they move it about in a small quantity of water till all but the metalliferous particles are washed away.

The gold occurs in various forms, from the most complete dust to pieces of the size of a pigeon's egg, though I need scarcely say the former is by far the most common. I believe the greater part of the gold obtained by the gold-washers is nearly pure, indeed, I am not aware that they attempt to gather it when mixed with other matter. I have no means of ascertaining the amount of gold washed in Transylvania. In the Banat I have seen it stated, that from 1813 to 1818, the proceeds amounted to two thousand one hundred and thirty-eight ducats.

This branch of industry is almost entirely in the hands of the gipsies. The Government grants a gipsy band the privilege of washing the sands of a certain brook, on condition of their paying a yearly rent, which is never less than three ducats in pure gold per head for every washer. A gipsy judge, or captain, settles this matter with the Government, and is answerable for the rest of the tribe from whom he collects the whole of their earnings, and, after paying the tribute, redivides it.

In returning to Klausenburg, we remained some time at Nagy Enyed, where there is a large Protestant college, to visit Professor Szász, one of the most distinguished men in Transylvania, both in a literary and political point of view. Elected by the citizens of Enyed, to represent them at the Diet, Professor Szász, in spite of the prejudice felt by the aristocracy at this intrusion of a literary *parvenu* within their circle, gained so great a power by the accuracy and extent of his knowledge, so great an influence by the simplicity and uprightness of his character, and so willing an auditory from the brilliancy of his eloquence and the logical correctness of his arguments, that he soon became one of the most important leaders of the moderate opposition. Mode-

rate as he was, however, Professor Szász has not escaped the anger of the Government; and he, too, is under trial, on some trumpery charges, evidently got up purely to annoy and intimidate him. We found the Professor at his books in a braided military-looking coat, and sporting a pair of very imposing mustaches. His dress, however, was only the academical costume of Enyed, where both students and professors wear the national uniform. As for the mustaches, of late years all but the clergy have worn them; and I should not be surprised if they did so too before long. After some conversation, in which the Professor explained to us the history and present state of the college of Enyed, he kindly offered to show us over it.

It appears to have been originally founded at Karlsburg, by Bethlen Gábor, for the education of the members of the Reformed Church, and to have been endowed by him with very considerable estates. It was afterwards removed to Enyed, on the destruction of Karlsburg, by Apafy. During a period of temporary distress—I forget the exact time—when the college was in danger of perishing from the want of funds, a deputation was sent over by the Protestants of Transylvania, to request pecuniary aid from their brethren in England. The call was generously answered, and a fund was formed, which is still deposited in the Bank of England, and from which the college of Enyed receives an annual revenue of 1,000*l.* It is wonderful what a feeling of friendship, what a sentiment of brotherhood with England, this gift, though now completely forgotten among us, still maintains among the Transylvanian Protestants. The revenue derived from this source has been expended for some years past on the erection of a range of new buildings for the residence of the students, which, when finished, will make a very respectable appearance.

There are in all about one thousand students, of whom three hundred are *Togati*, or *Déak;* the rest, mere children. The course of study is divided into three periods. The first is so arranged, that at the end of it those who are intended for the smaller trades shall have acquired a sufficient education to fit them for their avocations, while it has served also as a foundation for a more extended course of education to the others. It includes religion, writing, arithmetic, book-keeping, geography, a little history, particularly that of their own country, with some notices of natural history, drawing, and singing.

The next division includes three more years, and is dedicated, in addition to a further development of the preceding subjects, to Latin, Greek, and German; mathematics, belles lettres, rhetoric, and logic.

After these six years' preliminary study, the scholar becomes a Deák, and enters on what may be called a regular academical course, which lasts six years more. He has now, too, the privilege of becoming a tutor to the younger scholars. The first four years he must study mathematics, physics, chemistry, natural history, metaphysics, logic, æsthetics, natural law, ethics, physiology, history, laws and constitution of Transylvania, with its statistics, politics, &c. &c. The last two years, the student is allowed to choose his own course of study,—I presume, to enable him to perfect himself in any speciality to which he may choose to dedicate himself. It is during this period, that the divinity students take their Hebrew and theology courses. To teach all this knowledge, there are only eight professors, none of whom have more than 50*l*. a year. I need scarcely say, that there must be much that is very superficial, and, therefore, nearly useless, in a course of so much pretension, when the means are so slight for rendering it efficient.

Several students commonly live in the same room. In the junior classes, they pay some very small sum, I think a fee of four shillings, on entering a new class; in the higher, the instruction is not only gratis, but they even receive assistance from the funds of the college.*

Professor Szász introduced us to one of his colleagues, Professor Herepei, who enjoys the highest reputation for pulpit eloquence of any clergyman of the Reformed Church in Transylvania. We had proposed to visit the library and museum, but the curator was out of the way, and the key nowhere to be found. Neither the one nor the other is said to be in a very flourishing condition. The students and professors come together here much more than with us. They have a club, or casino, in the town, where they meet, and smoke, and read the journals together, without stiffness or restraint.

For general education, I believe Enyed stands higher than any

* Besides Enyed, the Reformed Church in Transylvania has colleges in Klausenburg, Maros Vásárhely and Udvarhely, and Gymnasia in Zilah, Szászvaros, Décs, Kezdi Vásárhely, Thorda, and Salzburg.

other college in Transylvania. Its pupils are commonly supposed to receive a strong bias towards liberalism during their academical residence. It is on this account, that Government has been making some attempts to interfere with the system of education among the Protestants; but it has been resisted as illegal by the Consistory, and, I believe, with success.

CHAPTER X.

THE SZEKLERS AND THE SZEKLER-LAND.

The Szeklers—their ancient Rights and modern Position.—The Mezőség.—Maros Vásárhely.—Chancellor Teleki and his Library.—A Szekler Inn.—The Szekler Character.—Salt Rocks at Szováta.—The Cholera and the spare Bed.—Miseria cum aceto.—Glories of *Grock*.—Salt-Mines of Parayd.—Udvarhely.—St. Pál.—Excursion to Almás.—Superstition.—The Cavern.—Sepsi St. György.—Kezdi Vásárhely.—The French Brewer.—The Szekler Schools.—Szekler Hospitality.—The Budos.—The Három-Szék.

When next we left Klausenburg, it was to visit the east and south of Transylvania, two districts inhabited by different nations and governed by different laws from those in which we had hitherto sojourned.

I have already said that the Szeklers were found by the Magyars in the country which they now occupy on their first entrance, and on account of similarity of language and origin, were granted favours refused to the original inhabitants of the country. They were allowed the full enjoyment of their freedom on condition of defending the eastern frontier.

Even from this early period the Szeklers claim to have been all equal, all free, all noble; a privileged class and a servile class were alike unknown—the only difference among the richer of them being derived from the number of men each could bring into the field,—among the poorer, from the circumstance of their serving on horseback or on foot. Changes, however, have crept in amongst them in the lapse of so many centuries. The richer and more powerful have gradually introduced on their own estates the system in operation in the rest of Transylvania, and the peasant and the seigneur are now found in the Szekler-land as elsewhere. Titles too, and letters of nobility have been freely scattered through the country, and have gradually cast a slur on those who possess them not. Taxation also, and the forcible introduction of the border system, instead of the desultory service of former times, have made great changes in the position of the Szek-

lers. As almost all these changes, however, have been introduced without the consent of the people, and often by the employment of open force, they are still regarded as illegal by the Szeklers, who are consequently among the most discontented of any portion of the Transylvanians. It would be absurd in me to enter further into the question of their laws and institutions, for even the most learned among themselves, confess that there is so much confusion in them, that even they cannot make them out. This I know, that every Szekler claims to be a noble born, and declares that if he had his rights he should neither pay taxes nor serve but when an insurrection of the whole nobility of the country took place. I know also that, in fact, there are among them Counts and Barons who call themselves magnates, nobles by letters patent, and free Szeklers without letters, besides borderers and peasants, and that the free Szeklers and nobles, who have not more than two peasants, pay taxes, just like the peasants, though in other respects they have rights like the nobles.

All these circumstances were not known to us when we set out on this expedition. Every Hungarian you speak to is sure to tell you that the Szeklers are all noble, and you consequently expect to find a whole nation with equal rights and privileges, among which freedom from seigneurial oppression, and from government taxation, are both alike included. This was the opinion we were led to form, and of course our curiosity was proportionately raised to observe their influence on the state of the people. It was only when we saw how much matters seemed to be managed here as in other parts of the country, that we got to the real state of the case, and discovered that though the Szeklers may have been once all equal and noble, and though they still lay claim to all manner of rights and privileges, they have not in reality enjoyed them, for I know not how many centuries.

Our route lay through one of the most curious parts of Transylvania, the Mezöség. This is a district of considerable extent, characterized by the fertility of its soil, and the extreme misery of its inhabitants. The people are mostly Wallacks, and appear worse clothed, worse lodged, and more uncivilized than the inhabitants of any other part of the country. The aspect of the Mezöség is not less curious than the state of its population. It is the only hilly country that I ever saw without a single point of picturesque beauty. As we ascended one hill, and descended another, during a long day's drive, the self-same prospect of brown sun-burnt pasture, unbroken by trees or water, was ever

before us. In so untempting a land, country-houses are extremely rare; indeed, the Mezöség seems to have been altogether a forgotten district, both by nature and man. It is very likely, however, to make itself better known before long. Its extensive pastures begin to acquire a value, now that the growth of Merino wool has been introduced, and the coal, of which traces have been found in several places, will probably produce a rich reward to whomsoever shall work it with skill and prudence.

We reached Maros Vásárhely, the capital of the Szekler-land, about twelve o'clock on the second morning, and proceeded at once to call on Professor Dosa, a friend of Baron W——'s, our companion in this journey, who politely offered to show us the town. Although there is nothing very imposing in the wide streets and small houses, of which Maros Vásárhely is mostly composed, it is rather an important place, and in winter, many of the gentry in the neighbourhood take up their residence within it. Moreover, both Protestants and Catholics have colleges here; the Protestant contains eight hundred, the Catholic three hundred scholars, and these institutions give something of a literary air to its society. Maros Vásárhely is also the seat of the highest legal tribunal in Transylvania, the Royal table, and it is in consequence the great law school of the country. Almost all the young nobles who desire to take any part in public business, as well as all the lawyers, after having finished the regular course of study, think it necessary, under the name of *Juraten*, to pass a year or two here in reading law and attending the court.

The great pride of the town is the fine library of the Telekis, founded by the Chancellor Teleki, and left to his family on the condition of its being always open to the public. It contains about eighty thousand volumes, which are placed in a very handsome building, and kept in excellent order. A reading-room is attached, which is always open, where books are supplied to any one who demands them. There are funds for its support, and the family still continue to add to it as far as they are able. It is most rich in choice editions of the Latin and Greek classics. These works were the favourite studies of the Chancellor himself, who was a man of very extensive learning. What renders this the more remarkable is, the fact of his having entirely acquired it after the age of twenty, and that, too, during the little leisure afforded him from public business. Among the bibliographical curiosities pointed out to us, was an illuminated Latin Bible, which was said to be written on a vegetable leaf. The substance

employed was certainly not papyrus; I should have taken it for very fine vellum. There was also a MS. copy of a work by Servetus, which we were told was unpublished, though, on turning over the fly-leaf, we found a quotation from an edition of the same work printed in London. There was a beautiful MS. of Tacitus from the library of Mathias Corvinus, and splendidly bound, as indeed the whole of that library was.

We were shown the Casino, which seems a flourishing and well-conducted establishment. It numbers two hundred members. As many of the students are too poor to become subscribers to it, and as it is the wish of the professors to give as many as possible an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the utility and conduct of such institutions, free admissions are granted to six of them every month, and such as choose to avail themselves of it, take it in rotation.

In showing us the old Gothic church, which occupies the centre of the former fortress, Professor Dosa observed that it was very nearly being destroyed during the reign of Maria Theresa, because the Protestants were not then allowed to repair their churches; and it was not till Joseph II. broke down the force of the bigots that the Vásárhely Protestants were permitted to new roof their church.

The next day we passed through a hilly and rather pretty country, with many villages, differing in no respect from hundreds we had seen elsewhere, till we arrived at St. György, a village on the Kis Küküllö—the small Kokel,—a river we have before mentioned, as celebrated for its wines. We had been told we should find an inn here, and be able to bait our horses, and get a dinner for ourselves. It was true enough, an inn was found, but the poor landlady declared she had nothing to give us but dry bread, and what was still worse, she had not any corn for our horses. The servants, nevertheless, proceeded to take the horses out of the carriages, in spite of this bad prospect, and on my inquiring what was the use of stopping at a place where neither man nor horse could find his profit, they only smiled, and said they would try if something could not be done. At one end of the village there was a large manor-house, and the coachman at once made for that, sure there would be corn there, and hoping that the steward would sell them what they wanted. In coming along too Miklós had fixed his eyes on some hens which were amusing themselves on the high road, and he soon returned from his forage, bringing with him both the hens and their eggs. Our servants

were fortunately good cooks, and while one set to work to compose an omelette, the other produced an egg soup and a couple of roast fowls. There is certainly nothing like having a servant who knows the work he may have to turn his hand to: I wonder how a well-behaved English valet would have got us out of our difficulty.

The plan we had laid down for ourselves in traversing the Szekler-land, was to visit some salt mines at Szováta, pass through Udvarhely, to an estate of our friend's; from thence, make an excursion to visit a celebrated cave in the neighbourhood, and so pass on into the Saxon-land, visiting its two chief towns, Kronstadt and Hermanstadt, and then return to Klausenburg.

In pursuit of this plan, we followed the little Küküllö nearly to its source, along a very beautiful valley, highly cultivated, and, though naturally far from rich, bearing good crops. The Szeklers inhabit a mountainous country, and are consequently poor; but it was easy to see they are far more industrious than any of the Transylvanians we had before visited. From all I heard of their character, they seem a good deal to resemble the Scotch. The same pride and poverty, the same industry and enterprise, and if they are not belied, the same sharp regard to their own interests. They speak a dialect of the Magyar, which differs but slightly from that used in other parts of the country, except in the peculiar sing-song intonation in which it is uttered. Like most mountaineers, they are but little distinguished for polished and refined manners; even the wealthier are commonly remarkable for a greater rudeness in their bearing than is seen in other parts of the country. This is more than made up, however, by a greater degree of information, and by a firm adherence to their political principles. Like the Scotch, they seem to have advanced in education to an extraordinary degree, so that there are few villages without their schools, few of the humblest Szeklers who cannot read and write. They are of various religions, and each sect is said to be strongly attached to its own.* The Unitarians are in greater proportion here than in any other part of the country; they have about one hundred churches in the Szekler-land. Excepting the Jews and Greeks, all religions enjoy equal rights.

We reached Szováta towards evening, and, as there was no possibility of lodging there for the night, we made the best haste

* Among the Catholics are reckoned the members of the Armenian Catholic, and Greek Catholic churches.

we could to find a guide, and see what was to be seen before dark. This was no such easy matter, however; the cholera had just set in, and its first victim had been one of the chief men of the village. His funeral had taken place the day we arrived; and, as it is a custom of the Szeklers to get especially drunk on these occasions, to dissipate their grief, we found nearly the whole village as glorious in liquor as their friend could be in sanctity. By some chance, one sober man was found at last, and we followed him beyond the village in the direction of a small green hill, which we could perceive at some distance. Judge of our surprise, as we drew nearer, to see before us a real rock of salt! Yes, our green hill was pure rock salt, when seen near, as white as snow, but covered at the top and in many places on the side by a layer of clay, on which grass and trees grew abundantly. Before arriving at the hill itself, we had to cross a little brook which presented a most curious appearance,—its banks, and the numerous stones which stand out from its shallow bed, are all incrusted with crystals of salt, and that, too, so exactly in the form of hoar frost, that, in spite of the warm rays of an autumn sunset, I could scarce persuade myself they were not so till I had tasted them. At this point, a guard, armed with a musket, met us, and accompanied us as long as we remained near. In fact, guards surround the whole of the hill, to prevent the peasants from stealing the salt. This salt-bed, which extends to a considerable distance, is not worked for salt at all; what is required for its immediate neighbourhood, is obtained from Parayd, a few miles off. In spite of all the guards, however, stealing goes on to a considerable extent; indeed, one of the first necessaries of life, so costly if bought, and here in such abundance, and to be had for the trouble of picking up, must offer too strong a temptation for the poor man to withstand. Probably, too, the guards themselves are the greatest robbers. There seems to be no end to the quantity of salt in this neighbourhood; in many places, the peasant has only to scrape away the dirt of his cottage floor to obtain salt beneath it. It is said that in Transylvania alone, there is sufficient salt to supply all Europe for some thousand years!

As we got nearer, we found the herbage and the crops of Indian corn looking as well on the salt rock as on any other soil; nor could we observe any difference in the plants here and in the neighbourhood. We examined several of the cliffs, which were very beautiful. In some, the rain has formed channels and fur-

rows, which again have given rise to pinnacles, covered with bright crystals of salt, something like Gothic minarets in miniature. On the other side, we were told, the cliffs are much higher and finer; but it was at least three miles round, and it was already too dark to allow us to undertake the journey. We made a stout resolution to return the next day, and get a sketch of these wonderful cliffs, but it turned out so wet, that it was impossible.

When we got back to the village, and the tipsy gentry had learned our friend's name,—one to which all Szekler-land is deeply attached,—it was with the utmost difficulty we could get away. The dead man's house, as the best in the village, was placed at our disposal, and we were almost forced to accept his spare bed by these hospitable friends.

I really do not know what notion the inhabitants of the Szekler-land mean to express by the words, "a comfortable inn;" but I am quite sure it is something very different from what all the rest of the world mean. Twice, to-day, have we found ourselves wofully mistaken in our calculations in consequence;—this morning, we found a comfortable inn meant an empty room, and nothing to eat; to-night, it seemed to mean no room and nothing to eat either! Every body had agreed, that at Parayd we should be splendidly accommodated, and so we declined the dead man's bed and pushed on to this same Parayd with the greatest confidence. Alas! we were doomed to be disappointed. There was only one spare room, and a little closet; and no sooner had we alighted, than they told us the room was taken, and nothing but the closet could we have. Seated at a table, in one corner, we found the happy occupant of the room, just finishing, as we supposed, his supper, with bread and ewe-milk cheese. After the first salutations, the stranger, who turned out to be an old officer of the Szekler Borderers, politely offered us the larger room, saying, the closet would be sufficient to contain him; but, when he heard us ask for supper, the old gentleman shook his head, and pointing to the cheese and bread, and a bottle of pale, sour-looking wine, exclaimed, despondingly, *miseria cum aceto!* and nothing else to be had!—So much for a comfortable inn in the Szekler-land.

I am afraid that, with all their good qualities, the Szeklers are rather behindhand in the comforts—perhaps they call them superfluous luxuries—of other parts of Europe. Even in their own houses, the gentry show but little taste for comfort or clean-

liness. In many cases, this may be attributable to poverty—then I have not a word to say; but in others, I have seen an admixture of tawdry splendour with squalid neglect, which presented a contrast highly ridiculous. We avoided private houses as much as possible, for W—— had just as great a dislike as we had to ask for hospitality from those he did not know; and, besides, so many Szeklers speak only Magyar, that we could have obtained little, either of amusement or instruction, from the intercourse; but we were sometimes driven to it in spite of ourselves, and I will mention the result of one such instance. We were introduced into a large handsome house, where the drawing-room and boudoir were filled with fashionable modern furniture, where the lady who reigned over them was handsomely, not to say showily, dressed, and where the whole establishment manifests a pretension to style, rarely seen in these mountains. When we retired to our bed-rooms, however, we got a little behind the scenes, and found the play by no means so imposing. Half-a-dozen panes in the windows were broken; the furniture was of the shabbiest description; the floor filthy to the last degree; and, as for the beds, it was too evident to admit of a question that the linen on them had not been refreshed for many a good day. W—— was so excessively disgusted, and so angry that such a circumstance should have occurred before strangers, that I had the greatest possible difficulty to prevent him ordering out the carriages and leaving the house immediately. After soothing him down, however, to a reasonable pitch, he contented himself with directing all the filthy things to be thrown out of the room, and our own bed linen, to be arranged by our servants in their place; nor was it till next morning that we could make him promise to leave the place without abusing our host for his negligent hospitality. But to return to Parayd.

We were fortunately persons not very easily dispirited; and we accordingly devoured the black bread and turpentine cheese —for they wrap it in the bark of the pine to give it a turpentine flavour—with excellent appetite; and, it having entered into Miklós's prolific brain, that the common spirit of the country, if mixed with sugar and hot water, might make something like what the English sailors had taught him to call *grock*, he came in grinning at this happy thought, with a large jug of a most well-smelling liquid compounded on these principles, which, with the aid of our Turkish pipes, made us almost think our Szekler inn was comfortable. In the mean time, the servants had trans-

ported the greater part of a haystack into the room, and the whole floor was covered over with a thick layer of hay; our carriage cushions and our bed-clothes were disposed in the best fashion to serve for beds; and before our pipes were finished, we had not only the consolation of having supped, but had the prospect of a good night's rest before us. Nothing like good temper, good health, and a servant that knows how to make *grock!*

The next morning we visited some of the salt-mines, which contained nothing sufficiently remarkable to detain us. They work these mines only in winter, and that but to a very small extent. Those of Maros Ujvár, on the banks of the Maros, are so much more conveniently situated for transporting the salt, that these are only used to supply the immediate neighbourhood. This salt-bed is said to be of even greater extent than that of Szováta, though it generally lies deeper. Instead of the bright white colour we had observed yesterday, the salt was here of a dark green hue. Even here, where the whole soil seems to be salt, we were assured that it was often smuggled from Moldavia, and sold in the interior of the country.

At every step we took, the cholera now met with us. One of our horses had cast a shoe, and we had to wait some hours before we could get it replaced, for the blacksmith's wife was just taken ill, and he could not be prevailed upon to leave her till she felt better. Nor were these the worst inconveniences; some of our own party had felt far from well this morning, and we were naturally rendered exceedingly anxious lest the ailment should turn out to be cholera. Though no believers in contagion, we were aware that whatever were the causes producing the disease, we were just as much exposed to them as the inhabitants of the country could be, and besides, the very idea of travelling for pleasure where death seemed hovering round our every step was so painful that we hastened on more quickly than we otherwise should have done through this beautiful country.*

At Udvarhely, one of the principal towns of the Szekler-land, we had intended to remain the next night, but the inn was so very

* To those who believe in the antiseptic powers of certain substances, and their utility in preventing the spread of epidemic diseases, it may afford matter for reflection, that here, where every thing, from the corn you eat to the water you wash in, perhaps the very air you breathe, is impregnated with salt—one of the strongest antiseptics—the cholera raged with as much violence as in the poisoned alleys of a great city.

miserable, and the whole place so far from attractive, that we determined, after baiting our horses, to try if we could not reach St. Pál, a village some fifteen miles further, where W—— had a house and a small estate. Not that Udvarhely is without interest. As we descended the long hill at the foot of which it lies, its three large churches with their double spires, its ruined castle, its large white college and handsome Town-house, had led us to expect great things; but then the inn with its dirty room, its unglazed windows, and its beds of dingy hue, put us out of conceit with all the rest. While our horses were baiting W—— took us to call on an electioneering friend of his, a merry little radical grocer, one of those men who love good dinners and long speeches—the latter his own, and the former his friend's. The little grocer took us up to the castle, once one of the strongest places in the land, and which had often been sharply contested between the Imperial and Transylvanian forces. We reached St. Pál somewhere about midnight, and though the house was undergoing repairs and was inhabited only by some workmen, we were soon furnished with quarters better than we had met with since we had left Klausenburg.

We remained a couple of days at St. Pál, in part that W—— might arrange some matters of business with his steward, in part to rest our horses. The first was spent in snipe-shooting in a salt marsh just below the village, for here, too, we were still in the country of salt. Though no salt-bed is seen, the brook, the springs, the marsh, and even the herbage are all strongly impregnated with salt. We were obliged to send some miles off to obtain fresh water, for to us the salt water was intolerable, though from habit the people of the country drink it without injury.

For the next day we had engaged the little grocer of Udvarhely to show us a cave which was at some distance, and he accordingly arrived by good time in the morning with a supply of his own torches, and of his neighbours' mountain ponies, to show us the wonders of Almás. As it was some distance from St. Pál, two peasants were sent off early in the morning with a wagon and provisions, and we followed at our leisure, a goodly cavalcade, consisting of the grocer, the clergyman, the steward, our three selves and one or two servants—the latter attending us for no other purpose that I could divine, save to fill and light the pipes. Our ride led us through a country of mountains and woods, sometimes, though rarely, by a well-cultivated valley

affording subsistence to some neighbouring village. A village, Homarod Almás, through which we passed, was one of the largest and most flourishing we had met with in Transylvania. The situation of this place one would have thought as healthy as possible; the country round it was fruitful and lovely as a garden, the inhabitants were evidently well off, and the houses large and airy, yet here the cholera was raging more fiercely than in any other place we had yet visited. The grave-yard seemed to have been fresh ploughed up, so completely was it covered with new-made graves, and several were standing open for occupants already prepared to fill them.

As we left the village, we saw a mark of superstition which we should not have expected where education is said to be generally diffused. It was a small piece of coarse linen cloth cut into the shape of a pair of trowsers, and suspended over the middle of the road by a string attached to a tree on either side. The peasants believe that in the cave of Almás which we were about to visit, two fairies are imprisoned in a state of nudity, and that they weep and wail their unhappy captivity without being able to escape. Their cries are said to be often heard, when the wind is high, proceeding from the dark valley of the Almás, and it is to the malice of these imprisoned fairies that the peasants attribute the visitation of the cholera. It appears that the received method of propitiating these gentry is to offer them clothing, and accordingly the trowsers at this end of the village, and a shirt exhibited in a similar manner at the other, were intended to appease them, let them come which road they would. This was all I could learn of the matter from the steward, and I am still not very sure that it is correct, for he was much more anxious to assure me that he knew it was all nonsense and that he did not believe in such ignorant superstitions, than to satisfy my curiosity on the matter.

On a green hill overlooking a deep valley,—or rather cleft in the rocks, for it is much deeper than it is wide,—we found the provision wagon already arrived, a large fire lighted, and preparations for cooking in a state of progress. Here we were to leave our horses in the care of the peasants. Clinging to the trees which cover its sides, we reached the bottom of the valley, which is occupied by a brook; this brook a little further on is seen to enter an opening in the base of a cliff, and disappear. It is said to come out again on the other side, at some miles' distance. It was a beautiful scene we had now before us; the high

steep rocks of limestone, the hanging woods, the little stream, and its stony bed, were all striking, and the addition of the dark mouths of three or four huge caverns gaping at us on either side, gave it a character of mysterious beauty to which it would have been strange had not the fancies of the peasants attached a legend. The sorrows of the poor imprisoned fairies would easily find voices here when the winds raged through these narrow passages.

Leaving the smaller caverns, which we were told were of little depth, we stumbled along the stony path to the further end of the valley. On our road we put up a *csâszár madár* (*gelinotte*,) a kind of grouse,* very common in the mountains of Transylvania. It was so tame that it did not fly more than a few yards, and continued running on at a short distance before us, apparently without the slightest fear. Man is still almost a stranger here.

The mouth of the great cavern is at a considerable height above the bottom of the valley, and can only be reached by means of wooden steps, which some former visiters have had made for the purpose. It is half closed by a thick wall, now partly broken, but which has evidently been built as a defence from enemies. It is said to have been used by the Szeklers as a retreat during the insurrection of the Wallacks under Hora and Kloska, but Transylvania has known so many periods when a place of refuge was required for the peaceable citizen, from the cruelty of savage enemies, both domestic and foreign, that it is more difficult to say when it may not have been so used, than when it was. This part of the country, from its frontier position, was peculiarly subject to foreign incursions, and when they were made by such nations as the Tartars and Turks,—they first murdered all they could lay hold on, and the second spared only to drive away into captivity,†—it is no wonder a retreat of this kind should have been well defended. Even our friend's house at St. Pál, though

* The black-cock is also found in this country, and I suspect the cock of the woods too; for they frequently speak of a wild peacock (*vad pavá*,) to which they attribute much the same habits and appearance as characterize the cock of the woods.

† Bethlen Gábor obtained his election to the throne of Transylvania, with the aid of some Turkish troops; not that they were required to fight, but their presence gave confidence to the party of Bethlen; and enabled them to depose the weak Báthori Gábor without a struggle. Notwithstanding the peaceable character of the expedition, the Turks did not retire with less than eighty thousand Transylvanian prisoners, of whom they made slaves.

never intended as a place of defence, bears marks of precaution attributable to a similar cause. The stables are constructed below the house itself, and can be entered by a secret door and winding stair-case, from a room above, so that if the house was attacked by a marauding party in front, the family would have time to mount their horses and escape by a lower room, which opens into the fields on the other side, ere the oak doors and well-stanchioned windows in the front were forced by the attacking party.

The entrance to the cavern, which we had now gained, is a vast hall covered with a noble arched roof, and opening on every side to dark passages, which lead into the interior of the mountain. After we had carefully studied a plan of the cavern, lighted our torches, and arranged the order of the procession, the little grocer of Udvarhely,—no peasant guide could be found to undertake it,—put himself at our head and led the way. In faith it was no easy matter to choose the right road, for there were so many openings, and it was so very easy to lose the direction in such a position, that it required all the little grocer's memory and experience to keep us from straying. By the road we took, the cavern seemed to penetrate the mountain to about the distance of an English mile, sometimes in the form of large chambers, sometimes of narrow passages, through which one can scarcely creep. Some of these chambers are high, and ornamented with small stalactites. In one a large mass of rock corrugated like a huge wart, hangs from the roof to within a yard of the floor without touching it. The only difficulty we experienced, except that of finding our way, was in passing a wet bog—if a mass of soft lime, of about the consistence of mortar can be so called—which extended for some twenty yards' distance.

At the very end of the cavern, we had been told there was a vein containing precious stones in great abundance, and it was therefore with no small disappointment we found nothing but a mud-lined chamber, from which there was no exit save by a small hole, which it seemed impossible for any of us to pass through! However, the little grocer was not to be balked; he declared the precious stones must be on the other side the hole, and he accordingly laid himself down, and by dint of working away something like a worm when it is returning to the earth, he at last disappeared, and then assuring us that he had come to the precious stones, he made all of us so eager to share the prize, that we too squeezed ourselves through. Here we found an ex-

traordinary formation enough. A slit in the rock, of about a yard in width, had been filled up by a quantity of very fine gravel, composed, for the most part, of rounded stones of about the size of peas, generally highly polished, and often of considerable beauty. I really forget now all the various mineral species to which these pebbles have been found to belong, but I know there were upwards of a dozen of the secondary precious stones, among which were jaspers, cornelians, and agates. Geologically, I think, the age of this vein might probably be fixed pretty accurately. That its contents have been deposited by running water, their nature and appearance place beyond a doubt, and as they are now at least a hundred feet above the surface of the valley, it must have been before the valley was formed, and when the water rolled over the upper surface of the mountain a considerable height above. The gravel is now so compact, that it required a hammer to separate any portions of it. We were glad to leave this part of the cavern as quickly as we could, for the air became so confined, that it was scarcely possible to breathe. We had still only investigated one part of this cavern. Another of nearly equal extent lay above this, and was said to open on the other side of the mountain. The entrance, however, could only be reached by the aid of a ladder, and as our curiosity was pretty well satisfied we returned without making any further investigation.

The peasants had got us a good dinner ready by our return, and we were all well inclined to do justice to their cookery. A little before dark, we again mounted our rozinantes, and made the best of our way back to St. Pál.

Our next point was Keszdi Vásárhely,* but though it lay nearly direct east of St. Pál, we were obliged to make a considerable détour to the south to avoid a chain of mountains which lay between the two places. My notes of this day contain little worthy of remark, save that we could get nothing for dinner except a few eggs; and that at night we were obliged to sleep on tables and chairs, and content ourselves with a supper of six small trout, which the landlord went out and caught for the occasion. I am really ashamed to refer so constantly to the subject of the creature comforts; but I believe it is best to do so, as it perhaps gives the reader almost as good an idea of the circumstances of the country we were travelling through, as a more

* *Vásár*, market; *hely*, place; a name common to many places in this part of Transylvania.

elaborate description would do. What, for instance, could strike the stranger more forcibly than an occurrence which took place the very next day? Soon after we had started, we passed through a small village, at which we had no intention of stopping, where Miklós's eye fell on the carcass of a fresh-slaughtered calf, hung up in a peasant's house. Jumping down, he at once made off to this unaccustomed sight, and did not return till he had secured a good-looking lump of veal, as a provision against dinner-time.

Before arriving at Foldvár,—the place of the six fishes,—we felt a change in the weather, which obliged us to have recourse to our furs. The cause of it was sufficiently explained in the morning. Though we were only in the middle of September, a considerable fall of snow had taken place in the mountains, and their white peaks now glittering in the sun, contrasted strongly with the yellow corn-fields and green meadows in the fore-ground of the picture.

At Sepsi St. György, where we stopped before mid-day to get the above mentioned lump of veal converted into an eatable form, we found, instead of the rude villages we had hitherto seen, a smart little town with handsome houses, and large public buildings, apparently very foreign to the position in which they existed. Sepsi St. György, however, is the head-quarters of the Szekler border Hussars, and, consequently, the residence of the staff. One of the large buildings is dedicated to the education of the children of the Hussars, and is said to be one of the most flourishing schools in the country.

Before evening, we got on to Keszdi Vásárhely; and though we were told there was no inn, we found very good quarters in the house of a French brewer, who had married an Hungarian wife, and set up his tent here for life. He was a good-tempered little fellow; seemed delighted to receive us into his house, and promised us a supper which should amply compensate for our late fastings. Of course he took us over his whole premises, of which he was very proud, as indeed he had good reason to be, for his brewhouse, and all its apparatus, though on a small scale, were in excellent order. He complains sadly of his neighbours doing all they can to injure him, from jealousy of his foreign extraction; and I can readily believe him, for it is a theory of all Hungarians, that every farthing gained in Hungary by a stranger, is robbed from her own children. The high price of hops is another of the poor Frenchman's grievances. He is obliged to get

them all the way from Bohemia; and even then they are not too good. However, notwithstanding his grumbling, I suspect our little friend manages to prosper.

We had still time to visit the military school for the education of the children of the Szekler infantry. The institution was founded by the late Emperor, and is supported partly by a royal grant, and partly by the Szeklers themselves. The regulation of it is entirely in the hands of Government. On the foundation, there are one hundred boys, from six to eighteen years of age, who are fed, clothed, and taught free of all expense. As these do not occupy all the room which exists, a few additional scholars are admitted on the payment of about sixteen shillings per month for the enjoyment of the same advantages as the others. The children, when they have finished their education, are drafted into the infantry, and often rise to the rank of officers. The course of education includes writing, reading, arithmetic, geography, mathematics, military drawing, and the German language, besides all the drilling and exercising, which belong to military training. We saw specimens of their writing and drawing, and I must say they were very creditable. They have a small library, mostly composed of amusing books for children, which are lent out to the scholars, and they seem well selected for the purpose of giving them a taste for reading.

It is unfortunate that here, too, in an institution apparently so good, cause for complaint and mistrust against Government should exist. The Szeklers say the whole object of the school is to denationalize their children, and make them forget their native tongue. In fact, all the lessons are given in German, all the books are German, and the children are even obliged to speak German to each other. The national language is never heard within the walls of the national school. It is certain the poor Szeklers think themselves very ill-treated by the Government. Though submitting now pretty quietly to the Border service, they object very strongly to some of the innovations it has brought with it. Many of the officers on the Border regiments are Germans, and of course can have no claim to the rights of Szekler nobility, yet Government has within these last few months claimed for them the right to appear and vote at the county-meetings; and very bitter is the feeling excited among the Szeklers in consequence.

In the mountains somewhere in this neighbourhood, we heard there was an extraordinary cave, of which we had been told

some rather marvellous stories. We made all the inquiries we could at Keszdi Vásárhely, but nobody could inform us either of the exact distance, or of the best means of getting there. All agreed, however, that we must pass through Torja, a village which we could perceive just at the foot of the mountains some ten miles off, where, in all probability, we should find some one who could tell us more about the matter. On this chance we started; but fortunately, before we reached the place, W—— recollected that Torja was the name of the residence of an old Szekler friend of his, and it occurred to him that this might be the Torja in question. The first peasant we met on entering the village confirmed his suspicions, and led us straight to the house. Baron A——, who was at home, was delighted beyond expression to see our friend. Unfortunately for us, the Baron could not speak a word of German, and we could only communicate with him through W——'s interpretation; to say the truth, I doubt if he would have spoken it even if he could, in so great horror did he hold every thing German.

After the first greetings were over, and we had all been taken into the house and presented to his lady, W—— ventured to express our wish to get on as quickly as possible to the cave. I say ventured, for it was not till I had given him several hints, and even then rather against his will, that he did so, for he knew how high a notion the Szeklers have of the duty of hospitality, and he foresaw no little difficulty in our escaping without spending the whole day where we were. When once the Baron was made to understand that our engagements rendered it impossible for us to stay, disappointed as he was, he consented to get us a conveyance fit for the roads, and promised to accompany us himself to the place. While the horses were getting ready, which I thought occupied rather more time than was absolutely necessary, I had time to look about me, and observe something of the establishment of a Szekler nobleman. As usual, the house was only of one story; and, except in its size, differing but little from those about it. The large unpaved courtyard, surrounded by stables and wagon-sheds, separated it from the road; and, on the other side, were a kitchen-garden and orchard. The interior of the house was modestly, perhaps sparingly, furnished, for Baron A——, though boasting a pedigree scarcely to be equalled in the country, was less favoured than many others on the score of fortune; but some old portraits gave an air of dignity to the rooms, and every thing was comfortable and well-ordered.

Here, as in every other part of the Szekler-land we had occasion to notice the extraordinary affection and almost veneration with which Baron Wesselényi Miklós was regarded. His portrait was seen in every house, his name was on every lip. The Szeklers look up to him as the great advocate of their rights, the defender of their liberties. So strong was the feeling of indignation and resentment when they knew of his prosecution, that I have heard it said, by those who had good opportunity to know the real state of the case, that had he chosen to have thrown himself among the Szeklers, they would have risen to a man in his defence. How serious an affair the rising of forty or fifty thousand men accustomed to the use of arms might have been in so mountainous a country as this, it was easy to foresee, but Baron Wesselényi was too true a patriot to throw his country into rebellion, and expose her to all the horrors of a civil war where his own interests would have been the chief cause of quarrel. It requires a very powerful cause to induce an honest patriot to call his countrymen to arms, but when once he has done so, it requires a full assurance for the future ere he consents that they shall be laid down.

When the horses at last arrived, the reason of their long delay came out: the Baroness was determined we should not leave without dining, and though it was only nine when we got there, and was now scarcely eleven, she assured us that dinner was on the table, and that we should have still time to take something before the horses were fed and harnessed. At last we started, and following the course of a narrow valley, where we were frequently obliged to drive along the brook for want of a better road, we arrived in three hours at its far end where the road ceased altogether. As we walked up the hill, the Baron explained to us that we were about to visit some mineral springs, in the first instance, which occupy the summit of this hill, and then go on about a mile further to the Büdös, or stinking cave, of which we were in search. When we reached the summit we were surprised to find three or four log-huts tolerably well constructed, and a quantity of straw and half-burned wood lying about, as if they had been lately inhabited. In fact, they had been so, for in spite of the ignorance of the people of Vásárhely upon the subject, the Büdös springs are a very fashionable bathing-place,—at least among the peasants. They come here in summer, build a hut of branches, line it with straw, and stocking it plentifully with pro-

visions, remain here for a month or six weeks at a time. Without waiting to look further at the springs, we hastened to the cave.

In the face of a rock of magnesian limestone, there was an opening large enough to contain about a dozen persons, the floor of which slanted inwards and downwards from the mouth. A few years ago this cave was much larger, but a great portion of it was destroyed by an earthquake. About the sides of the lower part there was a thin yellow incrustation, which we found to be sulphur deposited from the gases which issue from crevices in the rock. As we got further into the cave we felt a sensation of tingling warmth, unlike any thing I ever felt before, creeping as it were up the body, higher and higher in proportion as we descended lower. This extraordinary phenomenon is owing to the concentrated state of the carbonic acid gas (mixed with a very small proportion of sulphuretted hydrogen,) which issues from an air-spring in the lower part of the cave, and fills it to a level with the mouth, whence it flows out as regularly as water would do. The temperature was not higher in one part of the cave than in another, for in moving the hand from the upper part to the lower not the slightest difference could be at first perceived; but in a few seconds, as soon as the acid had power to penetrate the skin, the tingling warmth was felt. We descended till the gas reached the chin, when we could raise it in the hands to the lips and distinctly perceive its sour taste. It is commonly supposed that the diluted carbonic acid gas produces death by entering the lungs and excluding all other air, but here it was impossible to respire it; the irritation produced on the glottis contracted it convulsively, and death would therefore occur almost immediately from strangulation. If any of it got into the eyes and nose, it made them smart severely. The peasants ascertain how far they can go with safety by striking their flints, and stopping when they no longer give sparks.

We remained for some time in the cave enjoying the sensation it produced exceedingly. As might be expected, so excellent an air-bath has not been neglected by the peasants of the neighbourhood, and hundreds repair hither to profit by it every year. The common manner of using it is, to repair to the cave early in the morning, and remain for an hour or more, with the whole body subjected to the influence of the gas, till a profuse perspiration is produced, when they proceed to one of the cold baths

we had observed as we came up. These baths are impregnated with the same gases as the air of the cavern, but contain apparently rather more sulphur. The cases for which the Büdös is most celebrated, are those of chronic rheumatism, and complicated mercurial affections. So great is the carelessness of the peasants, that rarely a year passes without some of them perishing in this cave. This season two such accidents had happened. The common name given to the cave is the "Murder-hole," (Gyilkoslyuk.)

As we returned, many mineral springs were pointed out to us, with which indeed the whole mountain seems to be covered.

We had intended, after seeing the Büdös, to visit the ruins of a fine old castle, formerly the residence of Baron A——'s ancestors, which crowned the summit of the mountain, and then go on to the Lake of St. Anna, about four hours further; but it set in for so wet a night, that the length of the march and the certainty of being obliged to sleep on the damp ground cooled our ardour. The lake is said to be small, and occupies the summit of a hill. It is believed to be the crater of an old volcano. We now made the best of our way back, and bidding adieu to Baron A—— at Torja, we got to our snug quarters at the Frenchman's in time for supper.

We bade adieu to the Szekler-land the next day, but not till we had passed through a part of it, the Három-Szék, forming one of the most beautiful spots this earth can show. The whole district is a gently undulating plain, covered with the richest crops, dotted over with flourishing villages, watered by the meandering Aluta, and bounded on two sides by the most beautiful chains of mountains it is possible to conceive. Time after time did we stop the carriage and turn back to enjoy another last look at this beautiful scene. And then what treasures of unexplored scenery, what hosts of Nature's miracles, do those mountains contain! We had heard of caverns, cliffs, and ruins, of boiling springs, and streams of naphtha, and I know not what else; yet every one said that, except to the shepherds, almost all these wonders are known only by name.

We had remarked throughout the Szekler-land, generally, a better state of cultivation and greater signs of industry than in most other parts of Transylvania, but this was nowhere so manifest as in the Három-Szék. The implements were rude, the system of cultivation exceedingly imperfect, but yet the general

aspect of the country showed how much application and industry will do to supply the want of knowledge and capital. Property is more equally divided here than elsewhere, the people are consequently more industrious, and, I believe, produce more than in other parts, where, although their forces may be better applied, large possessions induce idleness and indifference in the mass of the people.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SAXONS, AND THE SAXON LAND.

The Saxon Land.—Settlement of the Saxons.—Their Charter.—Political and Municipal Privileges.—Saxon Character.—School Sickness.—Kronstadt.—A Hunting Party.—Smuggling from Wallachia.—The Bear and the General.—Terzburg and the German Knights.—Excursion to Bucses.—The Kalibaschen.—The Convent.—The Valleys of Bucses.—Virtue in Self-denial.—The Alpine Horn.—Fortified Churches and Infidel Invasions.—Fogaras.—Hermanstadt.—Baron Bruchenthal.—Rothen Thurm Pass.—A Digression on Wallachia and Moldavia.—Saxon Language.—Beauty of Transylvania.

The narrow waters of the Aluta separate two as distinct races of men, two as opposite systems of government, and for many years two as bitter national enemies as though mountains or oceans had for ages opposed a natural barrier of separation betwixt them. We crossed a simple wooden bridge thrown across a mere brook, and from the Szeklers we had passed to the lands of the Saxons. Nor was the outward appearance of things less changed. Although it was the same plain we were traversing, and although the same green mountains bounded it, and the same brooks watered it, there was a manifest difference in the part which man had acted on its surface.

I have already remarked that the Három-Szék was better cultivated than the rest of the Szekler-land, but the Burzen-land land, as this part of the Saxon-land is called, appeared like a garden in comparison even with that. The whole plain seemed alive with ploughs and harrows—in the Három-Szék they had not yet begun to break up the ground,—and on every side teams were moving about, manure was spreading, and the seed was scattered abroad, with a busy hand. It was more like a scene in the best part of Belgium, than what one could expect on the borders of Turkey. It was striking, too, after the eye had been so long accustomed to the Hungarian dresses of the Szeklers, in all their picturesque rudeness, to have before it nothing but the stiff old-fashioned costumes which one still sees among

the most primitive inhabitants of Germany. How it has happened that the Saxons, who have been so far separated from the rest of the great German family, should have hit upon the self-same ugly costume—for it certainly did not exist when they emigrated —would be a puzzle for the most erudite of philosophizing tailors, and is, I must confess, far beyond me. But the most startling feature in the picture was the very active part taken by the women in the operations so busily carried on before us. Some were sowing corn, others using the fork and spade, others again holding the plough, and—believe or not, as you will, reader—there, too, was the stout Saxon *Haus Frau* seated, *en cavalier*, on the near wheeler, and driving four-in-hand, as composedly as possible. Nor was decency put to the blush by the slightest exposure. The Saxon women have borrowed the long boots from their Hungarian neighbours, which, with their own thick woollen petticoats, covered their whole persons most effectually. The dress of these women is much the same as that which the broom girls have made familiar to our streets,—a cloth petticoat with most ample folds, surmounted by a cloth stomacher buttoned or laced in front, and a small cap, fitting closely on the head; or for the unmarried girls, a long braid of flaxen hair hanging down the back, with a straw hat of small crown and preposterously broad brim. Such stout maids as some of these hats shaded, and so unpoetically employed, I never saw; but I have no doubt their round, fat, good-tempered faces, and laughing blue eyes, have not the less charms for the Saxon youth because they are united to a strong and healthy body, and to habits of industry, albeit coarse in their kind. The Saxons are a canny folk, and if not very romantic and chivalrous, they are prudent and laborious. But before I discuss more of their character, let me say a word or two of their history.

It was to the Servian Princess Helena, the wife of the Blind Bela, who ruled in Hungary about the middle of the twelfth century, during the minority of her son Geysa the Second, that Transylvania owed the repeopling her wastes with industrious German colonists. Taking advantage of the peace which she had concluded with the emperor of Germany, she invited the peasants of that country to emigrate, and promised them lands and liberties within the boundaries of Hungary. 1143 is commonly assigned as the date of their first settlement—some of them in the North of Hungary, and others in Transylvania. Under Andrew the Second, in 1224, two years after the Bulla Aurea,

those of Transylvania obtained a charter of their liberties, of which the chief articles seem to have been as follows:—

"They might elect from their own body a chief, or Comes, who should be their judge in peace, and leader in war.

"No change to be made in the coin within their boundaries, but they consented to pay for this privilege a yearly tax of five hundred marks of silver.

"They agreed to furnish five hundred soldiers for a defensive war, and one hundred for an offensive, if the army was commanded by the king in person, but only fifty if commanded by an Hungarian magnate.

"The free election of their own clergy, and their undisturbed enjoyment of the tithe.

"Right of pasture and wood-cutting in the forests of the Wallacks and Byssenians.

"Freedom from more than twice entertaining the Woiwode in the course of the year.

"Removal of market-tolls from their district, and freedom of their trade-companies from all tolls."

It was not likely that a foreign nation should be allowed to take up its dwelling among a people so wild and so jealous of foreigners as the Magyars, without having to fight hard for its possessions; and frequent were the contests to which the German settlers were exposed. The king, however, was always ready to lend his aid to his faithful Saxons, and with his help, and by their own industry, they throve in spite of all opposition. When Transylvania was contending for an independent sovereignty, the Saxons joined the Hungarian nobles in opposition to Austria, and a union of the Magyars, Szeklers, and Saxons was formed, by which each party was secured in its own rights and privileges, and to each was given a fair share in the common legislative assembly. They still, however, retained their own laws and municipal institutions.

One of the fundamental laws of the Saxons is the equality of every individual of the Saxon nation. They have no nobles, no peasants. Not but that many of the Saxons have received letters of nobility, and deck themselves out in all its plumes; yet, as, every true Saxon will tell you, that is only as Hungarian nobles, not as Saxons.

Their municipal government was entirely in their own hands; every village chose its own officers, and managed its own affairs, without the interference of any higher power. A few years ago,

however, a great and completely arbitrary change was made in this institution, which, though it almost escaped notice at the time, has since excited the most bitter complaints. The whole of this transaction was managed without the consent either of the Diet or the Saxon nation. Its effects have been to deprive the Saxon communities of the free exercise of their privileges, and to deliver them into the power of a corrupt bureaucracy, over which they have little or no control.

The Saxons, however, are a slow people, suspicious of their neighbours, and caring more for material than political interests; and though they have long complained, they have scarcely ever ventured to demand a restitution of their rights. Hitherto, the Saxons have been among the most certain adherents of the Crown; and, whether from a recollection of former wrongs, or irritated by an insolent bearing on the part of the Hungarians, or afraid of losing their own privileges by aiding the objects of others, they have rarely joined the Liberal party. In the last Diet, however, even the Saxons,—*prudentes et circumspecti* although they be entitled,—could not altogether resist the tide of public opinion, and, egged on a little perhaps by their own wrongs, they too joined the opposition. Not that they altogether belied their title even then, for they are said to have done it so cautiously that it was often difficult to know to which side they really leaned. When it was determined to send a deputation to the Emperor, to remonstrate against the proceedings of the Arch-Duke, two Saxon deputies were included amongst the number of those selected. All manner of excuses were urged to enable them to escape from the perilous honour; but the Hungarians mischievously enjoyed their difficulty and would admit of no apology. When they arrived at Vienna, and the day came for the dreaded audience, the Saxon deputies were both taken suddenly ill, and protested they could not leave their beds, but they desired the rest of the deputation to proceed without them, declaring at the same time that they would wait on his Majesty alone when sufficiently recovered. As this lame apology for their absence was offered to the Emperor, he burst into a hearty laugh, and exclaimed, "Ah! ah! a school sickness! a school sickness! My poor Saxons! they don't like to bring me disagreeable news."

For the rest, the Saxons are undoubtedly the most industrious, steady, and frugal of all the inhabitants of Transylvania, and they are consequently the best lodged, best clothed, and best instructed.

Kronstadt was the object we were now making for, and we had almost entered it before we were aware of its proximity, so completely is it imbedded in the mountains, which bound this plain to the south. The first glimpse was sufficient to show us that we were approaching something different from what we had seen before. The outskirts of the town were occupied by pretty villas, surrounded by well-kept gardens, strongly indicative of commerce, and the wealth and tastes it brings with it, and very different from the straggling houses and neglected court-yards of the poor Szekler nobles. Before the gates of the town is a large open esplanade, forming a promenade, ornamented with avenues of trees and a Turkish kiosk. The gates themselves are still standing, three deep, and looking as terrible as when Kronstadt was still a place of strength, and when its brave magistrate, Michael Weiss, held it with so much glory against the faithless Báthori Gábor, and all the forces which Transylvania could bring against it.

If the reader will understand the situation of Kronstadt, let him imagine an opening in the long line of mountains which separate Transylvania from Wallachia in the form of a triangle, between the legs of which stands an isolated hill. Within this triangle, lies the town of Kronstadt, and on the top of the isolated hill there is a modern fortress of some strength. The mountains come so close down on the little valley, that the walls are in many places built part of the way up their sides. The town itself is regularly and well built, and its towers and walls and bristling spires, standing out against the mountain sides,—themselves well covered with wood, and fretted with limestone peaks,—form one of the most picturesque scenes the artist could desire.

A rapid stream rushes in various channels through the streets; and besides serving to keep the Saxons clean, makes itself useful to a host of dyers, fellmongers, tanners, and millers, with which this little Manchester abounds. Kronstadt and its neighbourhood are in fact the only parts of Transylvania in which any manufactured produce is prepared for exportation, and here it is carried on to a considerable extent. The chief articles produced are woollen cloths, of a coarse description, such as are used for the dresses of the peasants, linen and cotton goods, stockings, skins, leather, wooden bottles of a peculiar form and very much esteemed, and light wagons on wooden springs. The principal part of its exports are to Wallachia and Moldavia. A considerable transit commerce between Vienna and the Principalities is

likewise carried on through Kronstadt, which is chiefly in the hands of a privileged company of Greek merchants. This trade is said to have fallen off of late years; it is likely to be still farther diminished as the Danube opens better channels of communication.

The population of Kronstadt amounts to thirty-six thousand, by far the greatest of any town in Transylvania, and it is composed of as motley a crew as can well be imagined. The sober plodding Saxon is jostled by the light and cunning Greek; the smooth-faced Armenian, the quaker of the East, in his fur cloak and high kalpak, meets his match at a bargain in the humble-looking Jew; and the dirty Boyar from Jassy, proud of his wealth and his nobility, meets his equal in pride in the peasant noble of the Szekler-land. Hungarian magnates and Turkish merchants, Wallack shepherds and gipsy vagabonds make up the motley groups which give life and animation to the streets of Kronstadt.

Our first visit was to the old church, a venerable Gothic structure of elegant proportions. Although the church now belongs to the Lutherans, the national religion of the Saxons, its buttresses bear the somewhat time-eaten statues of Catholic saints, each in its separate niche. The door-ways, rounder than the Gothic arch of that age (1400) with us, are well carved in bold compartments, —and rare good taste; the doors themselves are richly worked in the same style. The interior is bold and pure though rather simple.

All the trades in Transylvania are under the rule of companies and corporations; and I was much amused by their chartered pride as illustrated in this church. The women occupy rows of benches up the centre of the aisle; but on the sides are arranged a number of seats in regular gradation for the men, divided off into different sets, each set being appropriated to a particular corporation. The heads of the corporation are seated in front of the rest, and their stalls are ornamented with rich Persian carpets, after the manner of the East. In a gallery above, the apprentices of these trades are placed in similar order; first, the tanners, then the shoemakers, then the masons, and so on, with their arms and insignia painted in gay colours on the front.

As we left the church, the Lutheran college was pointed out to us, and, in a few minutes after we saw a number of students and professors issuing from its doors in the oddest costume academic fancy ever contrived. The student is clothed in a long, straight-cut black coat, reaching below his knees, and fastened from the

neck to the waist by a row of broad silver hooks, each two inches long, and so closely set together, that they look like a facing of solid silver. Above this is a black cloak fastened by a huge antique-looking silver chain; below a pair of black knee-boots, and, to crown the whole, a monstrous cocked-hat. Except that their cloak was of silk instead of cloth, the professors wore nearly the same dress. Every one as he passed us raised his huge cocked-hat to salute the strangers, and it kept us for full five minutes bare-headed to return this shower of unexpected civilities.*

Beyond the walls of the old town we were shown the great Wallack church, the handsomest belonging to that body in the country, and, what is still more worthy of remark, rebuilt by an Empress of Russia in 1751. The interior is, as usual in Wallack churches, completely covered with paintings of saints and devils, the latter playing every sort of trick to cheat the angel, and to overload the balance on the side of sin at the last judgment, which was possible for the united imaginations of artist and priest to conceive. There is something very eastern in the Greek custom of excluding the women from the body of the church: here they were thrust into an outer part, where they could scarcely even hear the service. We observed several small silver crosses richly ornamented with precious stones and each pretending to enclose a portion of the true cross.

Though the walls and gates of Kronstadt have been for the most part preserved,—as indeed they well deserve, for many of the towers are exceedingly picturesque,—the ditch has been wisely converted to the purposes of a public promenade, and a very beautiful one it makes.

The proximity to Turkey, and the frequent intercourse of its inhabitants with this place, have given to Kronstadt something of Turkish habits and manners. The amber mouth-piece, the long Chibouque, the odoriferous tobacco, the delicious dolchazza, and the various other sweetmeats of a Turkish confectioner's—the coffee-house in the form of a kiosk, the bazaar, and many other peculiarities, remind the traveller of the customs of the East.

As we were walking about after dinner, making some few purchases preparatory to leaving, and more especially of some of the excellent liqueurs for which Kronstadt is so celebrated,

* Besides this college, the Saxons have Gymnasia, in Hermannstadt, Schlossburg, Muhlenback, Mediasch, Bistritz, Groszschenk, and Birthalm.

W—— found in one of the Kronstadters, an old college-companion, by whom he was heartily welcomed to the town. This was all very pleasant, but then came the difficulty of getting away. We had seen nothing at all, he told us; and the country was full of wonderful sights which it was quite impossible we should leave without visiting. We remained firm notwithstanding, and returned back to our inn, and ordered the horses to be ready for the next morning. We were scarcely seated, however, before our Kronstadter broke in upon us with his friend Herr v. L——, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, who would not hear of our leaving without a promise of paying him a visit in our way. Besides a fine country to show us, he had the best grounds for chamois and bear-hunting of any in Transylvania, and was himself a most enthusiastic sportsman. This was not to be resisted, and he accordingly bade us good night that he might hasten home and make preparations for the next morning, we agreeing to be with him at an early hour.

We were off by six, and on our way to Zernyest, full of hopes, in which chamois and bears held a conspicuous place. We passed a rich and flourishing village, Rosenau, where, on the hill above, were very extensive ruins of an old castle, formerly one of the strongest in the country. We found Herr v. L—— waiting for us with a whole train of Wallack* peasants, armed and ready for the sport. After a hearty breakfast, we mounted some small ponies and followed a clear crystal brook—Herr v. L—— says, containing the finest-flavoured trout in the country —along the foot of the mountain, till we came at last to the base of the Königsberg, one of the highest of this range on which the hunt was to take place. From this point the ascent began, but for another hour we could still ride; so we threw the reins on the ponies' necks, and allowed them to scramble on among the rocks and stones as best they could. These animals seemed so well accustomed to the work, that I could not help thinking they had often been employed at it before, though, perhaps, with other burdens. On inquiring of our host, he confirmed the opinion, and said they had probably been much further; for this was one of the favourite roads of the smugglers, and some of our jägers were among the most notorious of that profession in the country. "You see that the old man with the white head," he ob-

* Zernyest is a fief of Kronstadt, and held by peasants (Wallacks,) in the same manner as in the Hungarian counties. Our host had taken it on a lease.

served; "he frequently crosses into Wallachia and back again on such errands, and sometimes passes the Danube into Roumelia. On one occasion, he went even as far as Adrianople. The ordinary station, however, is Kimpolung, about one day's journey across the border: there the goods are delivered to their agent by some house in Bucharest, and are retained in safety till the smuggler arrives, shows the countersign agreed on, receives them, and transports them to the merchant in Kronstadt. The whole affair is arranged in a perfectly business-like manner, and a very few zwanzigers are considered sufficient payment for the risk. Only a short time since, a gentleman of this neighbourhood sent our old white-headed friend to bring him some cachmere shawls from Kimpolung. The old man threw his gun over his shoulder, filled his wallet with *malaj* (maize bread,) and went out as if in pursuit of game only. As he was returning the officers caught sight of him; and as they knew his character, though they never were able to convict him, they seized and examined him. He was too sharp for them; before they came up the shawls were hidden under some well-marked rock, and a brace of moor fowl was all his bag contained. Nevertheless, they felt so sure of his guilt, that they threw him into prison. Of course, I could not allow my peasant to be confined without a cause, and I accordingly demanded that he should be released if no proof could be brought against him. He was set free, and the next day the gentleman received his shawls.

And is there no danger of these betraying their employers? I asked. "None; there is no example of it—no flogging can get their secret from them. For the rest, the punishment is but slight, and with a good friend and our judges, a little present will generally settle the matter."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that regular smuggling can be carried on over these mountains in spite of the Borderers?"

"Either in spite of them, or with their consent; there is no difficulty in either; they are so wretchedly poor, that the smallest bribe will purchase them."

"And can bulky articles be obtained in this way?"

"Oh, yes! the staple commodity is salt, although articles of French, English, and Turkish manufacture are common too. If one horse won't carry them, two will, and it only requires a little more care."

"So," I added, "if I wanted a Turkey carpet in Klausenburg, without paying sixty per cent. duty on it, I could have it?"

"Ho, Juan!" said Herr v. L—— addressing the smuggler, "this gentleman wishes to know if you could get him a Turkey carpet safe over the borders from Bucharest?"

The old man looked up from under his bushy eye-brows with a cunning smile, and for answer, asked quietly, "By what day does the Dumnie wish to have it?"

Herr v. L——seemed quite proud of the skill and courage of his old Wallack peasant. "I could do nothing without him," he observed; "he is the best huntsman, and best mountaineer in the whole country." There is a sort of natural sympathy between sportsmen and smugglers and poachers,—indeed, the same qualities of mind and habits of body, tend to form the one as the other; and I feel sure that all our best sportsmen would have been poachers or smugglers in other circumstances.

We now dismounted, and leaving our ponies to the care of a peasant, sent off the jägers to beat the side of the mountain, while we prepared to take up our position above. We had still two hours' climbing before us. Our path lay straight up the mountain in a cleft, formed either by the water, or some crack in the rocks, and enclosed on either side by huge cliffs, which towered so straight above our heads, that it made us dizzy to trace their sharp peaks as they succeeded each other. The path was not one of the smoothest, and it often brought us on our hands and knees before we arrived at our position. At last, the gun was fired by the treibers and jägers to warn us that their beat was begun, and we concealed ourselves, and waited with open ears and eyes and with ready gun the wished-for sound of hoofs on the hard rock. This beat lasted two long hours.

I shall not plague you, reader, with all my reflections on the pleasure of sitting on a cold stone directly in the way of a cutting wind, which rushed from the snow mountain just above us to the sunny plains below, we having been heated with two hours' previous climbing; I shall only say, as Herr v. L—— did, "it requires a little seasoning before one can relish it." For the third time, we were doomed to a blank day; not a chamois was to be found. We were repaid, however, for our trouble, by the beautiful scenery which this mountain offers. It is bold and grand to the highest degree. From my hiding-place, I had a view over nearly the half of Transylvania. I saw three separate elevations of hill and vale, sinking below each other as they receded from the high lands.

As the reader may believe, we were not very much tempted

by an offer of our host of a bear hunt the next day, especially as for that purpose it would have been necessary to remain in the mountains for three days at least. Although our host assured us that bears were very plentiful, and that he generally killed seven or eight in the course of the year, we had heard too much of the extreme probability of a disappointment to try it. I know many Transylvanian gentlemen who never miss a year without going out once or twice on a bear hunt; but, except our host, I know only one other who has ever shot a bear, though I know many that never even saw one.*

Herr v. L—— told us an excellent story of a bear hunt, which took place in these very mountains, and in his own presence. General V——, the Austrian commander of the forces in this district, had come to Kronstadt to inspect the troops, and had been invited by our friend, in compliment to his rank, to join him in a bear hunt. Now, the General, though more accustomed to drilling than hunting, accepted the invitation, and appeared in due time in a cocked hat and long gray great-coat, the uniform of an Austrian general. When they had taken up their places, the General, with half-a-dozen rifles arrayed before him, paid such devoted attention to a bottle of spirits he had brought with him, that he quite forgot the object of his coming. At last, however, a huge bear burst suddenly from the cover of the pine forest directly in front of him. At that moment, the bottle was raised so high, that it quite obscured the General's vision, and he did not perceive the intruder till he was close upon him;—down went the bottle, up jumped the astonished soldier, and, forgetful of his guns, off he started, with the bear clutching at the tails of his great coat as he ran away. What strange confusion of ideas was muddling the General's intellect at the moment, it is difficult to say; but I suspect he had some notion that the attack was an act of insubordination on the part of bruin, for he called out most lustily as he ran along, "Back, rascal, back! I am a general!" Luckily a poor Wallack peasant had more respect for the epaulettes than the bear, and throwing himself in

* I have not been able to satisfy myself if the wild goat really exists in these mountains. In Wallachia, I was assured that it did; but Herr von L—— said he had never met either with the wild goat or stein-bock, or indeed with any game of that kind, except the chamois, in the course of his experience. The wild goat, however, is very commonly spoken of, and I have heard many say they have eaten it. It may exist more to the north.

the way, with nothing but a spear for his defence, he kept the enemy at bay, till our friend and the jägers came up and finished the contest with their rifles.

Although we declined the bear-hunt, we could not resist the offer of Herr v. L—— to accompany us in an excursion just across the borders to a Wallachian hermitage, which he described as romantic, wild, and picturesque in the highest degree. It was too far for one day's journey from Zernyest, so we left immediately after dinner for Terzburg, a small village on the very borders of Transylvania, by which our route would lead us. As the parents of our host's lady, an Armenian, lived there, he took us at once to their house and found us accommodations.

Before W—— could be persuaded to leave his bed next morning, I had accompanied our friend to visit the old castle of Terzburg, which is still inhabited and in good preservation. It occupies the point of an isolated rock, of no great height, indeed, but very steep on every side. It is in a singular style, half Byzantine, half Gothic. Its importance in former times was so great, that the Kronstadters received valuable privileges for having built it. At this point begins one of the few practicable passes between Wallachia and Transylvania, and the command of it must often therefore have decided the result of an incursion. Even in the very earliest times, Terzburg seems to have been a chosen point of defence, and it is said to take its German name of Diedrichstein from Theodoric, the chief of the order of German knights, to whom the whole of this district was given by King Andreas, on condition of their defending the frontiers. The many castles, often in ruins, with which the Burzen-land—as this portion of the Saxon-land is called, from the little river Burze, which flows through it—abounds, are generally referrible to this period; but that of Terzburg, at least as it now stands, has a later origin.

We gained the interior of the castle by a small portal, nearly half way up the tower. A fixed wooden stair now leads to this opening, though it was formerly only to be reached by a ladder, which was always drawn up at night. The ancient door, cased in iron, still exists. It is constructed like a draw-bridge, and lets down by iron chains, so as to form a landing-place before the entrance. A little court-yard occupies the centre of the building, and, as usual, it is surrounded by open galleries, communicating with the different apartments. Every thing remains in its pristine state, though some of the parts are no longer applied

to their original purposes. One strong bastion has been made into a hen-roost, a respectable-looking tower is treated even less respectfully, port-holes serve to trundle mops in, and dish-cloths hang where spears were wont to rest. The rooms are small and almost without ornament. On the whole, I was much pleased with Terzburg; for although there is little to describe, there are few old castles which give one a better idea of the times when they were erected, or of the manner of life for which they were adapted, than Terzburg.

W—— was up on our return; and after taking coffee with this homely Armenian family, we mounted our ponies, and set off for Bucses. Just on the other side of the castle we found the quarantine establishment for travellers coming from Turkey; for though the confines of Transylvania really extend four hours beyond this point, yet that part is considered in *sporco*, and its inhabitants are not allowed to pass without undergoing quarantine. The inhabitants of this district, *extra terminos*, are a strange wild set of creatures, originally settlers from Wallachia, and as near as possible to a state of barbarism. They are called Kalibaschen from the *Kaliban*, or huts in which they live, and are subject to the jurisdiction of the commander of the castle of Terzburg. They live chiefly by the pasturage of cattle, for which these mountains and valleys offer a tolerable supply; and, although we were told they had been much improved of late years, and had even been collected into villages, yet in appearance they are little less wild than the bears and wolves, their only neighbours.

We took an officer of the quarantine with us to protect us from detention on our return; and pushing on for a short distance along the regular road which conducts from Kronstadt to Kimpolung over the pass of Terzburg, we soon deviated to the east, and, following the course of a shallow brook, made its stony bed our road for the first hour. We were next obliged to ascend the mountain by a zig-zag path, worked out by the feet of the sheep and cattle which browse along its sides. About two-thirds up we found a narrow pathway, which conducted us along the steep sides of the mountain, and which was eventually to be our road across the frontier. For three hours did we traverse these rocks —of course, only at a foot pace, for the road was rarely more than two feet wide, and often less—sometimes proceeding through deep hanging woods, sometimes along the edges of bare precipices, which it made one dizzy to look

down. Our ponies were weak; and though accustomed to the mountains, by no means equal to the difficulties of such a road as this. The heat, however, was so oppressive, and rendered us so indisposed for exertion, that we preferred the dangers of riding to the trouble of a safer means of advancing. I had nearly paid dearly for my laziness. As my horse was picking his way over a very difficult place where a gap occurred in the rocks, and where he had nothing but the smooth surfaces to fix his feet on, he slipped and fell. Luckily I was cool enough to give him his head, and remain perfectly still; the poor beast, too, kept his balance, and aware of his danger, instead of all the rush and bustle which a horse commonly makes in recovering himself, he quietly pushed himself up with his nose, raised one leg, felt about till he was sure of a safe footing, and then slowly moved the other. Had either of us swerved but the merest trifle to one side, our lives must have paid for it. As a mass of stone loosened by our fall was rolled over the edge of the precipice, and bounded from rock to rock till it was lost in the mass of black pines which filled up the bottom of the ravine, I could not help feeling a little uncomfortable at the prospect I had just had of making a similar excursion. Nevertheless I continued to ride on; for, as I said before, the heat was oppressive, and the chance of a broken neck was at the moment less disagreeable than the trouble of exertion.

We passed a fine flock of sheep, consisting of several hundreds of the long-woolled, curly-horned sheep of Transylvania, which were on their road to pasture in Wallachia for the winter. These sheep were the property of a rich peasant. It is no uncommon thing here, to send sheep or cattle not only into Wallachia, but even across the Danube into Turkey for winter grazing; so great a difference is there in the severity of the climate on the north and south sides of this part of the Carpathians.

As we gained the frontier, which is on the very summit of this mountain ridge, and which is marked by a modest wooden cross, we had an extensive view over the Burzen-land, and even over some part of the Szekler-land. The Wallachian sentry, who had left his solitary post to fetch water from a neighbouring spring,—and a very odd spring that is, too,—hastened back, as he observed our approach, not, as we feared, to oppose our passage, but to pay us the compliment of a military salute, and beg something for his trouble. A pair of tight woollen trowsers, a shirt, and sheep-skin cap, formed his uniform, a cross-belt, and a well-cleaned musket, his accoutre-

ments. His guard-room was a sorry shed formed of branches of trees and a few logs; his rations a little Indian corn. The guard ought to consist of six men; but his comrades, he said, were gone out hunting. A chàmois or a roebuck must form an acceptable addition to their meagre fare. These men belong to the Wallachian frontier guard, and are intended to protect the country from border robbers, and to prevent smuggling; though, indeed, where the duty is only five per cent. as in Wallachia, that is little to be feared. How far their organization extends, or what similarity they may present to those on the other side, I was not able to learn.

The greater part of the pine forests which once covered the mountain we were now descending, on the Wallachian territory, presented an extraordinary spectacle. During a tremendous storm which occurred some twenty years ago among these mountains, the whole forest had been swept down by a gust of wind —not singly but in one mass—and there lie still the prostrate trunks, bared of their bark and whitened in the sun, covering the whole mountain side with their ruins, and looking as if they were cut down, stripped, and laid out ready for removal. Whether they had been broken off, or uprooted, we were too far off to distinguish; probably the latter, as the soil was thin, and the pine is more apt to spread its roots than strike them deeply into the soil. It is not impossible that some of those half-fossilized forests buried in our bogs, as well as the bogs themselves, have been thus formed. It is no argument to the contrary, that we never experience storms capable of producing such effects at the present day; for in a country cultivated as ours is, its forests opened, its morasses drained, and its whole climate consequently modified, we have no idea of what the winds are capable of in the wild mountains and trackless plains of such a district as this: —in England civilization has tamed the very elements!

An hour's descent on the Wallachian side brought us to the bottom of the first valley, where a clear rivulet, the course of which we followed, led us on to a second, which was terminated by a narrow cleft of the rocks, something like what we have already seen in the Thordai Hasadék, and the cavern of Almás. Here, almost for the first time since we had left Terzburg, did we meet with a sign of man's domination. At the entrance to the cleft, a fence of firs and a little gate, showed that there was something within considered worth protection; and a small cross, placed at the risk of life on the very highest pinnacle of the rock, looked as though gratitude to the Dispenser of that something,

had been there to hallow the possession. We passed the gate, and mounting a steep and narrow foot-path, soon came in sight of the cavern and hermitage of Bucses.

And is it possible that any human beings can have selected so wild and solitary a spot as this, for their residence?—was the inquiry of all when we first caught a glimpse of the gaping cave, and of the small line of white buildings, which encloses it from without. Our guide soon furnished an answer to the question; for he knocked so loudly at the little door, that an old monk speedily answered the summons; and, learning the object of our visit, welcomed us in Wallachian, and invited us to enter the *callugerie* or hermitage. In the interior, under the arched vault of the cavern, we found a small Greek chapel, and two other low buildings of wood, containing cells for seven or eight hermits.

At the present time there were only three of them at home—two old men, whose gray beards we took as testimonies to their virtue, and one neophyte, a half-cunning, half-foolish-looking lad of sixteen. One of them was busily employed in superintending the boiling of a pot, which hung from three sticks, over a wood fire in the open air, and formed their only kitchen, while another was cutting mushrooms and some other species of fungus* into slices, and hanging them up to dry. I at first imagined all this preparation was for making *Schwamm* for tinder; but no, it was a winter stock of provisions they were laying up. Our friend assured us that, except this dried fungus and Indian corn, and a little goat's milk, these men probably tasted nothing but water the whole winter through, and they were happy when they had a sufficiency of these. In summer, the shepherds sometimes bring them fresh food, and they themselves collect fruits and roots among the mountains near; but their chief support is derived from the proceeds of their begging, in the form of maize, with which the wanderers return in autumn. All they could offer us to aid our own supplies, was some of this fungus toasted with a little grease and salt. The fungus was decidedly good, as far as it went, though I believe we could have eaten up the whole store, without feeling satisfied.

The cave of Bucses, though high and fine, is not extensive; at least, it is not possible to penetrate more than a hundred yards

* On the Continent several species of fungus are used in cookery, beside the mushroom, which, if not so delicate, are still well worth attention. One of these reaches the size of an ordinary plate, and cannot weigh less than a pound.

from its entrance, however much farther it may really go. The monks pointed out to us the opening in the direction in which the rest of the cavern extends, and by which a small brook makes its way out to the day; but they have blocked it up so high, to render their cave warmer, that it is no longer possible to reach it.

After looking at every thing within the hermitage—the simple church, the yet simpler dwellings, and the most simple dwellers therein—and after partaking of their rude fare, we left guides and horses to their rest, and wandered out into the valley to admire the extraordinary and savage beauty of the scene. Immediately about the cavern the rocks assumed the form of bold cliffs; on the opposite side, a high pinnacle of rock raised its cross-crowned head to the skies, and further on the black pine covered the mountain sides, and rendered the valley dark and sombre. The stream which separates the two sides of the mountain forms a succession of such beautiful little water-falls, with their glassy clear green basins above, and white foaming spray below, that I could have spent hours in watching them. Reclining on a soft mossy bank by the side of one of these falls, I had delayed as long as possible, under the plea of getting a sketch of this scene, when a noise of quarrelling at the opening of the valley, called me away to see what could possibly have disturbed the repose of a spot, which I had supposed the residence of silence and contentment. Before I could get up, a change had come over the spirit of the scene; the sounds of quarrelling had ceased, and those of boisterous merriment had taken their place, and the first view I got of the picture showed the whole of our party in a full chorus of laughter, with the three hermits standing aside, and though silent, exchanging most angry looks with one another. W—— soon explained the mystery. It is the custom for visiters to give some trifling sum to the monks in return for such matters as they can furnish them with, which is joyfully accepted by them, and put into the common purse. As we had no small silver, W—— had given them a ducat, and to render the present less ostentatious, had slipped it among the salt. One of the elder hermits had received the salt, and bowed an acknowledgment for the gift; the surprise of W——, therefore, was very great on arriving at the bottom of the valley, to find the two others following with melancholy faces, and soon after to hear their complaints, that we had given them nothing. "What, do you consider the gold piece I gave your companion as nothing?" asked W——, angrily. "Gold! companion!" burst from the

astonished hermits, and in a few seconds they had flown to the cavern, dragged out the offending monk, and were hauling him by the collar to be corrected by W——, buffeting and abusing him handsomely by the way, when I first heard them. The change to a laugh may easily be understood:—the old rogue was obliged to disgorge his treasure, and we were left to reflect on the moral;—the which, probably, every one turned to support his own pet theory of morals in general. Musing on such matters we silently retraced our steps through the wild valley, repassed the sentinel, and were again on the narrow mountain road leading to Terzburg.

The sun was just setting as we crossed the frontier, and we had still a long ride before us, with the prospect of passing a considerable part of it in the dark. Notwithstanding all the haste we could make, darkness overtook us; but instead of increased danger, as we had feared, increased safety came with it, for the horses had become so cautious, that they scarcely made a false step the whole of our ride back.

As we approached the rude villages of the Kalibaschen, the notes of a very simple mountain air were borne on the winds, and fell so soft and sweet on the ear, that we could scarcely believe ourselves in such a savage neighbourhood. "Ah!" said Herr von L——, as he caught the sounds, "the young Kalibaschen lovers are not inclined to lose this fine evening: the music you hear, is from their Alpine horns, and is an invitation to their sweethearts to come out to some well-known rendezvous to meet them. The Alpine horn is the Kalibaschen's substitute for billets-doux and waiting maids." We little thought, as we passed these savages in the morning, that they had been capable of so much poetry; but what cannot love make poetical? Our friend said the horns were the same as those used by the Swiss peasants; and he described them as long wooden pipes made by the people themselves, and producing very harsh sounds if heard near. It was late when we arrived at Terzburg; but the carriages were waiting for us, and, after thanking Herr von L—— for his attention and politeness, we pushed on, and were soon deposited at our inn in Kronstadt.

Our route to Hermanstadt led us along the foot of the Carpathians nearly the whole distance. In many parts, the aspect of the country is curious, for the secondary ridges and valleys, running at right angles from the centre chain, are most numerous, and present, on a gigantic scale, the idea of ridge and furrow, rather than of a succession of mountains.

We passed several trains of wagons on the road, heavily laden with articles of luxury from Vienna, going to Kronstadt and the neighbourhood. Colonial produce seemed to form the bulk of their contents. Most of the wagons were drawn by twelve horses each. We were much struck with the number of fortified churches we observed in this country. Almost every village churchyard is surrounded by a strong wall, with battlements and port-holes, and they are often strengthened by towers and other means of defence. The history of Transylvania gives but too clear an explanation of the causes of these precautions, and their frequent occurrence brought the picture of former times very forcibly before us. It requires little imagination to conceive the wild Moslem hordes pouring down the passes of the Carpathians —perhaps sent to enforce the tribute which some bold, but luckless prince had ventured to refuse, or perhaps urged by the love of plunder only—sweeping over the smiling plains of the Három-Szék and Burzen-land and driving away in one mingled crowd the simple inhabitants and their flocks and herds. It is easy to imagine them, as these incursions become more frequent, raising round the village church the village fortress—the watchman taking his stand on the little tower, and every peasant listening as he drives his plough for the sound of the alarm-bell. The first glimpse of the turban on the mountain-top is sufficient. The warning has gone out—and now the crowd of frighted women and children, the panting cattle, and the anxious, but firm peasants, headed probably by their humble pastor—for the Saxons boasted no lordly chivalry—all bend their hurried steps towards the consecrated fortress. The forces of the enemy are composed of cavalry, and resistless as they are in the open field, they find the Saxon peasantry a formidable enemy behind their churchyard wall, for they are ready to die to save their wives and daughters from the feared and hated infidel. Exposed on one side to the Tartar, and on the other to the Turk, this beautiful but unhappy country was subject to every misery which the warfare of savages can inflict—how frightful a list! Many a romance of real life must these villages have witnessed! To this day the Transylvanian mother stills her restless child with threats of the Tartars coming—"Ihon jönnek a Tatárok!"*

* It is said to have been an amusement of the Tartars, to set the Hungarian children before their own little ones, that they might exercise themselves in cutting off heads—an important practical branch of Tartar education.

We got no further than Fogaras that evening, and it was with the greatest difficulty that we could procure any accommodation there. I think the inns are worse in this part of Transylvania than any where else, notwithstanding the much greater prosperity of the country in general. Perhaps I remarked this deficiency the more, because I stood the more in need of their accommodation; for, in crossing a small river in the dark, the driver had managed to overturn my carriage, and I had got a sound ducking in consequence. Although inhabited by Saxons, and surrounded by the Saxon-land, Fogaras belongs to the Hungarian counties. On this subject the Saxons are very sore, and they say, and with much appearance of reason, that in depriving them of this district, Government has violated the conditions of several grants and charters in their favour.

We reached Hermanstadt early enough to walk round its pretty promenades, and admire the almost Dutch neatness with which every thing is kept. The town itself—the capital of the Saxon-land—though tolerably well built, and possessing a handsome square, has a dull and stagnant appearance. Hermanstadt is the head-quarters of the commander-in-chief of the troops in Transylvania, and of course of the staff. Several departments of the Government, as the Customs, Post-superintendence, &c., are located here, but notwithstanding these helps, Hermanstadt is not what it was. The overland trade through Wallachia has almost disappeared, and with it the best days of Hermanstadt.

The first objects we visited on the morning after our arrival were the museum and gallery of Baron Bruckenthal. It has always been one of the peculiar privileges of greatness to choose great instruments for effecting its purposes, and in none was this more remarkable than in Maria Theresa. This prudent queen, setting aside all the prejudice which exists in Transylvania against the Saxons, raised for the first time in the History of that country, a Saxon—Baron Bruckenthal—to the supreme administration. Hermanstadt became the seat of Government. Bruckenthal built a splendid palace; formed a large collection of pictures, and a very valuable library of thirteen thousand volumes, and at his death bequeathed the use of them to the public. We found the pictures scarcely deserving the high character we had heard of them, but they are quite as good as those found in many second-rate German and French towns, and they are well worth attention, as they form the only collection in the country. The library is in excellent order, and most freely open

to all comers. In the museum we were most struck with the specimens of washed gold; indeed, it is probable in this particular the most complete existing, and contains in itself an explanation of the whole subject of gold washing.

I should recommend all lovers of fine scenery who may visit Hermanstadt, to extend their rambles as far as the Rothen Thurm Pass, one of the most romantic of the valleys which connect Transylvania and Wallachia. Not that I did visit it on the present occasion, for I had seen it before, and the recollection of ten days' dangerous illness spent in the quarantine there, was hardly an inducement to make me return. The valley, however, is most beautiful, the rocks are bold and precipitous, the woods rich, and hanging over the sides of the mountains, and occasionally the most beautiful green glades intervene, that either poet or painter could desire. It is by this beautiful valley that the Aluta makes its escape to the Danube, and it forms one of the most curious instances I know, of a river passing completely through the centre of a vast mountain chain. At present, the Aluta is of little value; for, in spite of the orders for removal of mills, by the Prince of Wallachia, its course is entirely obstructed by them. Whether this river could ever be made navigable as far as Transylvania I much question,—its bed is for miles and miles nothing but a succession of rocks,—but in Wallachia itself, it will become of the greatest importance.

I scarcely know whether I ought to make a digression here, and tell my readers something of Wallachia and Moldavia, or pass on without further notice of them; I trust, however, I may be allowed to intrude a short notice of these Principalities; for, though I know the subject may be called foreign to the title of my book, yet the fate of these two countries has been so intimately associated with that of Hungary, and for the future, must, I believe, be still more so, that a few words on the matter may not be thrown away.

Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia, lying between ancient Poland, Hungary, the Danube, and the Black Sea, have in turns, for many centuries past, acknowledged the supremacy of one or other of the great powers on which they border. Hungary, I believe, still claims a right to the suzerainty, though Austria yielded up her claim about a century ago to Turkey. Of late years, these provinces have been governed by princes nominated by the Porte from among the worthless intriguing Greeks of the Fanar. By the treaty of Ackermann, however, Bessarabia was

given up to Russia, and with it the command of the mouths of the Danube; and still more recently, Russia has extended her *protection*—under the plea of similarity of religion—to the other two provinces, and obtained a declaration of their independence from the Porte, in which, however, Russia and Turkey are named as *protecting powers*. By this act, they are allowed to elect their own princes, vote and levy their own taxes, and in fact govern themselves entirely according to their own fancies, provided always, that nothing is done contrary to the interests of the protecting powers. From the moment this act was signed, Russia has never ceased her endeavours to extend her own influence, and destroy that of Turkey in these provinces; they now seem at every moment in danger of falling completely into her hands. Gratitude for assistance given to enable them to escape the Moslem yoke, at first rendered the extension of this influence an easy task, but as the Wallachians and Moldavians began to feel a new burden galling their shoulders, and saw that every day bound it only the more tightly to them, they hesitated, remonstrated, and finally positively refused to support it longer. A constant series of acts of oppression and injustice had rendered the morality of the Boyars,—as the nobles of these countries are called,—both private and political, a subject of mockery even for Russians; but the insolence of Baron Ruckmann, the Russian Consul-general, has found the means of awakening them to a sense of their duty, and they have at last stanchly refused to sanction acts which they declare contrary to their rights and liberties. Of course, all resistance, except that of moral power, is impossible. Turkey can offer no assistance, and, as they say, "England and France are a long way off."

The population of Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia is almost exclusively of Dacian origin; that of the two former provinces amounts to nearly 1,500,000, that of the latter probably is not more than 20,000. I have travelled over a considerable part of Wallachia and Moldavia, and I never saw two countries, of their extent, so rich in productions, so fruitful in resources. The land is of the very richest quality; the greater part of it an alluvial plain, like the Banat of Hungary, with a climate the most favourable for production. Yet with all these advantages, I never saw a country so thinly populated, nor a population so excessively poor and miserable. I had pitied the Wallacks of Transylvania till I saw their brethren of the Principalities, and found that there were those who might envy them their lot.

Years of monopoly, oppression, and insecurity have worked out these consequences. With respect to Bessarabia I cannot speak from personal observation, except of that part which borders the Sulina branch of the Danube, and it is little better than a vast morass. The greater part of the country is, I believe, of much the same nature, and it could be valuable to Russia therefore only in as far as it gave her a command of the mouths of the Danube, and tended to make the Black Sea a Russian Lake.

My readers will probably see now why Wallachia, Moldavia, and Bessarabia concern Hungary. One of them is already in the hands of Russia, and commands the only exit for the productions of Hungary; the other two are ready to fall into the hands of Russia whenever she chooses to seize them, and they form the frontiers of Hungary on the east.

While I am writing this, the news of a great treaty concluded between England and Austria* has just reached me; and I find by one of the articles that vessels coming from the ports of Wallachia and Moldavia, are to be received on the same terms as if coming from Austrian ports.

At last, then, Austria has roused herself and engaged England fairly in the cause. The meaning of that article is simply this:—"Russia shall not extend her possessions on the Danube further than she has done already." The necessity for the provision is absolute. Hungary possesses no port on the Danube, that is, no vessel from the Black Sea can possibly come up to any Hungarian town on the Danube and discharge her cargo; if, therefore, Hungary is desirous to establish an outlet for her productions by means of the Danube, it can only be done by keeping the ports below the Iron Gates open to her merchants. This has been threatened, first by the duties Russia attempted to impose on vessels entering the Danube, and, on the failure of that, by the gradual filling up of the Sulina mouth, by neglecting the cleansing which was always carried on by the Turks, and latterly, it is said, by the sinking, as if by accident, of some flat-bottomed

* Of course I allude to the commercial treaty, negotiated with so much talent by Mr. Macgregor. It is with great regret and astonishment I have seen a question raised in the House of Commons about the meaning of the article referring to Wallachia, and still further confusing the question by mixing it up with the new Turkish treaty. It has been asked, if Turkey will consent to, or if Turkey can, extend her new customs to the Principalities. Turkey has nothing whatever to do with the Principalities in such matters, they are entirely free to make any regulations or treaties of commerce they please with any foreign power.

boats. This scheme was again threatened with counteraction by the formation of a canal or railroad from the Danube to the Black Sea, and it was therefore but reasonable to suppose that Russia would exert her influence with the Princes to throw still further impediments in the way, much as it would have been to their injury. There were only two ways of opposing this, either by engaging England in the maintenance of the security of these provinces, or in at once seizing on them herself. The first has been adopted for the present; let us inquire if the second may not become necessary hereafter. The interests of Europe, of humanity, require that the ambition of Russia should receive a check: I will not waste one line in arguing a proposition which is not questioned by a single man of sense and feeling in Europe. She is preparing the way for future conquest in the south of Europe, and to these conquests Wallachia and Moldavia are the high road. These countries have no force which would enable them to resist her invading army a single day, nor is it possible that for centuries they can have: they have neither the physical means which a mountainous and wooded country afford, nor have they those moral aids—proud historical recollections, legends of liberty, or the character which long habits of independence give—and which have enabled small knots of men to retain their place as nations when threatened by the most powerful with extinction. For their armies they have a few hundred men each—"not for fighting," as one of their own officials told me; "that others do for us,"—but for keeping up a system of quarantine which, as far as possible, destroys their trade and cuts them off from all communication with the Turks. Independent, therefore, these provinces cannot be: the question then is, to whom shall they belong? Turkey is not only unable to hold them, from the ancient hatred they bear to the enemies of their faith, but the extension of her frontiers beyond the Danube rather tends to weaken than strengthen her. No one who is anxious to save Europe from the flood of barbarism which threatens to overflow her from the North, would leave them in the grasp of Russia. Hungary, then, is the only power which could hold them with safety to herself and others. Let Hungary offer the Principalities a frank union, a fair share in the advantages of her constitution, and an equality of rights and privileges, and I have no doubt the Wallachians would gladly join themselves to a country which could guaranty them a national existence, civil and religious freedom, and an identity of material interests. Hungary too would gladly

accept a share in the trade of the Black Sea, and might probably be induced to give up her claims on Gallicia for such a compensation,—and then, with constitutional Poland reinstated in her integrity on the one side, and constitutional Hungary intervening on the other, the fears of invasion from absolute Russia would be an idle bugbear unworthy a moment's fear; but from no other combination can Europe ever be safe.

But to return to Hermanstadt and the *biedere Sachsen.* The Hermanstadters are said to be of Flemish origin, and they have got a strange notion that the extraordinary dialect they commonly converse in has a strong resemblance to English. It might have been Hebrew for all I could understand of it. I believe there are not less than seven distinct dialects among these Saxons, all supposed to have been derived from the different parts of Germany from which they originally came. They all spell and write German as it is now spoken. Here, as elsewhere, Luther's Bible has formed the language after its own image, but even in reading the Bible they translate it into the common dialect. It is a common joke against the Saxons to ask them how they spell *boffleisch,*—their name for bacon,—and they answer by spelling the classical German word s-p-e-c-k, calling it at the same time *boffleisch.* Even in the pulpit the clergyman reads in the vulgar dialect.

When we left Hermanstadt and passed through more of the Saxon-land, we had still further reason to admire the habits and character of this people as exhibited by outward appearances. Never in my life did I see more flourishing villages than theirs; even the Wallacks who have settled among them have caught something of their spirit, and look almost comfortable and happy. The houses are well built, and though only of one story, they are always raised some feet above the ground, and are reached by a flight of steps. The gable end, which is turned towards the street, generally bears the date of its erection, the cipher of the builder, and, according to a good old Puritan custom, a verse from the Bible, recommending its inhabitants to the care of Providence. The people were well dressed, and we passed in the course of the day a great number of smart lads and lasses, the former with bunches of flowers in their broad-brimmed hats; the latter with showy jackets and their hair braided and ornamented with flowers most tastefully.

And now, reader, we have passed Reismark and Mühlenbach, said adieu to the land of the Saxons, and are again among the

Magyars at Karlsburg in my favourite valley of the Maros. I have no need to describe our route any further, as we have passed over it twice before. I believe we have now visited the greater part of Transylvania, very imperfectly of course, and I can safely say of it, in the words of a German writer—"There is perhaps no country which has not some beauties to exhibit, but I never saw any which, like Transylvania, is all beauty,"—*welches so wie Siebenbürgen ganz Schönheit wäre.* And many as were the little discomforts and inconveniences we have been obliged to put up with, we have managed to provide against them tolerably well. While writing up my notes of this past day, I cannot, if I look round me, complain of any great misery, or, at least, I cannot feel very unhappy about it, do what I will. Krumme Peter's apartment is certainly far inferior to his entertainment, but it contains three beds, and the servants have just covered them with our own linen; a supper of roast fowls and salad has satisfied our hunger, and the wine is neither sour nor weak; and now that I see Miklós has filled my chibouque with choice Latakia, and rested its delicate amber mouthpiece on my pillow, mixed my cool draught of *eau sucré* and placed it with a novel by my bed-side—why I believe I shall go to bed and read, and smoke for the next hour in as perfect a state of ecstasy as if my couch was down, and its hangings of most costly materials.

CHAPTER XII.

KLAUSENBURG IN WINTER.

Transylvanian Hospitality.—Klausenburg.—Transylvanian Incomes.—Money Matters.—The Gipsy Band.—Our Quarters.—The Stove.—The Great Square.—The Recruiting Party.—A Soirée.—The Clergy.—The Reformed Church.—Religious Opinions.—The Consistory.—Domestic Service.—County Meeting.—Count Bethlen Jânos.—Progress of Public Opinion.—The Arch-Duke.—The Students and Officers.—Climate.—Separation of three Counties.—The Unitarians.—Habits of Society. The Ladies.—Education.—Children and Parents.—Divorces.—Casino and Smoking.—Funerals.—Schools.—The Theatre.

Winter set in with all its rigour, and we determined to remain quietly at Klausenburg, at least for some time. I pass over the presentation of introductions and the necessary formalities of making acquaintance. An Englishman, who is only accustomed to the stiff, though well-meant forms of English society, can have little idea how a stranger is received here.

The first family we visited, invited us to take our dinner and supper regularly with them when we had no other engagement. "You will find few persons in Klausenburg just at present; the inns are very bad, and therefore, whenever you are not engaged, we shall expect the pleasure of your company at two o'clock for dinner, and at nine for supper." Nor was this a mere ceremony; for if we missed one day, a servant was sure to come the next to invite us. With such a reception I need scarcely say we soon felt ourselves at home at Klausenburg.

But I believe I have never told the reader what sort of a place this Klausenburg is. Well, then, it is a pretty little town of about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, situated in the valley of the Szamos, and overlooked by hills on every side. It is built round a large square, in the centre of which stands the fine old Gothic cathedral. From this square, almost all the streets run off at right angles. The streets themselves are wide, in the true Magyar taste, and the houses, though handsome, are often of only one story, and never more than two.

The old walls, gates, and towers which formerly guarded the town, are in great part standing, and I believe they even still

close some of them at night. The Szamos does not run through the town, and it is well it does not; for it is a strange unmanageable river, and might carry it away in some of its sudden inundations. On the opposite side of it, however, there exists a part of Klausenburg, if such a title can be given to a collection of miserable huts, which cover the side of the hill. They are, for the most part, holes scraped out of the soft sandstone rock, with a little projecting thatch over the door. This wretched place is inhabited by gipsies and dogs. I unite the two, because, in an excursion I made into this region, I found more of the latter than the former, and it was not without some difficulty that I escaped from them.

Though, generally speaking, Klausenburg can lay no claim to figure as a European capital, yet it possesses some few houses which would make a respectable appearance in London or Paris. It is very rare, however, that their owners occupy the whole of them,—a part is generally let off to others. Although many of the Transylvanian nobles have immense estates, including twenty or thirty villages, there are very few of them who are not deeply in debt, and very much harassed for ready money. Six per cent. is the maximum of legal interest, but ten is more generally paid for loans. In matters of business the generality of the Transylvanians are mere children. There is not one in fifty who can tell you the amount of his own income or expenditure. You are often surprised to hear a man of ten thousand acres, talk of receiving only seven or eight hundred pounds a-year in rents, and you are still more surprised when you hear that so small a sum maintains such a household as you see him keeping up. On inquiring a little further into the matter, you find he has not calculated as income or expenditure, all the corn and hay his twenty or thirty horses consume, all the game, poultry, fruit, bread, wine, and fire-wood, used in the family: "Oh! that is nothing," he answers, if reminded of these matters; "that all comes from my own estates." He reckons income what he receives in hard cash; expenditure, what he lays out in hard cash.

In all Transylvania there is not a single banker. A retail tradesman, who has very large affairs with Pest and Vienna, will give money on bills, and undertakes the transmission of considerable sums, for a per centage; but of regular bankers there are none. Even this person will not receive deposits of money, unless paid five per cent. for keeping them; for he says they are of no use to him—he can do nothing with them. Imperfect

laws, which render the recovery of debts difficult, is the real source of this inconvenience, but the habits of former times tend much to keep it up. When the country was subject to civil war, or to Turkish invasion, it was then, as it is still in Turkey, considered prudent and economical to hoard up gold, or lay out large sums in plate and jewels, so that in case of an attack, they might be easily hidden, or carried off. The same feeling still exists here, and it is not uncommon for ladies with an income of five hundred pounds per annum, to possess more jewels than an Englishwoman, of ten or twenty times that fortune, would dream of. The quantities of pearls and diamonds with which some of the Hungarian ladies load their national costume, is quite out of all proportion; to me they forcibly recalled the bead-decked dresses of the savages of the South Sea Islands,—Heaven defend me, though, should they hear that I have said so!

At one of the first dinner parties to which we were invited, the attendance of the gipsy band was ordered, that we might hear some of the Hungarian music in its most original form. The crash of sound which burst upon us, as we entered the dining-room, was most startling; for be they where they may, gipsy musicians make it a point to spare neither their lungs nor arms, in the service of their patrons. This band was one of the best in the country, and consisted of not less than twenty or thirty members, all of whom were dressed in smart hussar uniforms, and really looked very well. Few of them, if any, knew notes, yet they executed very many difficult pieces of music with considerable accuracy. The favourite popular tune, the Rákótzy, —the Magyar "Scots wha hae,"—was given with great force. I am more than ever convinced that none but a gipsy band can do it full justice. The effect of the melancholy plaintive sounds with which it begins, increased by the fine discords which the gipsies introduce, and of the wild burst of passion which closes it, must depend as much on the manner of its execution as on the mere composition. It is rather startling to the stranger, on arriving at Klausenburg, that no sooner is he lodged in his inn, than he receives a visit from this gipsy band, who salute him with their choicest music to do honour to his coming; and it is sometimes a little annoying to find that he cannot get rid of them without paying them most handsomely for their compliment.

In December we left the inn, and got into very comfortable lodgings, in the house of Dr. P——, with a sunny aspect and a look out into the market-place. We had altogether four rooms,

for which we paid four pounds per month. When we dined at home, which was very seldom, they sent us in a very fair dinner, of five dishes, from the casino, at twenty-pence each.

The weather was intensely cold, and we were obliged to keep large wood-fires in the stoves all day long. The windows were double, and the doors fitted pretty well, but we still felt it excessively cold. We were fortunate in having old-fashioned stoves, which opened into the room, and which, if less elegant, are much more wholesome and comfortable than those which open on the outside. I do really think, of all unwholesome, uncomfortable inventions, the modern Austrian, or Russian stove is the worst. It throws a tremendous heat into the room, of a kind which, to those unaccustomed to it, is almost sure to produce headach, and at the same time it offers no vent for foul air. And then, as to regulating the heat, that is next to an impossibility. The late Emperor Francis wittily observed one day, that he believed "it required as much talent to warm a room, as to rule a kingdom," and I really think he was not far from the truth,—for those who suffer the heat have no communication with him who makes the fire, nor does the latter ever enter the room to judge how far the heating is needed; in fact he knows about as much of the feelings of those he alternately starves and stews, as an absolute monarch of the wants and necessities of those whom he paternally misrules.

In a house we were staying at for some time, the *daraband*—fire-maker—was deaf and dumb, and all he could be made to understand was, that the rooms required heating. Whenever this poor fellow wished to show his liking to any one, he always did it by keeping the stove hot the whole day. By some means or other, it appeared that we had attracted his especial favour, and we soon found ourselves in danger of being roasted, from pure kindness.

The cause of this daraband's loss of speech and hearing is curious. Till the age of thirty he had full possession of all his faculties; but, at that time he met with a severe fall, which is supposed to have injured the brain, and which left him quite deaf and dumb, and partly idiotic. When very much excited, however, by passion, he has once or twice been heard to speak, and that, too, distinctly and well, but immediately afterwards he relapsed into his former state.

Those who love looking out of the windows, would scarcely choose Klausenburg as a winter's residence. Even in our great

have a horror of writing notes here—and the time half-past six. In the first room sat a crowd of young ladies without a soul to speak to them, save a stray youth just escaped from college, or some good-tempered old beau who had taken pity on their destitute condition. In the second and third, were the usual complement of card-tables, dowagers, and dandies, with a few pretty women, still in the prime of life, and the sole objects of attention. How it is that this rigid separation should have been established between the maids and matrons, I know not; but I suspect that some coquettish mammas were prudent enough to think that a separation between mother and daughter, at least in their cases, might be for the benefit of both parties, the exhibition of mamma's flirtations, *un peu prononcées*, being scarcely adapted to improve her daughter's innocence; and the daughter's fresh colour and youthful charms being certainly not calculated to set off the waning beauties of mamma. The refreshments were altogether exotic. A large table was crowded with tea-urns, cups and saucers, cakes and sweetmeats, bonbons, ices, a large bottle of rum to take with the tea, after the Russian fashion, and I know not what else, of tempting delicacies besides. With some amateur music, to which no one listened, and some honest hard waltzing, in which all took real pleasure, a little scandal, and a little flirting, the party broke up at ten.

With the exception of a slight tendency to the over-gay, the ladies' dresses were just the same as one sees in every other part of Europe; at least, I am sure, I could tell no difference. Dancing seems really more of a passion here than I ever saw it any where else; and the greatest misfortune that can happen to a young lady is, to have a paucity of partners. A lady told me the other day, that in her dancing times, she remembered well that she never said her prayers for her "daily bread," without adding "and plenty of partners at the next ball, I beseech thee." How far the prayer might be an appropriate one, I leave Theologians to decide; but I am sure it was a sincere one; and I believe the loss of the daily bread would not have appeared more cruel than the want of partners.

On calling on the Baroness B—— one day, we found her sorrowing that her favourite maid was going to be married.

"I shall never get so good a hair-dresser again; and, besides, she has been with me from childhood; and, after all, she was much better off where she was, than as the wife of a poor clergyman."

"What!" I asked, "does a respectable clergyman marry a lady's waiting maid?"

"Oh, yes! It is the same gentleman you have met at my house in the country; he is a very honest man, and thinks himself very fortunate in getting her. She is quite as well educated, and has picked up rather better manners than the generality of those to whom he could aspire; and, besides, he has probably some hopes that we may help him forward in consequence."

"And shall you receive your former maid at your table, as you lately did the clergyman?"

"Of course not: he will come as usual, whenever we are in the country: but his wife will not dream of such a thing. You might have noticed, that although the lower ends of our tables are crowded by our stewards and bailiffs, and dependants of various kinds, their wives are never admitted."

The great body of the Protestant clergy of Transylvania are derived from the poorer classes of society, as the peasants or small tradesmen. Those of the towns, indeed, are often the sons of professors, merchants, or gentlemen of landed property; but these form the exception, not the rule. During the period of their education, they are commonly maintained by assistance from the lord of the village to which they belong, by the charity of the Protestant body at large, or from the funds of the college itself. The latter portion of the time they remain in the schools is in part occupied in teaching, by which they gain something to help out their slender pittance.

The government of the Reformed Churches in Transylvania approaches, in some respects, to that of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. The whole body of Calvinists is divided into seventeen circles, each circle being governed by a presbyter, notary, two laical curators, and two assistants. The ecclesiastical causes of each circle are judged by the presbyter and twelve clerical assessors. The appeal from the circle courts is to the General Synod, which is composed of the bishop, the presbyters, notaries, two clerical deputies from each circle, and some laical deputies from the Consistory. The Consistory is the great council, or parliament of the Calvinists, and meets twice a year at Klausenburg, to decide all the important affairs of the Church. The Consistory is composed of deputies (*patroni*) chosen thus: —The members of every church, peasants or others, meet together every four years, and elect two of their own body, who, together with the clergy, assembling from the whole circle, elect

two, four, or five deputies (according to the size of the circle) to the Consistory. Besides these deputies, the Consistory is composed of the bishop, first notary, presbyters, notaries of circles, professors of colleges, curators of circles and colleges, and all the lords-lieutenant, privy counsellors, and state secretaries belonging to that religion. The Consistory chooses from its own body four presidents, of whom the eldest present always takes the chair. The election of the bishop is nominally made by the Synod, subject to the approval of the Government; but the first notary, who succeeds to the bishopric as a matter of course, is chosen by the Synod independently.

The manner of nominating to a cure is this:—If a village is in want of a clergyman, the seigneur nominates some qualified person; that is, some one who has gone through a course of education,—like that described in speaking of the college of Enyed,—and has been duly ordained; and, if he is approved by the bishop, he, with the consent of the Synod, confirms the nomination. If, however, the peasants object to his induction, or afterwards become discontented with his services, the bishop is obliged to remove him.

The salary of the Transylvanian clergyman is commonly very small. Besides a cottage and plot of ground,—an entire peasant's fief,—he receives a voluntary payment, the amount of which is agreed on beforehand, in part from the lord, and in part from the peasants. It is rarely that this is entirely in money. The peasants commonly agree to give a tenth of their corn and wine; and the lord, to a certain quantity of the same articles, adds a sum of money, varying from eight to twelve pounds. This is but a poor pittance for a man of talent and education; and when it is considered that the greater part even of this depends on his pleasing the lord of the village, we shall not be surprised that the clergyman of Transylvania does not occupy so dignified and honoured a position as he ought to do. Though there are, undoubtedly, many men of high character among them, as a class, they are commonly spoken of by the nobles as deficient in independence and self-respect. Nor is this remark to be confined to the Protestants; the Catholics are equally obnoxious to it. The very custom of admitting the priesthood to their tables as daily guests, amiable a trait as it may appear in the character of the nobles, without treating them as equals, has a direct tendency to convert them into dependents and flatterers. Even the higher dignitaries of the church are not always free from the like animadver-

sions; and in speaking of ecclesiastical causes, of which they are the judges, I have often heard men of the highest character say, that a few presents and a little cajolery, will help them to unravel a knotty point, or solve a conscientious scruple with astonishing rapidity.

From disregard for the professors of religion to a disregard for religion itself is but a short step, and I am sorry to say it is one which is often made in Transylvania. It is a common thing, among both Catholics and Protestants, for the best informed of the young people—the old cling to the faith and observances of their forefathers with a fervent and sincere attachment—to speak of religion as a useful means of influencing mankind, of Christianity as a beautiful moral system; but there are very few with whom I have spoken seriously on the subject, who have not denied its Divine origin. In fact, they seemed to think infidelity itself a proof of a strong and enlightened mind, and were astonished that any man of sense could really believe the authenticity of miracles.

As might be anticipated from this laxity of belief, bigotry has few devotees. The Catholic party is dominant, and those more immediately favoured by the Court, it is true, are somewhat inclined towards propagandism; but, with both parties, religion is more a part of politics than of faith. The Protestants are neglected and oppressed because they are Protestants, and such treatment has created among them considerable bitterness and a strong party spirit. Of course, this is not to be wondered at; persecution is the best cure for indifference; but it is rather startling to see the man with whom one has been arguing overnight for the credibility of Scripture, the next morning heading a meeting of strong Calvinists. "Why, what can you have to do with the Consistory?" I observed to Baron ——, one day when he was canvassing for a full attendance of members at the next assembly,—"What can you have to do with the Consistory, if you don't believe in religion?" "I may not believe the dogmas of the Reformed Church," he answered, "and yet have a strong conviction that the principles of the Reformation, the right of free inquiry, and the duty of every man's forming his own opinion, are just and true. What I contend for now is the independence of our schools and colleges with respect to any interference on the part of an absolute and Catholic Government. In that I am as Protestant as the best believer amongst them."

I have been sometimes at a loss whether most to admire or

deprecate the treatment and position of servants here. A Transylvanian servant is commonly the child of his master's peasant, perhaps one who has been left an orphan, and bequeathed to his care, perhaps a playfellow of his little master, who has been taken into the family in his very infancy, and there he will probably remain till he can serve no longer. Their wages are small,—of course I speak of the generality, the very highest classes are the exceptions every where,—those of footmen rarely exceeding four or five pounds a-year, and grooms and coachmen often receiving only one; but then they are all found in clothes, linen, and washing. If a female servant wishes to marry, her mistress provides her a handsome *trousseau*, and helps to furnish her house; if a man-servant marries, his wife is very likely taken into the family, or some out-door place is found for him. When they become too old to serve any longer, there is no idea of turning them off, but they are commonly sent to some country house at a distance, and maintained there for their lives. Some gentlemen have dozens of these old pensioners quartered on different estates; as they say, "It costs us but little; for the expense of transporting the corn we receive in rent from our peasants would hardly pay for the trouble, and it keeps these poor fellows very comfortably."

If this has its good side, it has also its bad, for I never saw servants more negligent and dirty than those of Transylvania. I believe they do not rob their masters, but they get drunk on their best wines, lame their best horses, and probably disobey their orders five times out of ten. Nor do I think the familiarity with which they are commonly treated, any more a proof of respect or of kindly feeling, than our distance and reserve of cruelty and pride. The more nearly the servant approaches the master in his rights and position in society, the more necessary it is that reserve should intervene to keep up that deference, without which obedience can hardly be expected. But when the servant is of another caste, and can never approach the sphere of those above him, the case is different, and the more he approaches to the state of the slave, the more he is treated with familiarity, because there is the less danger of his being tempted to forget his relative position in consequence of it. In America the negroes in the slave states are treated with infinitely more familiarity than they are in the others; but it would be absurd on that account to conclude that slavery is preferable to freedom, or that the freeman's master is more cruel than the owner

of the slave. In Russia, this contemptuous familiarity is carried to a still greater extent. A princess of that country was once discovered employing her footman in lacing her stays, and when remonstrated with by her more civilized visiter, answered, very composedly, "What can it signify? he is only a servant." To a modification of the same feeling, I attribute much of the familiarity with which servants are treated in Transylvania,—the very praise of a good servant, that "he is faithful as a dog," is enough to prove it; and I cannot, therefore, as many writers have done, from seeing it in other parts of the Continent, hold it up to admiration or imitation. The good servant ought to be too much respected by his master to be treated with familiarity; for in the dependent position which he necessarily occupies, it could only degrade him to a mean flatterer, or render him disobedient and careless.

The dislike of any other livery than their national dress is very strong among the servants here; indeed, to such an extent is it carried, that those who wish to have servants in livery are often obliged to hire them at Pest or Vienna. Except the lady's maid, the female servants are commonly dressed like the peasant women, and wear the same substantial boots and bundas.

On the fifth of December, there was a meeting of the county of Klausenburg, the first held since the dissolution of the Diet. This looked as if the Government were inclined to try conciliation, and we heard that all the chiefs of the liberal party were anxious that it should pass off with the greatest quietness, but that they were resolved at the same time to manifest a firm adherence to their rights. The course to be adopted was determined on at a meeting of the principal nobles at the house of Count Bethlen János,—the admitted leader of the liberals;—and it was to assemble and draw up a protest against the dissolution of the Diet, and all the subsequent acts of the executive, and then to separate, with a refusal to act in any way with a Government of which they cannot acknowledge the legality.

The meeting took place in the hall, formerly occupied by the Diet, and which was still fitted up as it had been during the sittings of that assembly, with rows of benches covered with green cloth. The Administrator, the substitute for the Lord-lieutenant who had resigned, took his place with fear and trembling; for he was aware how strong the opposition was against him, and he did not probably feel quite comfortable as to how the meeting might end. After the clerks had read over some documents,

among which was the Imperial Ordinance closing the Diet, in Latin, Count Bethlen János rose. Added to an exceedingly fine countenance and striking figure, Bethlen János possesses a voice of greater depth and sweetness than I ever remember to have heard. His manner is calm, but earnest and persuasive in the highest degree. He is generally accused of being too lazy to take such an active share in public affairs as his talents and eloquence demand of him. That could not be charged against him, however, on this occasion. He had been suffering from ague for several months previously, and was actually under the influence of the fever while he was speaking.

His task was a difficult one. A considerable number of Szolgabirok, magistrates, who had been fairly chosen in 1833, in consequence of the cessation of the county meeting, had not been able to give up their offices, as they were bound to do, at the end of the year, and go through a new election; they had now been three years in office. All these men were anxious to come forward and resign; but as it was determined that nothing should be done, of course their re-election could not have been made, and probably Government would have appointed a set of corrupt bureaucrats in their places. The quiet dignified manner, and calm reasoning of Count Bethlen, seemed to have its effect. Some of the friends of Government tried to counteract his wise counsel by stimulating the more uncompromising of the opposition to a violent course—but it was in vain; the moderates carried the day. A committee was appointed to draw up a protest, and the meeting adjourned. Many of the best speakers had been drawn off by similar meetings having been called together in several other counties. After Bethlen János, the best speakers were Baron Kemény Domokos, Zejk Joseph, and Count Teleki Domokos. The speeches were generally very short, and in consequence the speakers found it frequently necessary to rise and interrupt, in order to explain their meaning more fully, which produced some confusion in the debate.

Even among the liberal party, different opinions have been formed as to the prudence and wisdom of the extreme measures of Baron Wesselényi, which led to the violent dissolution of the Diet on the part of the Government. Many of those who had followed his steps while successful, were anxious to escape from the path into which their fears and not their convictions had drawn them. Others, too weak to oppose the torrent in the height of its flow, now began to make themselves heard; and there were

many who believed that a more cautious, if less direct, course would have been attended with more favourable results. Perhaps these opinions are right, and on the spot, I was much inclined to agree with them myself; at the same time, it is impossible to deny that the principles of Wesselényi, if too advanced both for the Government and the mass of his countrymen, were in themselves noble and high. The attempt to carry them out at that moment may have been imprudent, untimely; but they have had the effect which all high party principles have, of engendering sentiments of disinterested nationality and generous devotion to the public good. A few years ago, Government would have been right in counting on love of place as stronger than love of principle; but a public conscience has been called into action; he that could get the most was not the most esteemed—and, as was seen in the moment of action, even men of doubtful conduct no longer dared to leave the straight course, so strong was the public feeling against any dereliction from public duty. For this the country has, in a great measure, to thank Wesselényi, and I am not sure that it is not the greatest boon he could have conferred on it.*

Nothing can be conceived more uneasy than the state of society here at the present moment. Politics have completely divided the most intimate friends, so that it is difficult to form even a dinner party without bringing opponents together. The Arch-duke and his small band of officials, together with the whole of the military, are sent to Coventry by the greater part of the nobility. Many ladies not only refuse to attend at his palace, but will not go into society where he is invited. Of course this has no tendency to soften the Arch-duke's feelings, and many tales are afloat of the harsh things he has said. That he is a most dangerous enemy of constitutional rights is beyond all question.

* Later events have still further confirmed this opinion. The Transylvanian Diet was called together again in 1838, at Hermanstadt, and almost all the points formerly refused were redemanded, and finally obtained from the Government. The Diet firmly refused to elect the Arch-duke for governor, and he has in consequence left the country. Many of those gentlemen who gave up their places on the dissolution of the former diet, have been re-elected by the present one, to still higher posts; the election of the president, and the publication of the debates, have been yielded without opposition, and it is to be hoped, that in future the country and Government will cordially unite in amending the institutions, and ameliorating the condition of this beautiful country. The first act of the Diet was to appoint a commission for the reform of the laws affecting the peasantry.

Only a short time since, in answer to a remonstrance from one of the most moderate of the opposition, on the illegality of some ordinance just issued, he observed, "*Das erste Gesetz ist des Kaisers Befehl*,—the first law is the Emperor's will,"—a sentiment too absolute to find an echo even within the walls of the Seraglio.

These feelings of dislike to the Court and its party, have been strongly called forth by an occurrence which took place in the theatre within these last few days. As a young student was passing out of the theatre, at the same time with a number of officers, he pushed against one of them—rudely in all probability, and not quite unintentionally, for between officers and students there is a great hatred,—when the officer and several of his companions drew their swords, attacked the unarmed boy, and wounded him severely. In England, the officers would have been tried for murder; here, they were commended by their superiors, and the student thrown into prison. Now, though, for my own part, I fully agree with the Transylvanians in regarding such an act with the greatest horror, it is but just to the Austrian army to give the reasons by which they attempt to justify it. If an Austrian officer receives an insult and does not avenge it, he is looked upon by his comrades as a coward; if he fights a duel, he is broken by his commander; and therefore to redress his own wrongs the moment they are inflicted is the only plan by which he can escape dishonour or punishment. It is still difficult to conceive, however, by what sophistry it could be considered fair to use arms against an unarmed man.

Towards the middle of January the cold became excessive. At eight o'clock in the morning of the tenth of that month, the thermometer stood at twenty-two degrees of Fahrenheit below freezing. This is a greater degree of cold than has been known at Klausenburg for many years; indeed it is colder than a common winter at St. Petersburg. The winter in general, however, is exceedingly severe in Transylvania, and I know no better instance to prove how much other circumstances, besides the latitude, influence the climate of a country. Klausenburg is thirteen degrees south of St. Petersburg, and five degrees south of London; yet, owing to its geographical position, it has five months winter of almost arctic severity. The contrast is rendered still more striking when we recollect that the summers here are so hot as to produce the grape and water-melon in the open air.

This was the first time I ever felt a really painful cold, and on going out I found it affect my eyes severely. The breath froze on the moustache and whiskers, and though I heard of no noses being lost, several ladies had their ears frozen in close carriages, as they were going out to parties. The bread they brought us in the morning was mostly frozen, and we heard that the *liqueurs* had frozen during the night, and broken their bottles. I was surprised one day to see a peasant, who was talking to another in the square, resting his hand on the head of a roe-buck, which appeared so tame that it stood quietly by his side; but in a few seconds, when the men parted, I was still more astonished to see him set the animal exactly in the same position on his shoulders, and walk off with it. In fact all the game and meat was frozen, and required a gradual thawing before it could be used.

A considerable sensation has been excited of late by a report that three counties of Transylvania, formerly belonging to Hungary, are to be restored to that country. The Transylvanians do not seem to relish this plan much; they say these counties are eminently Protestant and liberal, and, if taken away, the opposition would be so much weakened as to be in danger of extinction, —others, again, hope it may only be a prelude to a union of the whole of Transylvania to Hungary, which would be a means of strengthening the latter country, and would ensure the Transylvanians also a more strict observance of their rights, though the rights themselves might be somewhat restricted by it.

We had a visit one day from Székelly Moses Ur, the professor of Theology in the Unitarian College here. Professor Székelly told me he spent a short time in England some years back, and visited most of the Unitarian congregations. At the Unitarian College in York, he was much astonished at the wealth of the professors; the first "had 300*l*. a year," and the two others 150*l*. each—" but England," said he, "is a rich country!" "How much have you then, if you consider that such excessive wealth?" I asked.

"We have 30*l*. a-year each, and rooms in the college, and there are few professors here better paid than we are."

Professor Székelly estimates the Unitarians of Transylvania at forty-seven thousand. In the college there are two hundred and thirty students, of whom one hundred are *togati*, and follow the higher branches of learning, the rest *classisten*, mere boys. There are professors of Mathematics, Philosophy, History,* and

* The Unitarians have also Gymnasia at Thorda and Keresztur.

Theology, besides six preceptors under them. We visited the college and church, the latter of which is a handsome building and kept in good order. The form of service is the same as that maintained in all Protestant dissenting churches.

Unitarianism was introduced into Transylvania by Isabella, daughter of the King of Poland, and wife of the first Zápolya, and it was under her regency, during the minority of her son, that they obtained equal privileges with the other professors of Christianity. Blandrata, the physician of Isabella, is said to have taught her the doctrines which Servetus was promulgating in Italy. For some time Unitarianism remained the religion of the Court, and, of course, it soon became the religion of the courtiers. Since that time, however, many changes have occurred, by none of which have the poor Unitarians gained. Their churches have been taken away from them and given in turns to the Reformed and the Catholics. Their funds have been converted to other purposes; the great have fallen away and followed new fashions as they arose, and the religion is now almost entirely confined to the middle and lower classes. It is in the mountains of the Székler-land that this simple faith has retained the greatest number of followers. Here, as elsewhere, they are said to be distinguished for their prudence and moderation in politics, their industry and morality in private life, and the superiority of their education to the generality of those of their own class.

The habits of society in Transylvania, in many respects, differ little from those of England about the end of the last century. The ladies usually pass their mornings in attending to the affairs of their households, or in listening over their embroidery to the news of the day which a neighbouring gossip has kindly brought to them. Some of them, it is true, spend these hours at the easel or the drawing-table, and others store their minds with the choicest products of foreign literature. In addition to a pretty good circulating library which Klausenburg already contains, the ladies have lately established a book-club among themselves, in order to ensure a better supply of new books. I know many ladies to whom the names and works of all our best classics are familiar, either in the originals or translations, and there are very few who cannot talk learnedly of Byron and Scott. This may not be thought to show any very great proficiency in literature, but I am afraid if we were to ask English ladies how much they know—not of Hungarian writers—but of those of Germany even, we should often find their knowledge still more shallow.

The education of children is for the most part committed to the mother's care. In the richer families she is aided by a governess and a master, in those less rich the whole duty rests on her, but in no case is it left entirely to the care of strangers. Boarding-schools are almost unknown; and the boys are consequently committed to the care of private tutors, often priests or clergymen, till fit to be sent to college. It is a great misfortune that the wholesome lessons which pride so often receives in public schools, cannot be enjoyed by these children. Too often their tutors are little more than their servants, and they are consequently brought up with an overweening idea of their own consequence, and of the inferiority of all around them. Count Széchenyi has given a humorous description of this sort of education, and its effects, which is worth quoting. Although intended for Hungary, and a little exaggerated, there are not wanting instances even in Transylvania to which it might be well applied.

"Many of our children, from their very infancy, have always been attended by a couple of hussars, whose labour has been to praise their little master's every act in hope of adding a trifle to their wages by their servility—albeit they have rarely succeeded in that matter. Has the little count walked half a mile—oh, what a pedestrian he will make! Has he got through an examination—private, of course,—and are his parents in office—what a great man he will turn out some of these days! If the young gentleman, attended by a handsome suite, pays a visit to his father's estates, every body is in waiting to receive him, and he sees things only in their holiday dress. Suppose his studies now finished—that is, his private tutor dismissed—and he sets out on his travels to gain a knowledge of the 'world.' He pays a visit to Count N——, to Baron M——, to the Vice Ispan H——, and to Squire F——; he passes through a good part of his father-land, finds horses ordered every where he presents himself, and so between visits to his friends and a few weeks' bathing at Mehadia or Füred, manages to get through the summer. After a six weeks' residence in Venice and Munich, to complete his knowledge of foreign '*Weltweisheit*,'—world-wisdom—he returns home, and is appointed to an office already waiting for him. And now he plays the great man; he knows his father-land, has travelled into foreign countries, talks about the English Parliament and the French Chambers, and enlightens his hearers with his opinions on these matters. Then he tells them in how sad a state France is, how her agriculture is

fallen, and darkly hints that Great Britain may yet be ruined by her steam-engines and machinery!"

From some of these dangers the education of the women is free. Left entirely to a mother's care, or taught by a foreign governess under her eye, there is little chance of their falling into these errors; nor indeed, as they are excluded from political employment, is it worth the Government's while to interfere for the sake of checking a mental development which it so much fears in the other sex.

I must do the sons and daughters of Hungary the credit to say, that in no country is the behaviour of the child to the parent more respectful than in Hungary. This partly depends on the habits inculcated in early life. From infancy the child is taught to kiss the parent's hand as its ordinary salutation, and the morning and evening greetings are considered matters of duty, and punctiliously observed even in after life. It is pleasant to see the married daughter kiss the mother's hand and receive her blessing as she leaves for the night, and in the morning to find her in attendance to offer her parent the first salutations on the coming day. Nor is the custom which places the mother at the head of the daughter's table, and which makes her almost mistress of the house when she visits her child, less soothing to the feelings of one who has long been looked up to as the directress of all about her. I have often been surprised to observe the absolute silence maintained by grown-up sons in the presence of their fathers, and I have sometimes been sorry when I have seen them sacrifice, if not their political sentiments, at least the conduct which those sentiments would have dictated, to the feelings and prejudices of old age. Great as is the respect we owe our parents, the duty we owe our country is more sacred still.

Society, at least during the winter, occupies a large share of the ladies' time and attention. After dinner they commonly make their visits; in summer they drive out to the Volks Garten, or some other place in the neighbourhood, and, still later, either receive visiters at home, or go out to spend the evening with some of their friends. Though more domestic in their habits than the French, they are not such slaves to their fire-sides as ourselves. It is not thought a misfortune to spend an evening alone, but it is more commonly passed in society.

The conversation of small towns is very apt to run into scandal and tittle-tattle, and Klausenburg is certainly not free from

the imputation; but if the weeds of the social system find a soil for their nourishment here, its flowers are not less plentiful and luxuriant. There are women in Transylvania whose accomplishments and manners would render them the ornament of any society in which they might be placed. Nor is the general tone of conversation much lower in its intellectuality,—whatever it may be in refinement,—than in most other countries. I was particularly struck by the freedom with which political and religious discussions were often carried on before ladies here, and by the interest and share they took in it. In Transylvania, I never heard a lady insulted by an apology for speaking in her presence of subjects which interested her husband, father, or brother. Perhaps the next sentence may explain the cause of this.

The position of women in Hungary and Transylvania, with respect to their civil and even political rights is very different from what it is with us. We have already remarked, when speaking of the Diet at Presburg, that the widows of magnates have the right of sending a deputy to sit, though not to speak or vote, in the lower chamber; and, in the county meetings, the widows of all nobles can send their representatives to act in their names. Their civil rights,—that is, of the married women or widows, for the maid remains a minor and ward of her nearest male relation, should she live to the age of Methuselah—are still more important. An Hungarian lady never loses her maiden name, and even during her husband's life actions at law regarding her property are conducted in her name. Over her property the husband has by law no right whatsoever; even the management of it she may retain in her own hands, though she rarely or never does so.

In case of divorce, where the character of the wife is unimpeached, the whole of the children are left in the care of the mother till the age of seven, and the girls during their whole lives.

Divorces are far from uncommon among the Protestants of Transylvania; for except when attended by scandalous disclosures, which is rare, both law and custom mark them as unfortunate rather than disgraceful. They are commonly obtained by the wife against the husband on the plea of ill treatment, inveterate dislike, impossibility of living together, or the employment of threats or force to accomplish the marriage—any of which are sufficient in law—and she retains all her property and rights unimpaired. It is curious that very few cases occur in which they do not marry again quite as well as before.

The Casino at Klausenburg, if less splendid than its elder brother in Pest, is at least equally hospitable: our names were put down, and we were free of it as long as we chose to stay. The ladies complain that their drawing-rooms are sadly deserted since the establishment of the Casino; the attractions of pipes, cards, billiards, conversation, and books, seem to have beaten those of beauty. It is rare to go into the Casino of Klausenburg during the evening and not find its rooms full. If I complained that the Casino of Pest was invaded by the pipe, what shall I say of that of Klausenburg? Its air is one dense cloud of smoke, and it is easy to detect any one who has been there by the smell of his clothes for some time after. Such a smoking nation as this I never saw; the Germans are novices to them in the art. Reading, writing, walking, or riding, idle or at work, they are never without the pipe. Even in swimming, I have seen a man puffing away quite composedly. A coachman thinks it is a great hardship if he may not smoke as he is driving a carriage, although it may happen that the smoke blows directly into the face of his mistress. The meerschaum is cherished by the true smoker with as much care as a pet child: when new, he covers it up in a little case of soft leather that it may not be scratched, and he smokes it regularly and with great caution, that it may take an equal colour throughout; and when at last it has obtained the much-esteemed nut-brown hue, with what pride does he exhibit and praise its beauty? A meerschaum, engraved with arms, is one of the common presents between intimate friends; and some of them are worked with exquisite taste and skill. The most common tobacco bag is a part of the skin of the goat, and is often ornamented with rich embroidery.

The most luxurious smoker I ever knew, was a young Transylvanian, who told us that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth the first thing in the morning, and that he smoked it out before he awoke. "It is so pleasant," he observed, "to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its want."

I am sorry to say smoking does not confine itself to the Casino or the bachelor's bed-room, but makes its appearance even in the society of ladies. In some houses, pipes are regularly brought into the drawing-room with coffee after dinner, and I have even heard of a ball supper being finished with smoking. I never knew a lady who did not dislike this custom; but they commonly excuse it by the plea that they could not keep the gentlemen

with them if they did not yield to it. It is but justice to say, however, that there are drawing-rooms in Klausenburg from which this abomination is rigidly excluded, and where the gentlemen are still happy to be allowed to make their bows without a similar permission being extended to their meerschaums.

S—— was present at the funeral of Count R——, and has given me some curious particulars of it. Count R——, was a Protestant, and the greatest part of the ceremony took place in his own house. After a short service, and a general sermon to all those invited to the funeral, the clergyman proceeded to address each one of the mourners separately and by name. He began with the nearest relative,—in this case the widow,—and after enlarging on the virtues of the deceased, as a husband and father, pointed out the consolation she might derive from the reflection, and when at last she was quite overcome by her feelings, she was led out by two of her friends, and the next of kin was then addressed in the same way, and so on through the whole company. Such a ceremony, if well conducted, gives the clergyman a great opportunity of correcting the faults and failings of individuals in circumstances when admonition is most kindly received; but, as in our own funeral sermons, it too often ends in a mere panegyric of the deceased, without regard to his deserts, or to the edification of the hearers. To speak impartially under such circumstances would often be cruel, and is scarcely possible in any case: in Transylvania it is rendered still more difficult by the handsome present the clergyman commonly receives for his services on the occasion.

I was taken by the Baroness B—— to see a school in which she felt great interest, and in the foundation of which she had taken a considerable share. This school was for children of all religions, and had been established to enable the poor Protestants and others to educate their children without having them tempted to become converts to Catholicism, of which they were in danger in other places. The system pursued was that of Lancaster, and it seemed to succeed well. They only attempt to teach the first elements of education, as far as learning is concerned, but what is of more importance, religious and orderly habits are insisted on. The services of the day are begun and ended with a prayer and hymn, and the reading of select passages from the Bible. Among the children were Calvinists and Unitarians, Catholics, Greeks and Jews,—the latter only taking no part in the religious acts.

There are other schools for the poorer classes, founded by the Baroness Josika, a lady of great enterprise and public spirit, to whom Klausenburg is indebted for many very useful institutions.

In spite of not understanding a word that was said, I went several times to the theatre as a matter of duty. I cannot say a great deal in favour of the acting, but I really do not think it was worse than is seen in the provincial theatres of most other countries. Klausenburg was the first town that could boast of a regular Magyar theatre, and may therefore claim to have exercised no slight influence in extending and polishing the language. I met Mr. Jancso, the first Hungarian actor who ever distinguished himself, the other day at dinner at the Countess W——'s. He is said to have enjoyed great popularity in his day, and to have fully deserved it. He is now old, and, like so many of our own past favourites, but very ill provided for. Whenever the Countess W——, however, is in town, Jancso is sure of a good dinner, as there is always a cover laid for him at her table.

Having sufficiently recovered from a slight hurt I had received about the middle of January, which the cold had aggravated into a rather troublesome affair, I began to think of moving; and we accordingly determined to bid adieu to Klausenburg and spend the carnival in Pest. In truth, the unhappy divisions which politics have caused in society renders Klausenburg any thing but a pleasant residence just at present. It is idle to say that such matters should have nothing to do with our enjoyments —where great interests are at stake, every legitimate means of exercising moral influence must be employed; the renegade, the seller of his conscience, must be excluded from the drawing-room, as he is from the senate; must be shunned by the women as he is despised by the men. But necessary as all this may be, it is far from pleasant, and we therefore determined to bid it farewell, hoping that the moderation of the people, and the returning good sense of the Government, would in a few years restore to Klausenburg its former character of one of the gayest little places in the world.

CHAPTER XIII.

WINTER JOURNEY ACROSS THE PUSZTA.

Return to Pest.—A Poet.—Travelling Comforts.—The Carriers.—Gross Wardein.—Prince Hohenlobe.—The Italian.—Paprika Hendel.—Great Camania.—The Cumanians and Jazygers.—The worst Road in Hungary.

On the 24th of January, we bade adieu to Klausenburg and took the road to Pest. It was Friday, and many were the evil predictions of our kind friends; but a bright morning, and the thermometer as high as 18° below freezing of Fahrenheit, were not to be neglected. While changing horses at Nagy Kapus, the first post, we were saluted in Italian by an important-looking personage, who informed us that he was a poet, and who inquired in return if we were not the Englishmen who, he heard, were wandering about the country. We were but too proud to acknowledge the identity, when he assured us he had already informed his literary society of the strangers' visit to these distant lands, and begged our names and titles, that he might make no error in any future mention of us! It appears that he had served in the Austrian army during the wars of Napoleon, and was received a member of some learned society at Milan, since which period he has been continually writing poetry, which no one reads.

In spite of an invitation to stay the night at Bánffy Hunyad, we determined to push on for Gross Wardein as quickly as possible. We had a bright moon, and its rays falling on the snow with which every thing was covered, left us nothing to desire as far as light was concerned. The cold we did not fear, for we had taken very effectual means to guard against that. It is only in real cold countries that man knows how to keep himself warm. Our heads were well protected by a kalpak, or high fur cap, the whole body enveloped in a bunda or fur cloak, the hands in fox-skin gloves, and the feet and legs in a sack of thick cloth lined with sheep-skin, decidedly one of the happiest efforts of human genius. Bless that sack! for during four days and a night in the midst of snow, travelling among wooded mountains, and over

extensive plains, our happy toes rejoiced in an uninterrupted state of a most felicitous insensibility to cold.

From Hunyad to Nagy Barod, the road, equal to a good English turnpike-road, follows the valley of the Sebes Körös, one of the prettiest in Transylvania, terminating in a fine pass, beyond which, from the height above Nagy Barod, the whole plain of Hungary lay before us. While waiting here till the post-mistress had run over the scattered village to make up the number of horses, for we were now in Hungary, and the post was no longer so good as in Transylvania—we went into the little inn in hopes of obtaining some apology for supper. The only room was fully occupied; in one corner lay the landlord, and in a box, suspiciously near, his handmaid Julie; on the floor were scattered, apparently, heaps of sheep-skins and boots, but in fact, a number of carriers on their way from Klausenburg to Pest, and all so fast asleep, that walking amongst them failed to disturb their slumbers. These, however, were the master carriers; their wagons, horses, and drivers, were filling the snow-covered yard through which we had passed. I class the horses, men, and wagons together, as they all reposed quietly in the snow together, and seemed all equally insensible to its cold. In winter, when the Theiss and Maros are frozen, these carriers form the only means of commercial intercourse between Hungary and Transylvania. They have generally a train of light wagons, each with eight or ten small horses, and carrying perhaps 40 to 50 centners per wagon. The whole distance from Pest to Klausenburg requires, in summer, from ten to twelve days, and fourteen in bad weather, and the charge is from four to five shillings per centner, according to the state of the roads, for the whole journey. The carriers themselves are most trustworthy, nor is there any danger from robbery. These men go up to Vienna when the goods from the Leipsic fair arrive there, and carry them directly to Klausenburg; in fact, all the commerce of the country passes through their hands. A person, twenty years engaged in this trade, assured us he had never known a robbery of his wagons.

A little thin soup, and a well-garlicked sausage again fortified us for the road, and we reached Gross Wardein by eleven the next morning,—more than eighty miles in the four-and-twenty hours.

Gross Wardein is really one of the prettiest little towns I have seen for a long time. Its wide, well built streets of one-storied

houses, and extensive market-places, are quite to the taste of the Magyar, who loves not the narrow lanes and high houses of his German neighbours. But the glory of Gross Wardein is in its gilded steeples, its episcopal palace, its convents, and its churches; and although of the latter, the seventy which it formerly boasted are reduced to twenty-two, they are quite sufficient for the eighteen thousand inhabitants it contains. Prince Hohenlohe, of miracle-working memory, is now the occupant of this see. His elevation to the bishopric, has, however, completely extinguished the light of miracle: some say that the old Emperor gave his reverend highness a strong hint that such exhibitions were but little to his taste, and begged that Gross Wardein might not be made the scene of his pious humbugs. Only a few months since, a gouty old Englishman, a man of education and family, astonished the inhabitants of this little town, by informing them that he had come all the way from England to be cured of his gout by the Prince. Some of those who told me of it, touched their foreheads, nodded significantly, and seemed to think the poor gentleman's malady was not confined to his toes. On finding his errand bootless, he posted direct back, as he had come, without troubling himself with looking at any object on the way.

Three hours were we obliged to wait at Gross Wardein for horses. As I was strolling alone through its wide streets, with that particular kill-time lounge, common to all travellers detained against their will, a "*Scuse, signore,*" introduced me to a pair of bright black eyes, which recalled me at once to the banks of the Arno or Tiber, and which belonged to a very pretty woman, whose appearance indicated that she belonged to that demicaste, half lady, half not, the members of which are so often sacrificed to their own vanity and our egotism.

"Perhaps *il Signore* is going to Italy."

"Not at present."

"*Che, disgrazia!* I had hoped you were going there, and would have taken me with you. I have been here for some months, and am so tired of hearing nothing but Hungarian, and seeing nothing but snow, that I would fain be once more back in dear Florence: I should never wish to travel again."

Of course, I regretted a thousand times that fate should have denied me the pleasure of restoring those bright eyes to their native sun, and could not help inquiring, what had led them so far away from their destined orbit?

"*Le circonstanze, signore,*"—with a deep sigh: "but now I should like to go back." The deuce is in those "*le circonstanze;*"—I never yet saw a pretty woman in a difficulty who did not accuse "*le circonstanze*" of the whole affair.

Though it was one o'clock before we started, fortune favoured us with very good horses, and we made forty miles before nine, which brought us to Báránd. There was not an elevation of two yards the whole distance, and the road, except during the last stage, was excellent; nor did we miss it then, for we drove without fear over the frozen snow, sometimes following the track of former wheels, sometimes the fancy of the peasant or his horses, but always at a capital pace. In no part of Hungary are the villages so large, the peasants so rich, and the horses, consequently, so fat and strong, as on the plains.

The *fogado* (inn) at Báránd was none of the best; the rooms were cold, there was nothing for supper, and the landlady was ill in bed; nevertheless, we soon got the stove heated, a good dish of *paprika hendel* before us, and enjoyed a night of most luxurious sleep. I do not think I have yet enlightened the the reader as to the mystery of a *paprika hendel;* to forget it, would be a depth of ingratitude of which, I trust, I shall never be guilty. Well, then, reader, if ever you travel in Hungary, and want a dinner or supper quickly, never mind the variety of dishes your host names, but fix at once on *paprika hendel.* Two minutes afterwards, you will hear signs of a revolution in the *basse cour;* the cocks and hens are in alarm; one or two of the largest, and probably oldest members of their unfortunate little community, are seized, their necks wrung, and, while yet fluttering, immersed in boiling water. Their coats and skins come off at once; a few unmentionable preparatory operations are rapidly despatched—probably under the traveller's immediate observation—the wretches are cut into pieces, thrown into a pot, with water, butter, flour, cream, and an inordinate quantity of red pepper, or paprika, and, very shortly after, a number of bits of fowl are seen swimming in a dish of hot greasy gravy, quite delightful to think of. I have not yet quite made up my mind, whether this or the *gulyáshús*—another national dish, made of bits of beef stewed in red pepper—is the best; and I therefore recommend all travellers to try them both. These hot dishes suit the Hungarian: red pepper, the growth of Hungary, he considers peculiarly national; and, excepting ourselves, I believe he is the only European sufficiently civilized to know the full value of that most indispensable article of culinary luxury.

Our first post next morning, still over the sea-like, snow-covered plain, brought us to Kardszag, a large and prosperous village of eleven thousand inhabitants. I call it a village, for though I believe it enjoys the privileges of a market town, its cottages built of mud, perhaps shaped into squares and dried in the sun, its roofs of reeds, its wide unpaved sandy roads rather than streets, and its respectable peasant-looking inhabitants, render it almost a perversion of language to call it a town.

It was Sunday, and church (for they are mostly Protestants on the plains) was just over; a number of men, among the best built and most handsome of any part of Europe, were standing round the Town-house after morning service, while several troops of children, each under their respective masters, were returning from school. It was pleasant to see the little fellows, so smart and comfortable did they look in their red Hessian boots, wide white trousers, and lambskin coats or cloaks, which quite enveloped them, and rendered them not unlike the little animals whose robbed fleeces they wore.

We were so struck with the easy look of the people, and the neatness and apparent comfort of the cottages, that we asked who was the owner of the place? One of them, politely baring his fine head of long, black hair, fastened up with a comb, told us, they served no one but their king: they were Cumanians. In different parts of Hungary there are certain districts, of considerable extent, enjoying immunities and privileges which place them in a very different position from the rest of the country. Among these, the most important are Great Cumania, of which Kardszag is the principal place; Little Cumania; the land of the Jazygers; and the Haiduk towns; all forming portions of the great plain.

The inhabitants of the first three of these districts seem to have a common origin, though the dates of their settlement,—those now called Jazygers, under Ladislaus the First, in 1090; the Great and Little Cumanians, severally under Stephan the Second, in 1122, and Bela the Fourth, in 1138,—are sufficiently distant. Hungarian historians are still in doubt as to the precise country formerly occupied by these people, and even as to their original language. There can scarcely, however, be a question that they have sprung from the same eastern stem from which the Magyars themselves branched off, and that their language was essentially the same. At the present day, in no part of Hungary are the language, manners, and feelings of the people more truly Magyar than among the Cumanians.

In all these districts, the peasant is himself lord of the soil, and owns the land; he is, therefore, free from the annoyances of personal service, and is in the enjoyment of the innumerable advantages of propriety. His deputies sit in the Diet. It is true, that in return for this, he bears more than an equal portion of the burdens of the state. With the noble, he is bound to do military service when called on, and to contribute a part in the extraordinary subsidies occasionally granted by the Diet, while with the peasant, he pays an equal portion of the heavy Government taxes. Notwithstanding these several drawbacks, he is undoubtedly the most prosperous and happy of the Hungarian peasants, a sure proof,—and would that legislators knew it,—that it is less the amount, than the manner of taxation, in which its real oppression consists.

From Szolnok, where we passed the third night, we had still a long day's journey, of at least sixty miles to perform. The first stage to Abany has the reputation of being the very worst road in Hungary, and to those who know what Hungarian roads are, such a reputation is not without its terrors. A gentleman, whom I can well believe, assured me that he had occupied sixteen hours in travelling over these ten miles in a light carriage drawn by twelve oxen. The soil is a rich, black, boggy loam, and the road consists of about thirty yards' width of this substance, separated from the ploughed land, on each side, by deep ditches, to prevent the traveller driving over the furrows, which he would certainly prefer as the better road of the two. The inhabitants urge as an apology, that there is no stone except at an immense distance, and this is true; yet I think in some other countries, and even here, with more just laws, the basalt of Tokay would have found its way down the Theiss to their assistance; but as long as the whole burden of making roads rests on the shoulders of the unfortunate peasants, the proud noble must be content to stick in the mud. We were fortunately favoured by the frost, and got over it in four hours. We now approached the capital, and with the aid of six horses, a little extra *bórra valo* to the *kis biro*, to procure the horses quickly, and to the peasant to flog them unmercifully, we reached Pest by the evening.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARNIVAL IN PEST.

A Ball.—Ladies' Costume.—Luxury and Barbarism.—University of Pest. —Number of Schools.—Austrian System of Education—its Effects.—Corruption of Justice.—Delays of the Law.—Literature.—Mr. Kölcsey. —Baron Josika.—Arts and Artists.—The Theatre.—Magyar Language. —Mr. Kőrösi and his Expedition to Thibet.—Trade Companies.—Popular Jokes.—Austria, Hungary, and Russia.—Blunders of Mr. Quin and other English Writers on Hungary.—The last Ball of the Carnival.—The Masquerade.—The breaking up of the Ice.

"Welcome back to Pest, friends! you are just come in time for all the gaiety." Such was the salutation of Count D—— as he met us on the first morning of our return. "I have two balls for you to-night, and several others during the week. I know what you are going to say, that you are not acquainted with any of these philanthropic ball-givers; but I will arrange all that for you; I will write a note to the Baroness O——, to say I shall bring you to her house this evening, and I will there introduce you to every body you ought to know, so that the whole affair will be settled as ceremoniously as even a ceremonious Englishman could wish!" Although we pleaded hard for a few days' rest, before launching on this sea of pleasure, D—— protested the carnival was too short for a wise man to lose a day of it, and therefore, we had nothing for it but to submit in peace.

About nine the same evening we found ourselves ushered by an hussar, dressed in blue and silver, into a splendid ball-room, brilliant with light and beauty. Our reception was as kind as well-bred hospitality could make it, and on looking round we soon found a number of faces we had met before, and all ready to offer us a kind welcome back.

And now I confess myself fairly puzzled. I suppose I ought to describe this ball,—but what points am I to seize on, by which to distinguish it from a ball any where else? There is not a dress or a costume of any kind, that differs a particle from those of London or Paris; not a dance, save the waltz and quadrille; not a gait or movement, that is not common to ladies and gentlemen of any other country. There may be some of those

fine shades of distinction which the delicate appreciation of a woman's mind might seize and work upon, but I must confess, to my grosser apprehension, the characteristics of good society vary so little in any part of Europe, that but for the furniture of the room, or the language spoken, I should scarcely know a ball in one great capital, from a ball in any other. An elegant suite of rooms, well lighted, a good band of musicians, a number of pretty girls and their mammas, with a proportionate quantity of men, free from the vulgarity of dandyism, and especially when the whole party is acquainted, and all are perfectly at their ease, are always sufficient to compose a pleasant ball any where. On this occasion the presence of a reigning Prince gave the ladies an excuse for displaying their most brilliant *parures* of diamonds, and the heads of many of them literally blazed with jewelry.

I am afraid the Hungarian ladies must plead guilty to a little more than common affection for those pretty baubles. Nor, indeed, can it be wondered at, for their national costume is so covered with them, and they are allowed by all the world to look so lovely in it, that it is no wonder if they think the jewels have some influence in the matter. And this reminds me that I have not yet said a word about this costume, although to have omitted it would have brought on me a frown from every pair of bright eyes in Hungary. Let me premise, however, that this dress was not worn at the ball at the Baroness O——'s, nor indeed is it ever used, except at court or on public occasions, as the installation of a lord lieutenant or other great ceremony.

The full dress of the *Magyàr nemes asszony*,—noble Hungarian lady,—is composed of a tight bodice, laced across the breast with rows of pearls, a full-flowing skirt, with an ample train, a lace apron in front, and a long veil of the same material hanging from the head to the ground behind. The dress is composed of some rich brocade, or heavy velvet stuff. The head, neck, arms, and waist, are commonly loaded with jewels, and the veil and apron are often richly embroidered, after the Turkish fashion, in gold. The only difference between the married and unmarried is, that the latter have no veil, and, instead of the small cap, from which the veil hangs, their hair is braided with pearls.

But to return to the ball. I was rather amused with the tactics of the Hungarian ladies as I observed them this evening. I had heard that the tone of society in Pest was not so strict as it might be, but I protest it was not only quite as strict, but even

a little more so than would have suited my taste. I could not see a symptom even of an innocent flirtation! and I almost doubt if one could be carried on with any degree of satisfaction; for it is the fashion for two ladies to walk and sit together, so that go to whom you will, there is always a third person in the conversation; and I refer to any man experienced in such matters, if it is possible to utter sweet nothings with due effect, except as the Germans say, *unter vier Augen*—between four eyes. Nor is this custom confined to the young ladies; the dowagers are equally cautious; not one of them ventures into a ball-room without her friendly guardian. In some cases it was amusing enough to mark how knowingly this choice had been made,—how the beauty had chosen her contrast in the plain and humble—how the friend of the pretending was the modest and unassuming.

To us, as strangers, French was the language in which we were commonly addressed, but amongst themselves German was universally used. Some of the younger members of the party spoke English fluently, and one of the little children of the house, only four years old, seemed as well master of it as we were. I am afraid it would not be saying much for the conversation, if I pronounced it as good as is met with in drawing-rooms elsewhere; but in truth, where dancing is so serious a business as here, there is but little time for talking.

The suite of rooms thrown open was handsome and well adapted to the purposes of a ball. The first room was filled with dancers, who slid over the well-polished floors to Strauss' quickest airs; the second, a large drawing-room, was covered with ottomans, lounging chairs, and all the other necessary nothings which make up drawing-room furniture, while the walls were hung with good specimens of English and French engravings; the third room was half boudoir, half study, and its tables groaned beneath the weight, if weight they can be said to have, of heaps of annuals and books of beauty; while the last of the suite was very tastefully disposed as a refreshment-room. The dancing was kept up with great spirit till about twelve o'clock, when a second suite of rooms on the other side of the ball-room was opened, and a supper was laid out to which ample justice was done. Supper over, and the champagne seemed to have lent new wings to the dance; for when we left at two, there were then no symptoms of the party's breaking up.

Now in all this I can see very little that is remarkable, albeit

much that is agreeable; and therefore, with a hint that such things were going on most days of the week, and that we were fortunate enough to be at once admitted into the midst of them, I shall leave them for a while and pass on to other matters. The contrast, however, so rapidly brought before us, of the snow-covered Puszta and its skin-clad peasants, with the luxurious capital and its elegant crowds, did strike us most forcibly at this ball. There are few places where the real contrast between excessive luxury and abject misery is so great as in London, but its outward appearance is still greater here. When we looked at the delicate women who filled the *salons* of the Baroness O——, and thought of the roads they travelled over, the inns they sometimes slept in, and the rude, savage peasantry by whom they were often surrounded, it seemed as if there must be two individuals to occupy such different positions.

Pest has a university, founded as far back as 1635, and enriched by Maria Theresa, Joseph the Second, and Francis, with gifts of large estates, so that its annual revenue amounts to thirty-four thousand pounds. It boasts, at the present time, one hundred and four professors, tutors, and others, and one thousand students. There are libraries, museums, and all other essentials to a learned institution. Of the professors, there are nine theological, six juridical, thirteen medical, fourteen philosophical, and one each for the Hungarian, German, French and Italian languages. The most eminent of these is Professor Schedius, the editor of a splendid new map of Hungary, still in progress, whose name is never mentioned without expressions of admiration and respect.

I have incidentally spoken of schools, and education in several parts of these volumes, but the subject is so important that I trust I shall be excused if I resume as shortly as possible the statistics* of education in Hungary, that we may see how far the effects, as we have observed them, answer to what might be expected from them.

It was in the reign of Maria Theresa, that a general attempt was first made to extend education into every town and village of Hungary. As early as 1500, the Protestants had made great progress in educating the poor of their own church, but during the many persecutions to which they had been subject, their

* For most of these details I am indebted to the often-quoted work, the "Gemälde of Csaplovics."

schools were destroyed, and the funds converted to other purposes, so that the Hungarians, as a nation, may be said to have been previously without education. The system of Maria Theresa was followed up by Joseph, who, under the name of mixed schools, brought all sects and religions together under the same masters. This was in itself sufficient to excite the opposition of the Hungarians, bigoted and intolerant as they then were; but even had this difficulty been got over, the mixed schools were condemned to popular hatred by being made the medium for the introduction of the German language, and the consequent destruction of Hungarian nationality. After the death of Joseph, the mixed schools, except in some few places, were given up, and each religion was left to educate its own members after its own fancy, the Catholic, however, alone receiving aid and encouragement from government.

At the present time there is scarcely a village in Hungary without one or more schools. Where the inhabitants are all of one religion, there are no difficulties to be overcome. Where differences exist, if the separate creeds are too poor to maintain a school each, the poorer attend that of the more powerful, which is commonly Catholic; the Protestant children, however, not being forced to take a part in the religious instruction, which is left to the priest, or, still more commonly, to his *capellan* or clerk. The education extends to reading, writing, arithmetic, catechism, *Klugheits Regelen*, or moral maxims, and sometimes a little geography, history, and Latin Grammar. These schools are maintained, and the masters chosen, by the peasants themselves, the landlord being obliged to give ground for a school-house, and thirty or forty acres of land for the use of the master. The payment is for the most part in kind and labour. There are normal schools in different parts of the country, for the education of masters for the national schools.*

Besides these national schools, which may be said to be common to all religions, the Catholics have fifty-nine *Gymnasia*, and six *Archigymnasia*, in which the course of education lasts six years. These are chiefly under the direction of the Piarists

* Within these last few years infant schools, on the model of those of England and France, have been instituted, chiefly through the zeal and perseverance of the Countess Theresa Brunswick. As yet, however, though they seem to have succeeded better than could have been expected, they are too recent, and in too small numbers, to have so beneficial an influence as they seem well capable of exercising.

and other religious orders. The easier Latin classics and other common branches of education are taught in those institutions.

They have also six philosophical schools, where Greek and mathematics are taught; five academies, teaching physics, logic, metaphysics, and law; and several seminaries for training up the priesthood, besides the University of Pest, of which we have already spoken.

Of the Protestants, the Reformed have the most perfectly organized system of education. Besides the national schools, they have many Latin schools for the peasantry, in which the course extends over four years; they have gymnasia also, and three great colleges, viz., those of Debreczen, Sáros Patak, and Pápa.

The chief school of the Lutherans is the Lyceum at Presburg, which possesses sixteen teachers; besides which they have three similar institutions, and eleven gymnasia.

The members of the Greek church are the worst provided of any with the means of education; but they are said to be rapidly improving in this respect. In addition to the Lyceum of Karlowitz, they have four other institutions of the higher order, and between one or two thousand elementary schools.

Now, with such machinery for educating, what is the state of knowledge in the country at large? Is it greater or less than that found among the same classes of society in our own country, where the number of schools is much less? I have no hesitation in saying that it is much lower. To the numerical philosophers —those who calculate men's intelligence and morality as they would the distance of the stars,—it may appear paradoxical that schools and education should not mean the same thing; yet assuredly they do not. Education may be made the means of training to ignorance as well as to knowledge; and I know of no better exemplification of this fact than the system of instruction pursued by Austria.

Without entering into the details of this system, let me give the reader the result of a thorough inquiry into it made by one of our countrymen living in Vienna. In answer to my question of what were the effects of the Austrian education, he answered, "In one word—stultification." "If a student," he continued, "obtains a first class certificate, you may be sure he is a fool; if a second, he may be not more than ordinarily ignorant; but if he get only the lowest, he runs a fair chance of being a clever fellow. The course of study is so laborious, and at the same time the books to be read, the comments to be listened to, and

all things to be learnt, are so adapted to shut out every idea of what is great or good, or beautiful, that one who has followed out the system, is not only less wise than before, for what he has learnt, but, from the time that has been occupied, it is impossible also that he should have devoted any attention to the acquisition of better things."

Nor do others give a more favourable report. Even M. St. Marc Girardin, who appears rather as the advocate of the system, states that it is admirably contrived for preventing any development of the higher mental faculties. The Government, in its paternal solicitude, considers the higher branches of knowledge unfit for the tender minds of its children, as it might only lead them to plague their heads about matters which are better left to the direction of their superiors. It has accordingly endeavoured to direct all their energies to the cultivation of material knowledge; and by concentrating their whole force on that, to raise the country to a very high state of material development. Admitting, for a moment, that such an object is a wise and good one,—how has it been answered? Do we find the Austrian in agriculture, in trade, in commerce, in the fine arts, in science, or in any one thing—save, perhaps, fiddling and waltzing—before the rest of Europe? The government has been foolish enough to believe that it could use the energies of the human mind as it would those of a steam-engine—it has been ignorant of the well-known fact, that it is only in freedom that the mind can work out any thing pre-eminently good, whether in the sciences, in literature, or in the mere mechanical arts.

And yet there are many well-meaning people who recommend the Austrian system to the imitation of England! No, God forbid we should imitate Austria! I allow we are as badly off for education as a people can well be, but yet it is a thousand times better to remain as we are than to have a half-priest half-police directed system, which would impose such chains on our understandings, that through our whole lives we should never be able to break loose from them. The advocates of the Austrian system forget that there are other sources of knowledge besides books, other teachers amongst us than our pedagogues, and stronger stimulants to knowledge than even their well-soaked birch. It is scarcely possible to live in a populous country like England, with a free press, and a Protestant church, and remain very ignorant. Our ears, our eyes, our every sense conveys knowledge to the mind at every moment, from every object by

which we are surrounded. Reading and writing are very useful as the keys to the door of knowledge; but if we are not allowed to use them when we have acquired them, we might really be as well without them. Now something of this Austrian system has been introduced into the schools of Hungary, particularly among the Catholics. The press, too, is stifled by an Austrian censorship, and when to this is united the political condition in which the peasantry live, we shall scarcely be astonished that, though they all go to school, and though many of them can read and write in two or three languages, they are yet much more ignorant than the English peasant who often cannot read or write his own.

I know there are many of the Hungarians,—and some of the wisest among them too,—who do not desire that the education of the peasantry should proceed any further till they have been placed in a better position as to their civil rights. They fear lest the educated peasant should become aware of the rights he ought to have, before others have learnt that they ought to grant them to him, and that a revolution rather than a reform might be the consequence. This is a sort of double-edged argument very dangerous to wield, for it may be applied with equal force the other way; and in England we have too often heard of the folly of giving rights to men not educated to use them, to allow it any weight. I suspect there is much more danger, that unless the peasantry do demand their rights, and somewhat loudly too, they will never obtain them. I do not think there is an example in history of an oligarchy—the very essence of which is selfishness,—having yielded up their own privileges, or restored to others their usurped rights, except when they have no longer dared to refuse them. That the Hungarians may form an exception—a glorious exception, to such blind egotism—is my most earnest wish; but I would not on that account neglect the more certain means of accomplishing the end, should that wish remain unfulfilled.

One of my greatest neglects on my former visit to Pest, had been to make some inquiries about the laws and lawyers here. I had no very favourable opinion of them; for I recollected that some years before, when travelling in Austria, I happened to fall in with a very agreeable old gentleman, who proved to be a general in the Austrian service, and among other subjects our conversation turned on the advantages of the different forms of Government in our two countries. In answer to my accusation,

that the secrecy and *espionnage* of the Austrian Government encouraged corruption in its officers, and that even the administration of justice was open to bribery, he laughed outright at my simplicity, and assured me that the same things took place in England, and every where else. Although the general's remark did not convince me of the existence of this corruption in England, it taught me to what an extent it must have prevailed in his own country, before it could have destroyed in his mind all belief even in the purity of justice elsewhere. Bearing this occurrence in mind, I inquired of some Hungarians the state of the supreme courts of justice in Hungary; for as they do not act during the sitting of the Diet, I had no opportunity of observing them myself. I am sorry to say I found them but little better than those of Austria. One of my informants said they were not so bad, however, as they used to be; "the judges don't like to take bribes openly now!" The same gentleman mentioned an instance in which one of his own family had bought a judge, with the gift of an estate for the duration of his life. It is the custom for both plaintiffs and defendants to make private visits to the judges previously to trial, in order to instruct them as to the nature of the causes, and we can all guess what arguments on such occasions would be likely to have the most weight. The two highest courts of justice are the Royal Table and Septem-Viral Table,* the members of both of which, at least the greater number, are appointed by the Crown. If I am not much mistaken, they are removable also at the will of the Crown.

The reader may be surprised that I should have taken so much trouble in many parts of this work to point out the corruption which pervades every part of the Austrian administration in Hungary. I have not done so for my own pleasure. It is no delight to me to seek out the deformities of the social system, and to hold them up to public gaze; but I have felt it in this case a duty to do so, for I believe it is on such facts that the character of a Government depends. I believe that no tyranny could

* The Royal Table is composed of the Personal (president also of the lower chamber of the Diet,) two prelates, two barones tabulæ, the vice-palatine, the vice judex curiæ, four prothonotaries, the crown fiscal and three royal, two archiepiscopal, and three supernumerary assessors. In mining causes, a mining assessor is added.

The Septem-Viral (so called because originally composed of seven persons,) is now formed of the Palatine as president, five of the higher clergy, ten magnates, and six gentlemen.

exercise so demoralizing, so debasing an influence on the human mind, as this corruption on the part of those whose station and power in society should fit them to be its guides to what is good and great.

There is another circumstance connected with the administration of justice in Hungary, which is scarcely less grievous—I mean its long delays. The evil is very great, when delay interferes with the settlement of civil causes; but what shall we say of it when, as here, it prevails equally in criminal cases. Mr. Hallam remarks somewhere, that there is a period in the history of nations, when the procrastination of the law, instead of an evil, is the only means afforded to the weak to protect themselves against the power and violence of the strong. In some cases, this might appear, at first sight, the case in Hungary; but it should not be forgotten, that an act of injustice, of which the execution is thus delayed, though it loses none of its bitterness to the victim, loses greatly in its effect on the public mind. The tyrant obtains his end, but the people are less shocked with the tyranny, because they have long contemplated its possibility. The most striking illustration of this delay which I ever remember to have seen, was at St. Benedek, in the valley of the Gran. About the gates of the castle, I observed a number of very old men in chains; and on inquiring how long ago, and for what crime these graybeards had been put in prison, I found they had been confined only a few months, though it was for having excited an insurrection of the peasants some fifty years ago that they had been condemned. The process had actually lasted fifty years, and these old men were now condemned to spend the remainder of their lives in prison, for a crime committed in their youth, and of which all recollection had passed away!

A dinner party, to which we were invited soon after our return, introduced us to two of the most distinguished among the modern literati of Hungary, Mr. Kölcsey and Baron Josika.

Kölcsey has all that simplicity of manner about him which so often distinguishes true genuis. His poetry is said to be characterized by vigour and originality. At the present moment, he is even more popular as a deputy and orator than as a poet. Of course, a poet must be a Liberal in the country where every thing which can excite a poet's affections or fancy is engaged in the cause of Liberalism; and few have defended it with more eloquence or firmness than Kölcsey.

Although Hungary has boasted poets, even from an early

period of her history, of whose works considerable remains still exist; and although I feel sure, that among the people there is an abundant harvest of ancient lyrical and legendary lore still to be gathered, yet it was not till the close of the last, or the commencement of the present century, that Magyar poetry could be said to take a stand with that of the other European nations. During the last half of the past century, Faludi, Ráday, Barcsai, Révai, and some others, prepared the taste for relishing Hungarian song, introduced into it a greater freedom, and showed the capability of the language for a higher strain than it had hitherto been esteemed fit for. But it was Joseph's violent atttack on the very existence of the language, which awoke throughout the nation all its sympathy and love for it; and the lyres of the Kisfaludis (Sándor and Károlyi,) of a Kazinczi, a Berzsenyi, a Kölcsey, a Vörösmarty, and a host of minor luminaries, responded to the sentiment. Hungarians speak of Kisfaludi Sándor with a degree of enthusiasm that shows that he has not only been able to please the imagination, but has known the secret of touching a nation's heart. Vörösmarty and Kölcsey are still living: long may they remain to adorn and elevate the much-loved language of their father-land!

While poetry had been making these rapid advances, it was not to be expected that the influence of the rest of Europe in the cultivation of prose romance, should be entirely lost on Hungary. Several novelists and romance writers have arisen, some of whose works may fairly pretend to more than a temporary existence; but it is admitted that Baron Josika Miklós has fairly outstripped all his rivals in this contest. His first work* was "Abafi," a page from the history of Transylvania, under her native princes. The time chosen is the reign of the weak and vacillating Báthori Zsigmund. In addition to considerable power in the delineation of character and the illustration of a high moral principle, which Baron Josika always proposes to himself in the plot of his novels, Abafi contains some delightful sketches of the past. The wild romantic life of the border robber stands in bold contrast with the quiet and domestic scenes of the interior of a noble and virtuous household. Old Klausenburg, too, is brought back in lively colours before us, as history

* A German translation of Josika's works, (1839,) now lies before me, in eight vols. 12mo. It consists of "Abafi;" "The Last Báthori;" "The Fickle;" "Decebalus;" "The True Untrue;" "The Suttee."

and its present remains assure us it was at that period. "The last Báthori" is another historical romance, which takes Báthori Gábor, Prince of Transylvania, for its hero. The picture of manners during a period (1608 to 1613) of almost constant intestine war, aggravated in some instances by hatred of race, is drawn with vivid colouring. The domestic virtues of the Saxons, among whom a great part of the events take place; their firm adherence to their rights, and their brave opposition to the tyranny of the Transylvanian princes; the cruel and insulting persecution to which they were subjected, and the lawless violence which was employed against them when there was no longer need of their arms, or purses, are admirably brought into play. Nor, to those who know the country, is it less gratifying to perceive the sentiments of kindliness which have animated an Hungarian writer on a subject in which Hungarian prejudices are singularly strong and susceptible. Of the other works of Baron Josika, I need not speak, as they want the charm of nationality, and that impress of truth and reality, which can alone convey an interest and sympathy to others. From this censure, however, I must exempt "The True Untrue," were it only for the excellent sketch it contains of the feelings and opinions of the gentry of the old school in the person of a county magistrate.

In the fine arts Hungary has made but little progress. Even in the most wealthy houses paintings are very rare. I believe the only painter born in Hungary, whose name is at all known to history, is Gottfried Mind, called the Cats' Raphael, from his admirable knowledge and delineation of his favourites, the cats. The only living painter of any eminence is Marko, now in Rome, whose beautiful landscapes and classical figures are well known and highly esteemed. In sculpture, I have seen one or two pieces of Ferenczi, which, though not without merit, are far below the estimation in which they are held here. The most extraordinary work of art I have seen in Hungary, is an alto-relievo in copper, which we were shown while yet in progress. The artist, Szentpeteri, is a poor silversmith, who, after a few essays of little importance, has undertaken to copy Le Brun's picture of the battle of Arbela, from an engraving in alto-relievo on copper. The work was about three parts finished, and showed not only wonderful industry and perseverance, but a degree of talent and taste from which great things might have been produced under proper cultivation. The figures are hammered out from the inside when the metal is so hot as to be easily mal-

leable.* The artist is an exceedingly simple unpretending pe-son, whose whole soul seems wrapped up in his work.

In music, Liszt and Mademoiselle Unger place Hungary i more than a respectable position; but they, as well as Mar and Szentpeteri, are obliged to seek in other climes for encourag ment and patronage.

The theatre for the performance of German pieces here, is a most as large as the great theatres of Paris or London; but it a gloomy-looking place and badly adapted for the transmissi of sound. The ordinary company is a pretty good one, an most of the great actors who come to Vienna pay a visit to Pe before their return, so that it is by no means ill-supplied. Sinc we have been here, we have had Madame Schroeder Devrie and an opera company, and, still later, Anchütz, the tragic acto from Vienna. Even our own best tragedians might take lesson from Anchütz in the representation of their own Shaksperea characters.

There is an Hungarian theatre in Buda which I have not seen, and a new theatre is erecting in Pest, which is to be devoted entirely to Hungarian pieces. The establishment of this theatre is looked forward to with the greatest interest, as an object of national importance, from the influence it is calculated to exert in the diffusion and cultivation of the language.

It would not be right to quit this subject without saying a few words relative to this same Magyar language, to which such frequent allusion has been made; and although I do not think my half-dozen lessons in Hungarian give me the right to speak on the matter *ex cathedrâ*—albeit, many travellers do so with still less—I may venture a remark on two or three grammatical peculiarities, which appear to me the most interesting. I have before observed that in proper names the surname precedes the Christian name—as that of the genus the species in natural history—and the same rule prevails with some titles. In the use of pronouns, it is singular that they are made to follow instead of precede the noun, and are affixed to it;—*Kalap*, a hat,—*Kalap-am*, my hat. Both these peculiarities are, I believe, common to the Turkish language also. In like manner the prepositions are made *post*-positions;—*Kalap-am-ba*, in my hat. In consequence of this joining together of words, the Hungarians

* This work was exhibited in London in 1838, but did not excite so much attention as it merited.

can construct a whole sentence in a single word, and the following is often given as an illustration; not that such a word would be used in conversation, but as a proof of how far it may be carried;—*Ha meg Kö-pe-nye-ge-sit-te-len-nit-teh-het-né-lek*—If I could deprive you of your clothes. In the construction of verbs, there is a difference from those of other European languages, which renders a true knowledge of Hungarian exceedingly difficult to the foreigner. This is the existence of a determinate and indeterminate form of every tense and mood. It is easy enough to understand the principle of it, but exceedingly difficult to apply it correctly. *Látok*, I see, is in the indeterminate form; *látom*, I see *it*, in the determinate. In the same way *látott é göz-hajot*—did you see a steam-boat? is indeterminate,—*látta é a göz-hajot*—did you see the steam-boat?—determinate.

That the Magyars should think the Magyar tongue the sweetest, the strongest, the fullest, the best,—that they should imagine that poetry can never flow so smoothly, or eloquence speak with such energy, as in the *Magyar nyelv*, is quite natural; for no one can feel all the beauties of a language which has not been familiar to his childhood; but they must not be astonished if a stranger, who has only got into his grammar, does not quite agree with them. That the Magyar is forcible and energetic, I believe; for it partakes in that of the character of the people. Its sharp and accentuated syllables give it a character of distinctness and precision, and its accurate division into long and short vowels may confer on it a certain facility for versification; but as for its soft and musical qualities, I must confess I could never discover them. The Hungarian ladies say it is the best language in the world for love-making:—I can only answer, *tant pire pour nous autres étrangers*.

And *à propos* of the language, before I entirely quit the subject, let me record one of the most single-minded and enthusiastic adventures I ever heard of, and which is intimately connected with it. Nothing puzzles Hungarian historians more than the question as to where the Maygars came from. One traces an analogy between the Magyar language and the Finnish; another makes the Magyars Turks; others trace them to the mountains of Circassia, and some again throw them back to the wall of China. The assistance which language might afford in this investigation has not been neglected, but hitherto nothing very satisfactory has been made out. The common opinion, however, is in favour of Thibet as the place of their origin, and the Cauca-

sus is supposed to have been a resting-place in the course of their western emigration. It was in 1819, that this subject took such strong hold of the mind of a poor Szekler student of the name of Körösi, that he determined, after finishing his studies, to make a journey into these countries to try if he could not solve this great national question. Though noble, Körösi had no fortune whatsoever, and he consequently knew that he should have to endure all the additional hardships which the greatest poverty could place in the way of a difficult undertaking. To prepare himself to encounter them, for six months previous to setting out, he subjected himself to the most severe exercise, literally living on bread and water, and sleeping on the hard ground. As he was starting on his expedition, he happened to pass through the village of a gentleman with whom I am acquainted, and who met him and invited him to stay and dine with him. "Impossible," said the single-minded student; "I am going to Thibet, the way is long and I must not tarry on the road, or my life may be too short to accomplish it."

In 1820, Körösi had reached Teheran, having passed through Circassia without having obtained any solution to the question, and from thence he pushed on to Thibet, where he was heard of in 1822. When in Constantinople, in 1836, a gentleman who had travelled much in the East, told me that he had seen Körösi only the year before in Calcutta; that he had then rooms and every thing necessary furnished by the East India Company, and that he was actively occupied in compiling lexicons of one or two Thibet languages, of the existence even of which no one had been previously aware. Of the great question, the original seat of the Magyars, this gentleman said he believed that Körösi had not arrived at any satisfactory conclusion. The East India Company had been desirous to engage him in their service at a handsome salary, but he had declined it as of no use to him.

Among other matters which gave life to the winter in Pest, was the occurrence of a little revolution among the cobblers. The trades in Hungary are still, in all the towns, under the control of Companies or Corporations, as they formerly were with us. The consequence is, of course, as in all other close bodies, a great oppression of the weaker members, and it appeared, in the present case, that the master shoemakers had been so hard upon their workmen that the latter had turned out and committed some slight excesses, before the bürger guard—a sort of "trainband knights,"—could reduce them to order. All who would not

consent to return to their work, were very unceremoniously presented with passports and "recommended to travel."

No one, I believe, who knows any thing about the matter, believes that these companies are now of any use—whatever they may have been in former times—save to enrich a few bad workmen at the expense of the community at large; but they have managed to turn them to account in Hungary, in a manner I never heard of before. In cases of fire, every company is obliged to attend and give assistance, and to each is assigned a particular duty; to the masons, for instance, the climbing the roofs; and even the surgeons are obliged to be in readiness to relieve those who may have received injury.

I believe some little knowledge of national character may be obtained from common international jokes and stories, and I may therefore give the reader one or two about the Hungarians, current among the Viennese. Whether I have read these or heard them, I really forget; but as I find them in my note-book, I must give them, although they may be quotations from an Austrian Joe Miller.

Once upon a time, the manager of an Hungarian theatre produced what he considered a very fine piece of scenery, in which was represented a full moon, in the form of a round, fat, clean-shaved face, which might have suited a Dutch cherub. Instead of the anticipated applause, the luckless manager found his scene received with damning hisses; and it appeared that the popular indignation was more particularly directed against the "palefaced moon," "the German moon," as they called it. Now as the Hungarians like their moon, as well as every thing else, to be quite national, the manager determined to please them, and next night up rose the poor moon with as glorious a pair of mustaches as the fiercest Magyar amongst them could exhibit. Hurrahs burst from every mouth at sight of this reform, and all cried, "Long live our own true Magyar moon, and confusion to all German moons for ever!"—The moon had evidently been brought up at court, and had learnt the value of popular prejudices to those who know how to use them against those who hold them.

Another tale against the poor Hungarians had its origin in the hatred they bear to the knee-breeches of the Germans. One of the Hungarian regiments, quartered during summer in the burning plains of Lombardy, was ordered by the colonel to parade in white trousers, which had just been given out, instead of the thick blue tights they had previously worn. The officers, how-

ever, found it no easy matter to induce compliance, and one excuse or another was always found for delay, till at last the colonel issued a second order, peremptorily fixing a day for the change, and threatening severe punishment for disobedience. It could no longer be put off, and the men accordingly paraded in whites; but, determined not to be made comfortable in any body's way but their own, they all wore their thick blues underneath.

Young Baron —— entered our room one morning, evidently much excited, and as he concluded a detail of some new trick the Government had just played the Diet, he exclaimed, "It is time such treachery were ended; we shall never have any good as long as we remain attached to Austria,—I say national independence, and if any man will raise the banner, I will follow it. Happen what may, we cannot be worse off than we are.

"Quietly, friend," interrupted an older gentleman, who happened to be present; "you do not mean what you say, and if you did, it would be sheer nonsense. The Austrian Government is not ill-intentioned, but it is stupid. It is false and treacherous, I allow, but rather from cowardice than malice; and such speeches as that you have just made, do therefore a great deal of mischief. Recollect that it is only a few months since the Government committed a gross act of cruelty and injustice in throwing into prison, without any trial, a number of young men, because, in a debating society at Presburg, they had entertained this very subject of national independence; and where, to make the matter more ridiculous, they had quarrelled as to whether Széchenyi or Wesselényi should be the king of their new Utopia. A Government so weak as to be frightened out of its senses, and led into acts of the grossest barbarity about so silly an affair as this, should be treated only like a child, and not terrified by bugbears which have no reality. But, if you speak seriously of such a matter, there are one or two points it would be well for you to think over first. You should recollect that Hungary is surrounded by Austria, Russia, and Turkey, none of them countries from which the advocates of freedom could expect much sympathy or assistance. And then," continued the old gentleman, as the Baron was about to interrupt him, "the very nature of the country is such as to render its occupation by an insurgent army almost impossible. Full half of Hungary, and that the most fruitful half, is an open plain, on which ten thousand regular troops would be able to dissipate all the untrained masses you could bring against them. The mountains you might perhaps hold, but your enemies need only leave you there till hun-

ger produced discontent, and discontent treachery, to enable them to secure a bloodless victory."

"As for Russia!" answered the Baron, "she has quite enough to do to check liberalism at home, without interfering with it in Hungary. She could exercise no power here."

"I think you conclude too hastily," I observed, "you know well enough you are divided into several races and several religions. You know that Russia is constantly at work to undermine the fidelity of the Sclavish and Wallack portion of your population. Of the ten millions of which you consist, no less than four and a half are Sclaves."

"Yes, but allowing your calculation, though I think you overrate it, you must acknowledge that the Sclaves are divided into Sclavacks, Rusniacks, Croatians, and Sclavonians, and that they hate one another quite as cordially as they hate the Magyars, and Russia more than all."

"Skilful intrigue might still do much mischief, and Russia would be likely enough in secret to promise you all kinds of aid, till she had succeeded in disorganizing the country to such an extent that it could never more stand betwixt her and the objects of her ambition. Fortunately the northern Sclaves are chiefly Catholic, and therefore free from Russian influence on the score of religion; but race and language are strong bonds of union, and if to these be added the dazzle of conquest, and the glory of belonging to a powerful people, they are not to be despised. Nor are the Wallacks, especially if those of Transylvania be taken into the account, a less important element in calculating the weakness of the position you would assume. Their attachment to the Emperor of Russia, as the head of the Russo-Greek church, is beyond question. I know some of the bolder spirits have calculated, that, if driven by Austria to the madness of revolt, all these interests might be conciliated, by at once declaring the whole body of peasantry free from seigneurial jurisdiction, and confirming to them the possession of their land without labour or rent. Such, however, are dangerous expedients, and would scarcely turn to the profit of any."

"There are certainly difficulties in the way, and serious ones, I allow, but men forget these when driven to madness, as we are. If Austria does not change her policy, she must be content to see Hungary right herself before long."

"You exaggerate, dear Baron," again urged our friend; "things are not quite so bad as you represent them; and as to

what fate may have in store for our fatherland in the distant future, we cannot now tell; but as matters stand at present, the advocate of civil war in Hungary must be little less than a madman. The day may come when, by the combinations of European policy, the empire of Austria shall be dismembered, or rather fall to pieces of itself, and Hungary, strong and united, be able to offer to its king a throne more glorious than that he filled as Emperor of Austria; but in the mean time, let us content ourselves with those blessings which our present position offers us, and direct our whole efforts to improve our institutions, and render them such as the spirit of the present age requires."

As the common dinner hour at Pest is two or three o'clock, the time for making calls is between six and eight. On these occasions, it is the custom to dress almost as for an evening party; the ladies in caps and low dresses, the gentlemen in silks and shoes. On paying a visit of this kind at the house of Madame F——, I by chance interrupted a conversation on a little matter of scandal which had just occurred at Milan, between a certain prince and his lady. On being informed of the nature of it, and on expressing my wonder that I had not heard of it before, one of the ladies, a desperate politician and a stanch Austrian, exclaimed, "No, no! we don't publish such matters in our newspapers, as you do!" and with that she commenced a general attack on England and the English, from which I was evidently expected to defend them. The abuse of the press was the more immediate object of her denunciation; and very justly did she declaim against the immorality of certain disclosures in a celebrated *crim. con.* case, which had then just astonished the continental public. Our libels too were not more tenderly handled. "Nay," she continued, "not content with libelling one another, you must come here and libel us. A book, I see, has just been published in England, in which all the ladies of Hungary are spoken of as ignorant and uneducated!" Of course, I had not a word to say then in my defence, but I think I have a fair right now to revenge myself on Mr. Quin for getting me into such a scrape.

Many, I dare say, remember a very agreeably written book, called, "A Steam-boat voyage down the Danube,"—that is, from Pest to below Orsova, and occupying about ten days, during which time the author thinks he has collected information about Hungary which entitles him to pronounce opinions on all sorts of matters, and, amongst others, on the education of Hungarian ladies.

On the authority of his not understanding the language in which some young ladies on board the steamer conversed, he affirms not only that they spoke no other language than Hungarian, but that such was generally the case. Now it is a fact, however little it may be known to Mr. Quin, that the education of Hungarian ladies, as far as languages are concerned, is very much more advanced than that of English or French ladies—ay, or gentlemen either—of the same rank. I have passed a considerable time in the country, and have had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of many Hungarian ladies, and I do not know one who speaks only Hungarian, though I do know several who do not speak that language. It is accounted one of the great misfortunes of Hungary, that, instead of Hungarian, German is the common language used in most families; and in the drawing-rooms of the capital, German, French, and even English, are more often heard than Hungarian. If it were not calling in question our author's erudition,—to which he makes some pretension,—I would wager that German, and not Hungarian, was the language which so terribly puzzled him. Let me assure Mr. Quin that all Hungarian ladies speak German, most of them French, many English and Italian, besides, what to Mr. Quin might appear barbarous tongues, such as the Magyar, Sclavackish, and Wallachian. And I may remark, *en passant*, that it must have been peculiarly difficult for the pretty Countess, who he says spoke neither French nor Italian, to have communicated with the French femme de chambre who accompanied her. And so having vented some of my spleen against Mr. Quin's negligence and want of gallantry, I shall let him off, at least for the present, without exposing any more of the many mischievous blunders with which his amusing book abounds.

While I am speaking of travellers and their mistakes with respect to Hungary, it might be as well to correct a few others, but the task is so serious a one, that I dare only undertake it for one or two very recent and glaring instances. Most travellers proceed just as far as Vienna, where they hear all sorts of absurd tales of Hungary; or if they go further, they run through the country so hastily, that they can take up only the most crude notions of its men and manners.

One* of these writers, in many respects very accurate and judicious in his remarks, fancies he saw troops of Hungarian peasants driven by their cruel lords from their homes to make room

* Austria and the Austrians.

for hunting-parks or sheep walks! The author seems to have got into his head some confused idea made up from the ancient history of the New Forest and the modern history of Irish ejectments, and to have applied it to the landed gentry of Hungary —why or wherefore it is difficult to imagine. The herds of peasants might have been Bohemians or Croats, probably on a pilgrimage, but were certainly not Hungarians. He does not probably know that the want of peasantry, not the superabundance, is the complaint in Hungary; that the Hungarian peasant possesses his land on a title which places it out of his landlord's power to dispossess him, and that were any such attempt made, the county and the Government would not allow it, because, in losing the peasant they lose the taxes; nay, so strict is the law in this respect, that if a peasant quit his land voluntarily, his lord cannot occupy it himself, but must place another peasant in it as soon as one offers. Besides, when the Hungarian peasant leaves his native village to seek a better settlement, it is always in his own country; for he has a fixed idea that there is not enough to eat and drink any where else than in Hungary. Instead of forming hunting-parks, which would be of little use, where every Hungarian gentleman and every officer has the right to sport over at least one half of his neighbour's estates, most of the land-owners are clearing their ground, improving their agriculture, and thinking more of increasing their revenues than of extending their shooting-grounds.

Another traveller* who enters Hungary but for a few hours, still finds something to say against it. He invites himself to dine with a country gentleman he has never seen in his life, does not find the dinner large enough for the accession his own party has made to the family, misunderstands the customs of the country, and finishes by casting a slur on the hospitality of the most hospitable nation in Europe. But this gentleman has strong political feelings—not those of the most liberal tendency—and he cannot pardon a people who talk about liberty and independence, although it is in opposition to a country which he himself calls "a large state prison," and a system of government which he characterizes as encouraging whatever has a tendency to keep the human mind in a state of "uninvestigating ignorance."

A more serious error, and one which I am sure the author would not have made intentionally, may be found in Mr. Gleig's

* Schloss Hainfeld, by Captain B. Hall.

recent work on Germany, Bohemia and Hungary. Mr. Gleig observes, "In the rural districts every man you meet, provided he be neither a noble nor a soldier, belongs to somebody. He has no rights of his own; he is a portion of another man's chattels; he is bought and sold with the land, as if he were a horse or an ox." Now I have already said sufficient to show the reader that not one word of this statement is correct. But I appeal to him if it is not painful to see a gentleman of Mr. Gleig's talent take up, and give currency to so grave an error, which at once deprives a whole nation of any sympathy or respect from the whole of civilized Europe. Then comes the assertion that it is only within the last year that regular county magistrates have been appointed. I have no idea whence such a mistake could have arisen. The county magistracy, as it is at present organized in Hungary, is one of the most ancient institutions of Europe.

The last ball of the Carnival is a very important affair here, and for a full week before its occurrence great was the diplomacy employed to arrange it. It is always expected to be the best of the season, and is quite sure to be kept up till late in the morning, so that it is apt to be very expensive. Still no one dreamt for a moment of not having a ball; the only question was, who was to give it? The Countess B—— declared that she should like to do so, but the Count protested she had given so many, that he could not afford any more. The Baroness W——, who has such very nice rooms, was not well enough to bear the fatigue, and Mr. H——, who was always ready to oblige, could not this year, on account of the recent death of a near relative. Happen, however, it must, and the very evening before it was to take place, it was announced with great joy, in the midst of a ball, that the good-natured Countess S—— had consented to take the charge on herself, and she at once asked every body to come, and tell those of their friends who were not then present to come also.

It was then near midnight, and, as she told me afterwards, she immediately returned home, summoned her servants, informed them of what was to happen, and set them all to work, so that by neither going to bed herself, nor letting any body else, before the next evening, she had turned the house wrong side upwards, and fitted it for the reception of her crowd of guests.

In the midst of the festivities of the evening, as I was quietly enjoying the scene, I could not help smiling at the conversation

of some respectable dowagers near me, who lamented that, after all, the last balls were nothing now to what they used to be in their time—when they continued till daylight, and when all the ladies and gentlemen, dressed as they were, walked in procession from the ball-room to the church, and began their Lent the moment they finished their Carnival!

I did not wait for the end of this ball, as I wished to see the masquerade at the *Redout*. The *Redouten Saal* is a large building on the quay, where the public balls are commonly held. The room is one of the largest I ever saw, and requires I know not how many thousand lights for its illumination. Though rather heavy, it is a beautiful piece of architecture, and does its designer great credit. Instead of the hundred or two well-dressed persons I had just left, I found several thousands collected here, and apparently of every rank, from the pretty milliner to the stately Countess. Although the higher classes can scarcely be said to share with the middle in their amusements, for they always hold themselves a little on the reserve, they are yet wise enough to attend their public festivities, and not the proudest lady would venture on these occasions to refuse the hand of the humblest apprentice boy in the dance if invited by him. This condescension on the part of the upper classes is most politic, as it tends strongly to remove from the lower the feelings of envy and hatred, which superior advantages are so apt to create.

As a stranger, I had expected to escape without notice, and had not consequently masked: I was mistaken, however, for, during the two or three hours I remained, I had scarcely a moment's rest. One mask or another was constantly seizing me by the arm, and squeaking into my ear a quantity of secrets (with which to the present time I cannot conceive how they became acquainted,) and then leaving me just as my astonishment was excited to the highest pitch.

One of the best balls during the Carnival, was that given by the lawyers and law-students, to which all the nobles and citizens were invited. It is common in Vienna to speak of the law-students, or rather the *Juraten* (as those who have finished their studies are called) as a most rude and unruly set. They are the same persons whom we have seen at Presburg filling the floor of the Chamber of Deputies, and certainly exercising their lungs most freely in applauding or hissing whomsoever they pleased. But it is unfair to consider them rude on that account; if they have a right to be there, they do not exercise their privilege one

bit more rudely than the gentlemen of the House of Commons with us; and if they have not a right, why are they not kept silent? That their presence is not only a great inconvenience, but a direct interference with the liberty of debate, I am quite ready to allow, and I cannot understand why the Chamber does not pass a formal law to protect itself from such interference. While it is permitted, however, no one ought to complain that it is exercised. A great number of students were present, but instead of the rude conduct I had heard attributed to them, I observed nothing but the greatest order and propriety. Nor, as I am speaking of balls, should I forget the very pleasant ones given by the Casino every year. In fact, there never was a place better provided with balls than this same Pest, and if a man has any fancy that way, he may dance every night from the beginning of the Carnival to the end.

Der stoss!—Der stoss!—Such was the cry, following the report of a cannon, which we heard one morning through the hotel and in the streets. Hastening out to see what was the matter, we found the ice on the Danube had begun to move, and every body had flocked down to the river to speculate as to whether it would go off quietly, or whether there was any prospect of injury from it to the houses on the banks. This breaking up of the ice is a serious matter here. For months it has formed a road across the river, which becomes now no longer secure, and its great thickness and the quantity formed, render its removal a very long process. When pressed by a flood of water from above, the masses of ice often rise one upon the other, sometimes to the height of a house, and by the obstruction which they cause produce a flood. It is from this circumstance one of the greatest dangers is apprehended to the chain-bridge. What arches, it is asked, can withstand the forces of such masses of ice with the weight of the whole Danube pressing upon them? Ice-breakers, however, set at some distance before the bridge, on which the vast masses might break themselves, it is considered would prove effectual preventives against such a danger. The use of cannon to break the ice too, has been suggested, but I should think the newly discovered plan of blasting under water by the aid of galvanism would be more likely to effect the object.

A few days later I had a proof how great an inconvenience this stoss is. General L——, the commander of the garrison of Buda, had issued invitations to all the *beau monde* of Buda, and

Pest also, for a ball. Of course this could not be put off, but the difficulty was, how were the Pest people to get there. The ice was still on the move, that is, it made a progress of some yards every day; it was already clear from the sides to the distance of twenty yards on each bank, and great spaces of many yards in extent were open. Most of the ladies gave up the ball rather than face the danger, but Madame W—— declared, if any one would join her, she would go, were it only for the credit of the ladies of Pest. A party was soon made up, and of course the gentlemen had no excuse. How the ladies managed I cannot say, but for myself I was taken out of the carriage and carried through a heap of wet mud to a small boat which they pushed across to the ice. There a hand-sledge was in waiting, into which I got, and amidst a good number of crackings and roarings of the ice, I passed over in safety to where another boat conveyed me to a second carriage on the Buda side. If I remember rightly, the ice took three weeks before it was all gone after the first stoss. During the whole of that time, day and night, a watch was set, who gave the alarm whenever it was in motion, and a gun was fired to warn the people to get off.

CHAPTER XV.

FROM PEST TO FIUME.

Departure from Pest.—Notary of Tetény.—Volcanic District.—Bakonyer Forest. — Subri. — Hungarian Robbers. — Conscription. — Wine of Somlyo. — Keszthely. — Signs of Civilization. — Costume of Nagy Kánisa.—The Drave.—Death of Zriny.—Croatia and Sclavonia.—State of the Peasantry.—Agram.—Croatian Language.—Public Feeling in Croatia.—Smuggling.—Karlstadt.—Save and Kulpa.—The Ludovica Road—its Importance.—Fiume.—English Paper mill.—Commerce.—Productions of Hungary.—Demand for English Goods in Hungary.—Causes which impede Commerce, and the means of their removal.

Soon after the frost had disappeared, and before the ice had fairly cleared away from the Danube, we heard that a new steamboat was about to leave Trieste for Constantinople, touching at Corfu, Zante, and Athens in her way. As we had already seen so much of the Danube, and intended to return by it again through Wallachia to complete our tour in Transylvania, we determined to avail ourselves of this opportunity to visit Turkey. Another inducement, too, was the route we might take through Croatia and by Fiume to Trieste, which would show us another very important part of Hungary with which we were as yet unacquainted.

Instead of starting early in the morning of the 28th of February, as we had intended, we were delayed for some time by the ice. It had now become too rotten to be used as a bridge, and a ferry had been established wherever an open space was left; but the ice was so constantly moving, that the ferry had frequently to be changed, and one of these changes detained us several hours. At last the ferry was declared open, the carriage embarked, and we had nothing to do but shake hands with our friends, and express a hearty wish that we might soon meet them again,—and so we started on our way.

Our first drive did not afford us a very favourable prospect for the rest of the journey. It was a cold wet night, and the roads were so deep in mud, that it was as much as six good horses could do to drag us through it. Before we had got half over one station, too, the iron-work supporting the dickey gave way, and

we were obliged to fasten it up with ropes. Under these circumstances, we determined to stop at the first village, Tetény, for the night, and as there was not a bed-room to be had in the inn, we gladly availed ourselves of the offer of the notary to sleep in his house.

The notary was a very civil and obliging person, and from a couple of violins and a piano-forte which we found in the room, and from some music of Rossini's, which was lying about, I should judge a man of taste also. He was master of the parish-school, and told us that all the children attended it very regularly. The peasants are Germans. He declined receiving any thing next morning for the hospitality he had offered us, but the "gude wife" was "mair canny," and allowed herself to be prevailed on.

As we pursued this same route before, at least as far as Veszprim, when we visited Füred, I need say nothing more in regard to it here, than that the carriage broke down three or four times on the way, and caused as many disagreeable pauses before we could get it mended. Whether it was the severe frost which had affected the iron-work, or whether it was that the Vienna iron was itself bad, I cannot tell, but it is certain that the unusual straining caused by the state of the road was too much for it, and great was our annoyance in consequence.

Instead of turning off to Füred, we now continued along the high road which runs parallel with the Balaton, but at some distance from it, to Tapolcza. For the greater part of the last stage we had been struck with a new appearance in the mountains, which seemed to rise alone, and in isolated masses from the plain. This, of course, led us to suppose them of volcanic origin, though they were too far off to enable us to make sure of the fact. Before long, however, we found the road itself had changed colour, and, on looking more minutely, it turned out to be composed of volcanic tufa, instead of the new limestone we had seen before, and a little further on, we came to basalt itself, and thus the difficulty as to the appearance in these mountains was at once solved. As we proceeded, we noticed that some of the hills presented the appearance of truncated cones, while others were quite conical, and on turning to our books afterwards we found that we had fallen in with a well known volcanic district, in which some of the mountains are said to have distinct craters.

We had now entered the Bakonyer forest, a hilly tract of

country, extending nearly from the Danube to Croatia, and covered with thick woods, affording shelter to the bands of robbers by whom it is generally infested. I am not very credulous on the subject of robbers, but I do believe that this neighbourhood is rarely quite free from them, and I must confess I did not very much like the look of some half-score fellows who followed the carriage as we entered Tapolcza, inquiring very eagerly if we would not go on further that evening. On talking with the waiter at the inn, as to how far our suspicions might be well founded, he said he thought them groundless, though on being pressed further, he allowed that only a day or two before, fourteen of Subri's men had been seen in the village dressed as women, and he said that patrols were out through the whole country, for the purpose of arresting them. Though we had been staying so long in Hungary, we had scarcely ever heard the name of Subri before, into whose territories we now appeared to have intruded. Since that time, however, Subri has obtained a European reputation, and his death has rendered him a worthy subject of popular song. After having been watched for a long time by a body of troops quartered all through the country, he was at last betrayed while drinking with his men at a public-house. Before they were aware of it, a detachment of cavalry had surrounded them; but they nevertheless made the attempt to escape to the woods by fighting their way desperately through the soldiers. Several, both of the robbers and soldiers, fell, and the officer of the detachment had a very near escape. On approaching Subri, with the intent to seize and take him alive, the robber drew a pistol from his belt, and placed it close to the officer's head. Subri, however, had vowed that he would never be taken alive, and seeing that escape had become impossible, he deliberately turned the pistol against himself and blew out his own brains.

Many are the tales which have been told of this Subri, but they are too doubtful to be worth repeating. Like most others of the great robbers of Hungary—the Angyal Bandi, Zöld Marczi, and Becskereki—Subri had many of those notions of wild justice, which render our own Robin Hood so dear to the recollections of the people. To rob from the rich, and give to the poor; to punish the strong, and protect the weak; to ill-treat proud men, and behave with gallantry to pretty women;—such are the characteristics of the great robbers of Hungary, and such the traits that have filled the songs of the peasantry

with their names and deeds. There is another cause, too, which has tended to increase the popular sympathy with robbers in Hungary. They are, for the most part, young men who have been taken for soldiers, and who, having run away, have no other means of existence left. Even the sympathies of the nobles themselves are often engaged in their favour, and there are few, who, either from weakness or mistaken kindness, refuse to send provisions or money to an appointed place, when the Hungarian Captain Rock demands them.

The mode of raising the conscripts is so brutal, that it is impossible not to pity those who are exposed to it. When the county has issued its orders to the under-officers to raise the required number of men, they proceed to the villages, and commence a levy by main force. Their common plan is said to be to take, at first, only the sons of the richest peasants, because they are certain of obtaining a handsome sum for their release. As soon as this is accomplished, they set about catching all the loose fellows in the parish, who, knowing what they have to expect, and pretty certain that nobody will release them, have already taken to the woods and mountains, and cannot be got at without a regular hunt. When once caught, these poor fellows are chained in long lines, and thus literally driven, more cruelly than the same men would treat their own beasts, to the head-quarters of the army. It is not to be wondered at, that a service so recruited should be detested, or that the men should try to escape; nor is it matter of surprise that a human heart, whether noble or simple, should sympathize with the poor fellows whom such brutality as this has driven to a life of crime. This system of recruiting is a deep disgrace to Hungary, and it is the duty of every friend of his country to use his utmost endeavours to reform it.

But to return to Tapolcza. The waiter's conversation, alarming as was the subject, did not prevent us duly appreciating the excellence of the wine he had set before us;—possibly it made us apply to it the more steadily. It was Schomlauer, and one of the very best white wines I ever drank. It is grown about a short day's journey from this place, on the hill of Somlyo, near Vásárhely, and a little to the west of it. If I am not mistaken, this hill must belong to the volcanic range we saw in this neighbourhood; for I doubt if any other soil could give its wine that high flavour which it boasts. The Schomlauer is a white wine, full-bodied and strong. It would, I think, suit the English mar-

ket well, and it would probably bear the carriage without injury.

Our route led us over a boggy plain, interspersed with volcanic mountains, rising abruptly from it, till we came to the shores of the Balaton, and so continued as far as Keszthely. The scenery at the lower end of the Balaton is mountainous, and must present many points of great beauty, which in a more favourable season we should have been delighted to ransack.

Keszthely is a thriving little town, and of considerable importance, from the great school of agriculture founded here by Count George Festetits, and known as the Georgikon. Though no longer in so flourishing a state as formerly, the Georgikon has still several professors and practical teachers maintained at the expense of Count Festetits. There are few countries in which more philanthropic endeavours to better the condition of the people have been made than in Hungary; but, unfortunately, these endeavours have wanted a character of permanency, and they have, in consequence, almost always declined on the death of their first founder.

From Keszthely, we started about mid-day with six horses, hoping to get on two or three stages before night. But we were mistaken; we were again in Bakonyer forest, and the road, if road it can be called, had become so bad, that at last the horses stuck quite fast, and we were obliged to wait patiently till Miklós returned, who had gone off, on one of the leaders, for fresh horses. We did not complete the fourteen miles to Kis Komárom, in less than seven hours and a half. We passed, in the course of the day, several wagons guarded by soldiers, which our drivers told us were conveying money to Pest. Patrols, too, we observed several times in different parts of the forest.

The next day's journey was still worse; with eight horses and four drivers we had hard work to get to Nagy Kánisa. The whole country in this neighbourhood is exceedingly wild and uncultivated. It is principally composed of forest and boggy grassland, which is naturally rich, and only requires a little cultivation to produce abundance. For wood scenery,—such as one loves to fancy when hearing of Robin Hood,—I have never seen any thing finer. In many parts of this forest, I do not suppose an axe was ever used; and even close by the road-side, thousands of fine trees are rotting from age. They are mostly oaks, mixed with a few birches. The mistletoe was in wonderful luxuriance; the dying tops of the oaks seemed quite borne down by it. Where

the surface is clear of trees for a few yards, a fine turf springs up naturally, though the pigs, with which these forests are filled in winter for the sake of the acorns, root it up most unmercifully. It is wonderful to what a depth these fellows will go in search of roots, which they can smell from the surface. Their power of scent must be very much finer than that of the dog. We passed several villages belonging to the bishop of Veszprim. The state of the peasantry—in great part Sclaves—is deplorable, in spite of the richness of the land. I do not think we have seen any where worse cultivation, and greater misery, than in this district.

During this journey, it so rarely happened that we could calculate on arriving at a village at any fixed time, that we always took care to start with a good loaf of bread and a bottle of wine, besides some raw bacon and salami, which, although not the most elegant viands, were exceedingly palatable to hungry travellers. When, after dining three successive days on this diet, we arrived at Nagy Kánisa about mid-day, and, instead of a miserable village, found it a bustling little town, and when we heard that a dinner was to be got, it was no wonder that we regarded it as a God-send. S——, after luxuriating on the five good courses—soup, boiled beef, salt pork, and *saur Kraut*, some pastry, and a loin of veal and salad—exclaimed, "Well! if any one ventures to tell me, after this, that Hungary is not a very civilized country, I shall beg to differ from him. I should be glad to know where else such a dinner as this, and a good bottle of wine to it, could be had for twenty-pence,—I am sure not in England!" I do not think I have any where entered my protest against the veal, which is always the first dish the landlord—especially if he be a German—offers you in Hungary. It is a most villanous affair, red, tough, and tasteless, and not to be compared to an honest Magyar *gulyás hús*, or *paprika hendel*.

The women of Nagy Kánisa are remarkable for the peculiar character of their head-dress. It is formed of white linen, disposed in flat folds, so much resembling that worn in the neighbourhood of Rome, that one can scarcely help fancying that the one people must have derived it from the other. I leave it to the speculative antiquary to determine whether a Roman colony taught the fashion to the Nagy Kánisians, or whether some of their barbarous ancestors carried it with them into the villages of the Campagna.

As we were about to leave this place, an English gentleman, who had accidentally heard of our arrival, came and introduced himself to us. He had been living with his wife, an Italian lady, in this neighbourhood, for two or three years, and he gave a tolerably favourable account of it. His neighbours, he says, are polite and friendly; living is very cheap, and the shooting particularly good.

It took us seven days of tedious travelling, before we arrived at the river Drave, which forms the boundary of the ancient kingdom of Croatia. Between the Muhr and Drave we passed through some exceedingly flourishing villages, which offered a very striking contrast to many we had previously seen. This district, called the "Island," from its position between the two rivers, although by no means one of the most rich, is yet one of the most fruitful and prosperous in Hungary. The wine, the tobacco, the corn, the flax, every product grown here, is better than what is produced in the districts on either side of it. All this prosperity seems to depend entirely on the greater industry of the people. How this has been produced it is difficult to say, but I suspect it is owing to the good management of the Count or Counts—for I could not make out whether it was one or many—Festetits, to whom the greater part of it belongs. In one of these villages we observed a farm-yard and farm buildings which would not have been a discredit to Norfolk.

It is in this neighbourhood that the Zriny family—those Zrinys who figure in so many pages of Hungarian history—took their origin, and possessed large estates. The glorious death of Zriny Miklós has earned for him the name of the Hungarian Leonidas. Zriny was intrusted with the command of the castle of Sziget, near Fünfkirchen, and having cut off some of the Turkish troops, Solyman the Magnificent determined to march against him with all his forces. Although Zriny had but a small garrison, and was left quite unsupported from without, he sustained the siege with the most extraordinary valour. The enemy was driven back in no less than twenty attempts to storm the castle, sixty thousand of the Turkish forces had perished, and Solyman himself had sickened and died—still Zriny held out; but now only three hundred of his men were living, and hunger was fast destroying even them. Determined not to yield, Zriny and his brave band rushed out on the Turks, and were all killed, fighting to the last. This heroic resistance so far weakened the Turkish army, that they were obliged to retire without attempting any further invasion.

Near Csákatornya, at Nedelicz, is a custom-house for goods passing from Austria into Hungary. A great part of the transport trade—especially that carried on in the lighter wagons, between Trieste and Hungary—is said to pass through this place. The chief articles are colonial produce, particularly sugar and coffee. Laden wagons generally occupy seven days from Trieste to Nedelicz, and from thence to Pest or Vienna, about eight more.

The Drave is a fine wide river, but apparently not very deep; with a little artificial aid, however, I should think it might be rendered navigable considerably higher up than the point at which we crossed. Directly on the other side, lies the town of Varasdin; but as we did not remain longer than was required to change horses, I must content myself with saying that it is a pretty town, of eight thousand inhabitants, with clean, well-paved streets, and a great number of handsome buildings.

While we are hastening on to Agram, the capital of Croatia, I may as well say a word or two about the country itself.

Croatia and Sclavonia—for they are always reckoned together—form the south-western portion of Hungary, to which country they have been united ever since the eleventh century. Their population, which may be estimated at something less than a million, without the borderers, is entirely of Sclavish origin, and of the Roman Catholic and Greek religions. Croatia and Sclavonia have the same laws and constitution as the rest of Hungary, except in one or two particulars, in which they enjoy special privileges. The counties send deputies to the Diet just as other parts of Hungary, and the county meetings are held in the same way; but in addition to this, they sometimes hold what they call Diets of the Kingdoms of Croatia and Sclavonia—*Comitia Regnorum Croatiæ et Sclavoniæ*. What the exact use of these Diets is, or how far their functions extend, I was not able to make out,—indeed, I believe it is a disputed point, the Croatians wishing to consider themselves as confederates of Hungary, the Hungarians reckoning them as part and parcel of themselves. They sometimes, however, exercise the right of refusing to obey, or to adopt the acts of the General Diet, when they interfere with their own peculiar privileges.

A case has lately arisen with respect to one of these privileges, which has given it a very unenviable notoriety. It is the privilege of excluding all Protestants from the possession of property, and, I believe, of refusing them even the right of living

within the boundaries of the two countries. This question has been mooted before the General Diet, and a more tolerant law passed; but as yet no change has been effected, for the Croatians have refused to sanction or adopt it. The only other distinction of any importance is the existence of the Banat Table, a court of justice, answering to the district courts of Hungary, to which causes are referred from the county courts.

The soil of Croatia, though less rich than that of many parts of Hungary, is by no means a poor one, but it is badly cultivated, and is in consequence unproductive. The peasants whom we met on the road were generally small in size, and poor in appearance. Their dress is somewhat similar to that of the other peasants of Hungary, but it is more coarse in material and rude in fashion. The men wear brown cloth jackets, trimmed with red, a round sheepskin cap on their heads, and trowsers made of thick white cloth. The women have their heads wrapped in a piece of white linen, arranged without taste and hanging down over the shoulders. Their only ornament is a bow of red ribbon fastened on the breast. In winter, over the linen gown, they wear a shapeless white great coat.

At a small village where we stopped to dine, we fell into conversation with the landlord,—a bluff, jolly-looking fellow,—who turned out to be a Croatian Radical, and by no means too content with the manner in which things are managed. He said that the peasants are much more poor and miserable than in Hungary, and that this is more especially the case in the mountainous districts. Nor did he attribute it so much to the poverty of the soil, or the smaller size of the peasants' fiefs, as to the oppression of their seigneurs. It is a very common thing, according to his account, for a landlord to seize his peasants' land on some frivolous pretext, and keep it from them altogether, or oblige them to pay a heavy sum to be allowed to retain it. Sometimes a vineyard which has been entirely formed by the labour of the peasant, and which is often worth two or three hundred pounds, is taken away, and a barren plot of ground, of the same size, offered as an equivalent. The courts of law, he said, afforded them no protection whatsoever. What rendered this man's testimony of greater value was the fact, that he himself was noble. Notwithstanding all this poverty and wretchedness it should be remarked, that we saw here more large churches, and more images of saints, than in all the rest of Hungary together. I do not assert that this was cause and effect, but if not,

it was a curious coincidence, and it is one which I have observed more than once in the course of my travels.

The road leading into Agram is so bad that we nearly stuck fast in the suburbs; and this was the more remarkable, because, till within a few miles of the town, the roads had been far better than in most other parts of Hungary. Agram itself is a town of ten thousand inhabitants, and wears an aspect of bustle and activity, which speaks well for its prosperity. In strolling about, the Catholic Bishop's palace was the first object which attracted our attention. It was formerly a fortified castle, of such an extent as to include the cathedral within its walls. The fosse, however, is now converted into gardens, with lakes, and winding walks, and temples which, if a little fantastic, are still pretty, and are very liberally thrown open to the public. The Bishop is said to have about twenty-five thousand pounds per annum, the greater part of which he derives from his estates in the Banat. Although but indifferently regarded as an absentee landlord, he is very popular as a resident bishop, and is said to do a great deal for the good of the town. He has a regiment of grenadiers of his own, which is composed entirely of his tenants from the Banat, each of whom is obliged to serve two years. It is no wonder that such soldiers have not a very martial bearing, and I certainly never saw any thing more ludicrous than the Bishop's clodhopper sentinels in their scarlet pantaloons, brown coats, and high grenadier caps. The cathedral is a fine old Gothic structure, but the interior is spoiled by a profusion of rich marble altars, in the Italian style. The pulpit is quite covered with alto-relievos in white marble.

From the palace we climbed the hill, on which stand the middle and upper towns—for Agram consists of three towns, in the lower of which our hotel is situated. The Stadt, or higher town, was formerly the fortress, and contains the palace of the Ban of Croatia, and many fine houses of the nobles. We found some good shops, chiefly kept by Raitzen (Servians) and Jews, who are among the richest of the inhabitants, and have the trade almost entirely in their own hands. Of Germans there are but few here. The drapers' shops were particularly well supplied with German, Italian, and a few English goods.

One of the booksellers' shops which we entered was large, and bespoke a thriving trade. It contained almost all the standard German works, and German translations of Bulwer, Marryatt, and some others of our popular novelists. There were a

few works in French, and one or two English works with engravings. The bookseller, who was an intelligent man, told us that all the higher classes speak French and German, but very few English. One small shelf contained all the Hungarian books, among which were the works of Count Széchenyi. Of books in the Croatian language, there are only three or four existing. The Croatian language is a dialect of the Sclavish, more resembling, however, that of Poland than those of Bohemia, Russia, or even the Sclavack dialect of the north of Hungary. Till within the last few years, it has been totally uncultivated, and its use confined exclusively to the peasantry. Since, however, the Hungarian Diet has proposed to enforce the use of the Magyar language instead of the Latin, in public transactions throughout all Hungary, a spirit of opposition has been excited among the Sclavish population, which threatens very serious consequences. The first effect of the measure proposed by the Diet was, the rousing up in Croatia of a strong sentiment of nationality, which found vent in the establishment of a periodical, something like the "Penny Magazine" in form, in the Sclavish language. This is the "Danica Ilirska," edited by Dr. Gay. It is published once a week, is very respectably got up, and contains national songs, original articles, and translations.

They are now endeavouring to improve the language by introducing new words in use among the Illyrians, whose language was originally the same, but which is now more polished. The Illyrian language is soft and agreeable to the ear, and, no doubt, to them, contains a thousand beauties which no other language can possess. There seems too to be some idea among the *têtes exaltées* here of an Illyrian nationality. It is no uncommon thing to hear them reckoning up the Croats, Sclavonians, Bosnians, Dalmatians, Servians, Montenegrins, and Bulgarians, and then comparing this mass of Sclaves with the three or four millions of Magyars, and proudly asking why they should submit to deny their language and their origin because the Magyars command it.

I am very far from wishing this party success, though I cannot help in some degree sympathizing with a people who resist, when they think a stronger power is willing to abuse its strength by depriving the weaker of those objects—language and religion—which they hold as most dear. No one can doubt how highly conducive it would be to the good of Hungary that Croatia should be made completely Hungarian; or that it is dis-

graceful to the age in which we live, that Protestants should be excluded from a whole country on account of their faith; yet indubitable as are these facts, it may nevertheless be very impolitic to seek to remedy them by violent means.

The act has passed, however, which declares that in ten years' time no Croat shall be eligible to a public office who cannot read and write the Magyar language, and the consequence has been, the creation of a feeling of hatred against the Magyars, which bodes but very ill for the speedy Magyarizing of the Croatian people. I have no doubt that some portion of this opposition is connected with Russian intrigue; for it is particularly strong among the members of the Greek church, and it is so much the interest of Russia to weaken Austria, by disorganizing her ill-united parts, that we may be sure such an opportunity for the attainment of her objects would not be lost. That many of those who are influential in spreading the discontent, are unknowingly instruments in the hand of Russia, I feel certain;—they profess, indeed, a most bitter hatred of Russia, and, I have no doubt, feel it too; but they are as certainly working out her objects as if they were her paid agents.

Among the communicants of the Greek religion, Russia has still more power in Croatia than in Transylvania, because of the similarity of the languages; and this influence is increased by the circumstance of the prayer-books of the Croats having been formerly all printed in Russia. They consequently contained many Russianisms, which remain to the present time, though it is no longer allowed to print them out of Austria. It is a curious circumstance, too, that the Catholic and Greek religionists, generally such bitter enemies, are said to agree exceedingly well in Croatia.

We had observed, in walking through the town, a great number of gentlemen in full costume, and, on inquiring the reason, found they had been present at a county meeting, which had excited great interest, from the circumstance of a royal commissioner having been sent down expressly to attend it. It appeared that Government, having found it impossible to check smuggling, by means of its officers, on the frontiers of Croatia, had determined to station them at different places within the country, with power to seize suspected goods wherever they might find them. This, however, would have been a gross violation of the Municipal Constitution, which places the whole executive power in the elected officers of the county; and the Croatians declared, accordingly, that they would not submit to

it. In the face of such direct opposition, Government had not ventured to put its plan into execution, and had sent down a commissioner to explain its intentions, and, if possible, to persuade the Croatians to consent. One of them, however, with whom we fell into conversation, observed, "We know better than to let Government officers in amongst us, because, when once there, it is no such easy matter to get rid of them again; and besides, the very laws which the Government wishes to support by illegal means, are themselves contrary to our rights,—let them restore to us our free trade,—till they do that, I for one will aid the smuggler by every means I possess."

From Agram to Karlstadt, our next resting-place, we passed through a rather uninteresting country, occasionally showing symptoms of activity and cultivation, but in general much neglected. The Save, which we crossed by a wooden bridge just on the outside of Agram, is a fine river, and we were told contains water enough at all seasons to float barges of two hundred tons, bearing merchandise. A great quantity of corn and brandy comes up the Save every year from the Banat, for Croatia, Trieste, and Italy; but of late years it is said to have been diminished by the competition with the corn from Odessa. The manner in which many of the forests are destroyed by bad management in this country, is really melancholy, and the destruction has gone to such an extent that firewood has become exceedingly dear. We were told at Agram that a klafter—a small cart load—costs as much as eighteen or twenty shillings, and this in a country more than half of which is in wood.

Karlstadt is on the Croatian military frontier, and is rather a pretty town, with many good houses, inhabited chiefly by the border officers. It has a kind of fortress, but it is by no means capable of holding out against artillery for a moment. The river Kulpa, which flows through the town, and the Ludovica road—the Hungarian Simplon—are the chief sources of its wealth and importance.

From the communication which the road and the Kulpa were expected to lay open, by means of the Save and Danube, between the Adriatic and the Black Sea, great commercial results were anticipated; but hitherto it has disappointed the expectations which were formed. A gentleman whom we met here, told us that the Save is navigable at all times of the year, and for almost any craft, and that the Kulpa, even in its present state, is open for large boats in spring and autumn, and for

smaller ones all summer, and that, with very little expense, it might be rendered much more useful than it even now is. As yet steam-boats have not been established, even on the Save, but great hopes are entertained that they will be ere long.*

* The *Athenæum* contains a letter, dated Vienna, 11th October, 1838, containing a very interesting notice of the first attempt to navigate the Save and Kulpa with steam. I extract a portion of it:—

"The steam-boat (of forty-horse power) was named the *Archduchess Sophia*, and started from Semlin as follows:—

Date of Departure.	Place and Hour of Arrival.	Remarks.
6th Sept. Semlin, 2 P.M.	Kupinova . . . . . . 7 P.M.	Pass the night.
Kupinova, 7th Sept. 4 A.M.	Witojereze . . . . . 8 A.M.	An island.
	Mitrovitz 12	The ancient Syrmium.
	Bonora Adicza . 2½	7 floating mills.
	Gunza 7½	Pass the night.
Guna, 8th Sept. 3 A.M.	Supanye 7½	10 August, 2 Bos mills.
	Schamacz 12½	Junction of the Bosna.
	Brood 5	Pass the night.
Brood, 9th Sept. 3½ A.M.	Swinar 8	Junction of the Verbas.
	Alt Gradisca . . . 12½	Austrian fortress.
	Jessenovacz 5¼	Junction of the Unna.
	Puska 7¾	Pass the night.
Puska, 10th Sept. 7¼ A.M.	Lonya 8½	Retarded by a fog.
	Czaprak. 1½	Enter the Kulpa.
	Sissek 2	Termination of the Voyage.

DESCENT.

Date of Departure.	Place and Hour of Arrival.	Remarks.
Sissek, 11th Sept. 8½ A.M.	Jessenovacz . . . . 3 A.M.	Pass the night, and take in wood.
Jessenovacz, 12th Sept. 5 A.M.	Alt Gradisca 8¼	The Save very narrow.
	Jaroge 6½	Pass the night.
Jaroge, 13th Sept. 4¾ A.M.	Supanye 8	Brisk salute.
	Mitrovitz 4½	Take in wood.
	Topola 5¾	Pass the night.
Topola, 14th Sept. 5½ A.M.	Semlin. 1¼	Termination of the Voyage.

As we were sitting down to our supper the landlord introduced an officer of the Borderers, who having heard that two Englishmen had arrived in Karlstadt, and being himself of English descent, wished to see them. His name was Samson, and.

"The voyage was perfectly satisfactory; and there seems no reason for apprehending interruption to the navigation, either from want of water in summer or floating ice in winter, as the experiment has been made during the driest month of the year; and the frosts of winter last only from the beginning of January to the beginning of February. The first day's voyage passed off without incident. On the 7th, when approaching Mitrovitz, the Save was narrow and deep, and the vessel for some time ascended very slowly. This town will become the point of embarkation for the famous Schiller, or red Syrmian wine, which is by many thought equal to Tokay. On the forenoon of the 8th, especial circumspection became requisite, as at Wuchijak, a place between Supanye and Schamacz, the river became broad and shallow, having two long sand-banks; but luckily both were got over without once grounding, and the reception of our smutty Argonauts in the evening at Brood was in the highest degree gratifying. This is an important Austrian fortress; a salute was fired on the occasion, and the natives turned out *en masse*. The appearance of these people, with their long shaggy black locks, and their short black caftan (Gúnyacz,) was striking. Their language is a curious mixture of Sclavonic and Latin; for example, *Kakasyte dormirali—how did you sleep?* The vessel was visited by Major-Gen. von Neumann, the commandant of the fortress, and the evening was spent in festivity. On the 9th September, two officers of the fortress accompanied the vessel as far as Alt Gradisca, which is opposite Berbir, formerly an Austrian *tête de pont*, but now a Turkish fortress. A picturesque chain of hills, rising from the river, rendered this the most agreeable part of the voyage. At Jessenovacz, nine hujas farther up, the right bank ceases to be Turkish territory. The town is built of wood; and, as it stands on piles, has been sometimes called New Amsterdam. On the 10th, at two o'clock, the boat reached Sissek, and was received with waving banners, joyous music, and firing of muskets. In the evening there was a public dinner, when the healths of the Emperor, the Empress, and the Arch-duke Palatine, were drunk with loud applause; and on the 11th, accompanied by twenty-three individuals, the vessel started again on her downward voyage.

Should this experiment be followed up with spirit, the advantages which may flow from it can scarcely be overrated. The present trade on the Save and Drave is limited to barrel hoops, staves, firewood, &c., although the country could produce vast quantities of corn, wine, and iron. It is true, that the central parts between the two rivers are so thickly wooded, that the old Hungarian proverb is still applicable,—"*Si lupus essem, nollem alibi quam in Sclavonia lupus esse;*"—but all along the Save, nature has poured forth her choicest blessings. On questioning my informant as to the quality of the soil, "fat and black" were the adjectives he used. It would be out of place to enter into an examination of those peculiar laws and institutions of Hungary, which hinder the influx of capital and the development of the national resources. I shall, therefore, content my

we found him a very good-tempered agreeable acquaintance. He spoke of the Borderers with all the enthusiasm a good officer might be supposed to feel for his men. Those of the Croatian frontiers, he said, though not such fine large men as those of the Banat, were very clever in the use of their weapons, to which they were accustomed from their childhood. In such constant danger are they from incursions from the Turkish Croatians and Bosnians, that they never go out to tend their sheep, or even to plough, without being armed. As might be expected, they become better soldiers than agriculturists. On pressing our friend very closely as to the subject of their honesty, he confessed that they were rather apt to mistake other people's property for their own,—"not," he said, "that they steal like those rascally infidels,—they only take things, just in play, as children do!"

Karlstadt, he said, was so near the frontier, and so ill-defended, that a party of Turks might, by a sudden incursion, pillage and burn it any day. Government, however, was intending to fortify it more strongly. He seemed to have a sincere hatred of his Turkish neighbours, and described them as a most barbarous, cruel, and rapacious set, who would be continually at war if they dared. "I think, however," he observed, "we have quieted them for a while; for in return for their last attack, we followed them home, and burnt one of their largest villages, containing two hundred houses, to the ground."

The next day we commenced the passage of the mountains to Fiume, along the line of the Ludovica-road. This road was formed by a private company under the direction of General Vukassovics, but rather as a patriotic undertaking than as a com-

self with remarking how curiously the interfering with the laws that regulate production and distribution, operates in two countries so different from each other. In England, land intended by nature for pasture, is devoted to the plough; and in Hungary, millions of acres of what might be garden ground, are abandoned to swine and cattle. Sissek is only forty English miles from Karlstadt, between which and Fiume is the splendid road constructed under the direction of Baron Bukassawich; and I am informed that if the little cataract at Ozuil were blown up, the Kulpa would be navigable to within thirty or forty miles of the sea. As it is, Fiume may become the port of a great part of Hungary. I find, by the last returns in the *Commercial Gazette*, that, in the month of August, the imports of this place were 227,111 florins; and the exports, consisting principally of corn and tobacco, 349,904. Should then this experiment be properly followed up, the Save will be the great highway between the Adriatic ports and Semlin, the Banat, Transylvania, Szegedin, and all the towns on the Theiss and Maras."

mercial speculation. It extends eighteen German, or about eighty-five English, miles. Nothing can be more beautifully constructed than it is; there is not a sudden elevation of any consequence from one end to the other, and the slopes are so gradual that a carriage may be driven at a trot up and down them without danger or difficulty. The body of the road itself is perhaps a little too arched, but the parapet walls, drains, water-courses, and bridges, are most beautifully executed, and maintained in excellent order.

Our first stage of two posts brought us by gradual ascents into as wild and mountainous a district as I ever saw. The stratum is entirely a compact limestone, presenting in many places those vast caldron-shaped hollows which are so frequent near Trieste.

We were surprised, on inquiring in German if any thing in the shape of dinner could be got at the station-house, to be answered in very good Irish, "Sure there is, your honour,—eggs and bacon in plenty, and a chicken if your honour's not in a hurry." Our respondent, we found, was the daughter of an Irishman who had served under Napoleon, and she herself had been many years in General Count Nugent's family. She had married an Italian fellow-servant, and Count Nugent had set them up in this inn, which is situated on a part of his own estate. We were the first Englishmen she had seen since her settlement in this place, and how she managed to make us out by the blue ends of our noses, which was all that could be seen out of our fur cloaks, is more than I can guess. She was glad enough to see us, and did her best to make us comfortable with such poor means as were within her power.

We got on as far as Skrad before night, which, like all the other villages in this district, is a miserable place. The whole country we passed through is mere rock and wood; and though clearing and cultivating might do something towards improving its dreary aspect, it must ever remain a very barren district. We passed some long trains of wagons in the course of the day, chiefly laden with timber, rags, and some corn, which they were conveying to Fiume. Others which we met returning were quite empty.

We ascended still higher in the course of the second day, not that we could observe it by the road itself,—for it is so beautifully laid out that the ascent is quite imperceptible,—but we found the snow, which had been all melted in the lower regions,

still clinging, as we advanced, to the mountain sides. As we began to descend, we were roused from a doze by a sudden cry from Miklós, of "a great water! a great water!" and starting up, we found the Adriatic, studded with beautiful islands, and sprinkled over with fishing-boats, directly beneath us. For some moments after his first exclamation, Miklós remained quite silent, from awe and wonder, till at last he said, "Your Grace, that must be the Danube again, no other water can be so large; and see, there are wild ducks swimming all about." He could not believe, even when we told him, that it was the sea he saw, and that his ducks were large boats, which the distance only made appear so small.

The descent to Fiume was one succession of beauties, increasing as we advanced. The construction of this part of the road is exceedingly fine, quite equal to any thing of the kind in Europe. In one place it has been cut straight through the rocks, and forms a kind of gateway, called the Porta Ungarica. In the course of the descent, on one side the road we observed a large plain, completely surrounded by mountains, and forming a colossal amphitheatre. It was in this spot that the Tartars, after having overrun all Hungary, encamped, and where they were fallen upon by the people, who had collected on the mountains round, and cut to pieces. Eight thousand are said to have remained on the field.

When we had nearly finished the descent, we came to a barrier, and were desired to show our passports; and no sooner did the officer find from them that we were foreigners, than he demanded a toll of six shillings and four pence for having passed over the road. "You ought," he said, "to have paid at the other end, but the man there probably mistook you for Hungarian gentlemen, and so let you pass." We, of course, paid it, and in a few minutes after rattled over the stones of Fiume, till we came to a stand before the hotel door.

And while we are settling down there, let us say a few words as to the prospective advantages of this road. We have stated, that hitherto it has been little used, partly on account of the high tolls, partly from the want of further improvements for facilitating the navigation of the Save and Kulpa—but most of all from the want of commerce between Hungary and other countries. Supposing for a moment all these drawbacks removed, it still remains a question whether Fiume can ever become the port of Hungary, and the Ludovica road its great artery. We

doubt if it ever will, though we by no means condemn it to languish for ever in its present state. The trade of Hungary must follow the course of the Danube, and find its port on the shores of the Black Sea. The superior richness of the country through which the Danube flows, the ease of transporting heavy goods up and down a stream of such size, almost without any land-carriage, the number of its tributary streams, and the wealth and importance of the towns on its banks, render this unquestionable. The only difficulty which presents itself is the passage of the Iron Gates; and with fifty miles of road for towing or transport, this will henceforth be of little consequence. It is true, that warehouses are necessary at Scala Gladova, Orsova, and Moldova; that a consular agent ought to be stationed at Orsova; that, in fact, many arrangements are required to render commercial intercourse perfectly easy and convenient; but, sooner or later, they will be made, for by this route alone can a great commerce ever be carried on. At the same time Croatia and Sclavonia may transport a part of their timber, hemp, rags, and tallow by Fiume, and receive in return the manufactures of the west. But there is another light in which, in the present aspect of European affairs, this road may be regarded. At every moment we hear of tremendous armaments, on the part of Russia, collecting in Bessarabia and along the banks of the Danube; of great fleets manœuvring in the Black Sea, ready in a moment to overwhelm the dependencies of Turkey, but intended, probably, only to frighten European diplomatists into the belief that she could do so. Suppose, for a moment, that these troops had marched, and these vessels had sailed; suppose even that the Dardanelles were closed to our fleet; what means does this road afford to Austria of controlling the fate of Turkey? Austria, on the first alarm, could throw a body of troops into Transylvania and along the Wallachian frontiers, where they would occupy a position confessedly impregnable. She could then admit through Fiume a French or English army which, after a march of eighty miles over the Ludovica road, could be placed on board the large corn-boats, on the Kulpa or Save, and transported without fatigue or loss down the Danube into the heart of Wallachia in about ten days. She would thus have placed an overwhelming force in the rear of the Russian army, with the power of intercepting, in winter, when the ports of the Black Sea are frozen, the only route by which that army could receive supplies. In this point of view the Ludovica road may still be of European importance.

It is well known too that we are dependent on Russia for a vast quantity of raw produce, without which our trade could not get on. As we shall see hereafter, these articles can be furnished as well by Hungary, and by the Fiume road they could always reach the Mediterranean in spite of Russia.

On presenting our letters of introduction, we were very politely received by the deputy-governor, Count Almasi, and every thing worth seeing at Fiume was at once laid open to us. In truth, the sights of Fiume are no great matters. It is a pretty little seaport town, with a good harbour; but, although possessing the advantages of a free port, it was untenanted by a single vessel of any size. Nothing can be more beautiful than the situation of Fiume; it is backed by immense rocks, the sides of which are covered, wherever a particle of soil can rest, with vineyards; while in front is the Adriatic and its lovely islands. The town has quite an Italian air about it, and nothing but Italian and Illyrian is heard in the shops and streets. Fiume has a club and theatre, and the social life of its inhabitants is said to be pleasant enough. It had a little semidiplomatic society, too, of consuls, to which we were introduced, and from some of the consuls we obtained a good deal of information. It had formerly a very extensive sugar refinery, occupying one thousand persons; but, as it had originally been created by a royal privilege, so it was destroyed when the privilege was withdrawn. The only productive industry at present existing, is the paper-mill of our countrymen, Messrs. Smith & Co. We visited their mill, which is placed near the end of the Ludovica road, and is worked by the torrent which rushes down from the mountain. Mr. Smith told us that they employed about two hundred and fifty people, who worked pretty well, and were easily kept in order, and that every day they were obliged to refuse applications for work. All their machinery is brought direct from England. They produce a fair writing paper, though nothing of a very superior character, which is almost entirely consumed in the Levant.

About a mile or two south of the town, a large Lazaretto has been built, in one of the most beautiful bays I almost ever saw. They say the arrangements of this Lazaretto are perfect—there is nothing wanting but ships to fill it. Ten miles still further south, is Porto Ré, a large and commodious harbour, built by Charles VI., and acknowledged to be the safest and best in the Austrian dominions. A war-steamer had just been built there. The small portion of sea-coast between Istria and Dalmatia, has

often figured in the gravamina of the Hungarian Diet as the *Litorale*. For a long time Austria refused to give it up; and though she has yielded with respect to this part, Dalmatia and the islands, equally demanded by the Hungarians as a portion of their dominions, are still refused to them.

We met a stout liberal here, who is at the same time a Sclave and a strong supporter of the Sclavish nationality. He speaks with great admiration of the talent with which Napoleon seized on this point when he formed his kingdom of Illyria, and the power that this idea still exercises over the minds of the people. Dalmatia he describes as an exceedingly interesting country, though the people are in a very wild and savage state. If we had had time, we should have liked to have accepted this gentleman's offer to show us the most important parts of Dalmatia: but the steamer was to leave Trieste in a few days, and Pola and its amphitheatre had still to be seen.

The commerce of Fiume is said to be very insignificant, and to be confined almost exclusively to rags, staves, corn, and tobacco. Of late years the corn trade has fallen off considerably, the Odessa merchants having, from their facilities for trade, been enabled to undersell the Fiume merchants, not only in the ports of Italy, but sometimes even in Fiume itself. The best part of the Fiume trade is with the smugglers; and smuggling is so far recognised, that an Englishman, who set up to trade here in an honest manner, received a friendly warning from high authority to imitate his neighbours, if he did not wish to be ruined. As Fiume itself is a free port, of course it is surrounded on every side by custom-house officers, who are so numerous, for this place alone, as to cost sixty thousand florins (6000*l.*) per annum. Not that they are of any use; for, as one of the authorities observed, "ten pence a day is all they get for doing their duty, and, of course, twenty pence will easily induce them to neglect it." The coast, too, is of so mountainous a character, that it would be almost impossible to protect it, except by introducing a more liberal commercial system.

And now, before we close these volumes,—for at Fiume our Travels in Hungary may be said to have finished, and Pola and Trieste are too well known to require description,—we must say a few words on the commercial resources and prospects of Hungary. It is so singular a fact that a country overflowing with natural productions, and in want of every article of manufactured industry, should be quite unknown to the merchants of England,

that some explanation of it seems required. In the first place, we shall enumerate the chief productions of Hungary, and shall then endeavour to show why these have not been sought for by the English, and point out what the chief advantages are which we might derive from a trade with Hungary.

Hungary and Transylvania,—for we shall now speak of the two together,—with a population of twelve millions, occupy a surface of about one hundred and ten thousand English square miles. This surface is exceedingly various in its nature, but on the whole it may be set down as one of the most fruitful portions of Europe, as well as one of the most rich in natural productions.

We have already said so much of mines and mining, that it is scarcely necessary to state here how extensive the veins of gold and silver are which run through the whole country. It has been stated by Beudant, that there is more gold and silver found in Hungary than in all the rest of Europe besides. The privilege of working the mines is open to every one on the payment of a tenth of the produce to the Crown; the only other restriction being the obligation to have the precious metals coined in the country, for which a small per-centage is charged. From the number of places in which we have seen iron hammers, it must be evident that iron abounds throughout extensive districts; but hitherto the iron mines have been very badly worked, and the iron so ill-wrought as to be extremely dear. For the erection of the new chain-bridge at Pest, it has been found cheaper to have the iron-work cast in England, sent by water to Fiume or Trieste, and from thence by land to Pest, than to have it manufactured either in Hungary or in any other part of the Austrian dominions. Such is the advantage which commercial habits and scientific knowledge give over cheap labour. I have heard it stated that the iron of Hungary possesses qualities superior to that of any other part of Europe, except Sweden, for conversion into steel; yet it is so badly wrought that worse cutlery cannot exist than that of Hungary. Hungarian iron is quite unknown in the English market.

Copper is found in great abundance—forty thousand hundred-weight yearly. Lead, and indeed every other métal, is obtained, but rather more sparingly. Sulphur occurs in eight different counties; but it is often not worked from the want of demand for the article; I have myself seen mines given up from no other cause. This is of importance at the present moment, when the Sicilian monopoly is in the hands of Frenchmen, who are said to

have raised the price of their sulphur, and thereby inflicted a considerable injury on many branches of English industry.

The quantity of salt which these countries can produce seems quite unlim ted; and from the fine condition of the mines, the pure state in which the salt occurs, and the position of the beds near navigable rivers, it might be procured as cheaply as from any part of the world. Soda, alum, potash, and saltpetre, are all abundant, but particularly soda, which occurs in great purity and plenty on the plain near Debreczen.

Coal, as I have already said, is found in several districts, and I believe it is the only coal in Europe which can contest the field with that of England for the use of steam-engines. That it is at present as dear as English coal imported viâ Constantinople is entirely attributable to bad, or rather dishonest, management.

Of wood, Hungary, and the neighbouring countries, Bosnia and Servia, are capable of furnishing vast stores. At present, England receives a large portion of her timber from the Baltic, which might be as well obtained from these countries by Fiume or the Black Sea, and the navy of England would then be no longer dependent for its supply on the country which is most likely to place itself in rivalship with her. The forests of Hungary, particularly the Bakonyer, are almost entirely composed of oak, which is of two kinds,—the red, a quick-growing soft wood, of little use except for firing; and the white, a firm lasting timber, well adapted for ship-building, or other purposes requiring durability. In those parts of the country where the roads are too bad to allow of the transport of large blocks of timber, the wood might be cut into staves, for which there is always a great demand, and so conveyed to the coast in smaller loads for exportation. A considerable trade is already carried on in this article between Fiume and Marseilles, most of the staves being procured from Bosnia and brought by land-carriage to Fiume. The opening of the Save and Drave would considerably reduce the cost of carriage, and wood might then be transported, nearly the whole way, by water to the Black Sea.

Another article connected with our shipping interest, to which we have already alluded, is hemp. All the hemp used in the navy is of Russian growth, and it is one of the chief of our imports from that country. The hemp of Hungary is both cheaper and better; and instead of taking it from a rival, we should take it from a safe ally.*

* Some months since, I heard that a part of the navy contract was to be given to Baron Eskeles of Vienna for a supply of Hungarian hemp, but I —

Hides and tallow are also articles of Russian commerce in which Hungary might prove a formidable rival.

Of the Hungarian tobacco we have spoken at length elsewhere. Although the tobacco of Hungary is an article which, from the peculiar position in which we stand with respect to our Colonies, can scarcely gain a footing in the English market; yet it is one which the German and Italian merchants would gladly avail themselves of, if they were allowed.

Horse-hair, bristles, gall-nuts, and rags, are all articles of Hungarian commerce; and of the latter very large exportations to this country already take place annually.

Spirits of wine are produced at a low rate, and are exported to Germany.

It is always a difficult matter to decide how far any wine will suit a particular market; but I have a strong suspicion that a really good wine will suit all; and, if I may trust my own taste, I should say that much of the Hungarian wine deserves that character. Hungarian wines may be divided into two classes: the sweet wines, or *Ausbruch*, and the red and white table wines. The most celebrated of the sweet wines is that of Tokay, which for delicacy of flavour and brightness of colour is unequalled. Next to Tokay comes the Ménes wine, but though rich and strong, it has a coarse taste when compared with Tokay. Among the best dessert wines, after these, are reckoned those of Rusxt, Karlowitz, St. Georg, and Œdenburg. These wines are commonly drunk only in very small quantities, a glass or two taken with the sweets being the extreme. As there is so very little taste for sweet wines in England, I doubt if these wines would find any great number of admirers amongst us, at least until our habits are changed.

Of the table wines it is difficult to give any description, they are so numerous and so little known. The wines of Buda (Offner in German) and Erlau, are those I prefer of the red wines; indeed, I think I have drunk old Buda equal to the best Burgundy. Those of Pösing, St. Georg, Sexö, Miskólcz, Neustadt, and many others, are celebrated, but I cannot recollect them sufficiently to speak of their merits.

Among the white wines, I can answer for those of Somlyo (Schomlauer in German) and Neszmély being equal to any of the white wines of France (excepting, of course, Champagne,) and they are better to my taste than the generality of the sour

am not aware that the arrangements are yet concluded. No exertions ought to be spared either by Austria or England to carry them out.

products of the Rhine. Others of note are those of Ratzischdorf, Badacson, Szekszárd and Sirak. Of the Transylvanian wines I have spoken at sufficient length already. The white wines of that country are certainly not inferior to those of Hungary.

The characteristic qualities of the Hungarian wines are their strength and fire. They almost all of them require keeping some time before they come to their prime. It is supposed that of the 24,400,000 eimers grown in the country, not more than 80,000 are exported, and these go almost exclusively to Silesia, Poland, and Russia. Vienna consumes also a considerable quantity of Hungarian wine. It was long questioned whether these wines would bear transporting across the sea, but Count Széchenyi tried the experiment by sending a cask to the East Indies, and when it came back, it was found perfectly sound at the end of the voyage. The addition of a little brandy might be required by some of the lighter sorts; but with that and with more care in the preparation of the wine and the cleaning of the casks, I have no doubt they would be perfectly safe.

Wool is at present one of the chief articles of Hungarian commerce, chiefly because its exportation is untaxed. It is scarcely twenty years since the Merino sheep have been introduced into Hungary, and the quantity of fine wool now produced may be judged from the fact, that at the last Pest fair there were no less than 80,000 centners offered for sale. The greater part of this wool is bought by the German merchants, and much of it is said to go ultimately to England, after having passed by land quite across Europe to Hamburg. Of late years, a few English merchants have made their appearance at the Pest fairs, which are held four times in the year; but I have not yet heard of any wool being sent to England by the Danube and Black Sea. Besides the Merino wool, there is a considerable quantity of a long coarse wool grown, which is chiefly sold for the manufacture of the thick white cloth worn by the peasants, and which might be found very serviceable for our carpet fabrics.

A still more important article of Hungarian produce is corn, and it is one from which, it is to be hoped, England, ere long, by the abolition of her corn laws, will enable herself to derive the full benefit. At present, the quantity of grain annually produced in Hungary is reckoned at from sixty to eighty millions of Presburg metzen. This calculation, however, is of little importance, as at present scarcely any is grown for exportation; but, were a market once opened, it is beyond a doubt that the produce might

be doubled or trebled without any difficulty. I have heard it stated by one well able to judge, that at the present time one quarter of the whole country is uncultivated, although the greater part of it is capable of furnishing the richest crops at a very slight cost. The wheat of Hungary is allowed to be of an excellent quality. Where the land has little or no value for other purposes, and the labour costs nothing, it is difficult to see how it can be produced any where at a cheaper rate than here.* Nor

* In an article in a late number of the British and Foreign Quarterly, it is stated that Hungarian wheat from Fiume can be brought to England at a lower rate than from any other country. I quote the statement as it stands, without being able however to vouch for its accuracy:—

	fl.	*kr.*		*s.*	*d.*
"The price of Hungarian wheat fit for shipment to England is at present, *per metzen*, at Sissek.	2	45	or	5	6
N. B. At other times it is 30 or 40 per cent. less.)					
Expense of transport from Sissek to Karlstadt by the river Kulpa	0	10	or	0	4
Expense of transport from Karlstadt to Fiume by land	0	50	or	1	8
	3	45	or	7	6

"Hence we find, that the price of Hungarian corn at Fiume is 3 florins, 45 kreutzers, or 7*s.* 6*d.* sterling per metzen. Now, 2 metzen are considered equal to 3 stajo or staro, Venitian or Trieste measure; hence we find that the cost of Hungarian corn per stajo is 5 florins, or 10*s.*; the rate of freight from Fiume to Trieste by sea is 7 kreutzers, or 2⅘*d.*; the whole cost, therefore, at Trieste, is 5 florins, 7 kreutzers, or 10*s.* 2⅘*d.*: 348 stajo, however, are considered equal to 100 imperial quarters, according to which estimation the price of corn at Trieste, per imperial quarter, is 35*s.* $7\frac{1}{4}\frac{2}{25}$*d.*

"To this calculation must be added,

For the several commissions at Sissek, Karlstadt, and Fiume	5 per cent.
For waste, deterioration, uninsured risk, insurance . .	3 per cent.
Rate of insurance from Trieste to England . . .	1¾ per cent.
Export duty from the Austrian dominions, or Hungary, to the district of a free port, or to a foreign country . .	9¼ per cent.
Amount of commission *del credere*	3½ per cent.
Charges and expenses on shipping	2 per cent.
The uninsured risk, heating, short weight, deterioration on the voyage from Trieste to England	1 per cent.
The whole per centage, as above detailed, is equal to .	24½ per cent.

Now 24½ per cent. upon 35*s.* 7*d.* is 8*s.* $8\frac{1}{2}\frac{3}{200}$*d.*; leaving out the fraction, the price of Hungarian corn per quarter is 44*s.* 3*d.*: add 8*s.*, which is about the average freight to England, the cost of Hungarian corn to the English merchant is 52*s.* 2*d.*

"It must be remembered, however, that the price of the corn at Sissek (the principal depôt for corn collected from the country, or brought by the Save from New Becse, where considerable purchases are made,) upon which we have based our calculation, was taken at the present high average, though it is sometimes 40 per cent. lower. If, then, we had adopted the lowest instead of the highest rate for the stajo at Sissek, the final re-

do I think an increased demand would materially raise the price to the foreign consumer; as improvements in the art of cultivation, greater industry on the part of the cultivators, and increased facilities in the means of communication, would be sufficient to raise the profits of the grower without increasing the cost to the consumer.

No corn-growing country has such means of communication prepared by nature as Hungary, and it requires only a demand for her productions to bring them into full use. The richest parts of the country are the Banat, the plains on either side the Theiss, the country north of the Maros, and the districts about the Save and Drave. Now every one of these rivers is navigable, so that it is impossible to conceive a country placed under more favourable circumstances than Hungary.

The causes which have hitherto prevented a country so rich in productions, and possessing these advantages, from reaping the rich fruits of foreign commerce, must next be considered.

One of the most important of these we believe to be, the restrictive laws arbitrarily imposed on Hungary by Austria. Hungary has the right to tax herself, but from time immemorial the king has enjoyed the privilege of imposing a duty called, from its amount, *Vigesima Regalis* (the King's twentieth,) or five per cent. on articles imported into, and exported from Hungary. Soon after the accession of the house of Hapsburg, however, attempts were made to change this into a system of indirect taxation; attempts which, despite the complaints of the nation, have been persevered in ever since. But the most tremendous blow to commerce was given by Joseph, who entertained the idea of forcing the country to manufacture for itself,—by the imposition of a duty of sixty per cent. on all foreign articles. Even then none but a noble was allowed to import, and he only on the understanding

sult would have been more than 3*s*. lower; let us now adopt a mean average between 49*s*. and 52*s*. 3*d*., it will give 50*s*. 7½*d*. The following, then, is the result of the previous calculations: the price in England of corn imported,

		s.	*d.*
from France	is	52	3
—— America		50	0
—— Odessa		52	0
—— Hamburgh		54	4½
—— Dantzic		52	6
—— Lower Baltic		51	5
—— Hungary		50	7½"

that the articles imported were for his own use. Of course, this regulation was evaded either by the merchant's purchasing nobility, or by some noble lending his name to a merchant for the same purpose.

Although the same amount of duty was not levied on all articles exported, yet as exchange is absolutely necessary for the prosperity of commerce, its effects were equally disadvantageous as regards exports. On some articles, however, the export duty was much higher than sixty per cent.; and the Hungarians soon perceived that if, notwithstanding these obstacles, a market was, from some peculiar profit to be derived from it, found for their produce, the Government was sure to step in, and to impose so heavy a burden as to destroy it in a very short time. The constant changes, too, which were made in the tariff, rendered trade so uncertain, that no one could be induced to cultivate, or speculate, where an arbitrary act of an irresponsible minister might at once change the whole circumstances on which his calculations must be founded. The end of all this has been two national bankruptcies, the destruction of all commerce from without, and of all energy and enterprise within, an empty exchequer, and a people almost in a state of barbarism.

At last Austria appears to have opened her eyes to some of her errors. Thanks to Mr. Macgregor's plain straightforward exposition of the frauds and losses to which her present system exposes her, she has at last consented to revise her tariff, and to change it where possible. Unhappily, however, that is no such easy task. She is surrounded by swarms of leeches in the shape of contractors, collectors, and rogues of every kind and class, who have long lived on the corruptions of the system, and who now cling to it so firmly, that it is a life-struggle to shake them from their hold. Manufactures, too, have been encouraged under this false system, and now claim protection and support from those who have hitherto fostered them.* Still a change has been begun. Every man can now import and export for the purposes of trade, be he of what class he may. Absolute prohibition can scarcely any longer be said to exist, and the duties on upwards of a hundred articles of commerce have been materially reduced.

Still all this has reference to Austria in general, not to Hun-

* I have heard, however, that some of the manufacturers of Vienna were exceedingly ready to aid Mr. Macgregor in opening trade, declaring that they could compete better with the fair trader on a moderate duty, than with the smuggler on none at all.

gary in particular, and there are many circumstances peculiar to the latter country which demand separate legislation. The export duties on Hungarian produce, even into Austria, remain as before. But even these obstructions, serious as they are, and deeply as it behooves Hungary to struggle for their removal, are still light compared with others, dependent on the Hungarians themselves. I allude to the peculiar state of the Hungarian laws affecting credit. Without entering into these, many of which have been alluded to before at some length, I shall only here enumerate one or two of the more important.

The law by which the absolute alienation of property is rendered impracticable, while at the same time it is allowed to load it with debt, is one of the most injurious. In consequence of this law it becomes impossible to give good security, and the price of money is therefore exorbitant. The enforcement of a contract against a noble, too, is rendered so difficult and tedious that strangers are unwilling to deal with them.

All the laws interfering with the free purchase and sale of the produce of the land, as the excise of bread and meat, the seigneurial monopoly of selling wine, and others, tend materially to impede commerce. The privilege of the nobles, of exemption from taxation, interferes with the expenditure of large sums on public works, as roads and bridges, and thus renders communication, the first requisite for commerce, difficult and expensive. If to these be added the want of good faith in their dealings, on the part of many of the Hungarians, and the want of commercial habits in the mass of the people, we have the chief causes assigned by the English merchants of Trieste, for not dealing more extensively with Hungary. There is another reason, however, which these gentlemen did not mention, but which was no less manifest from their conversation, namely, their own ignorance of Hungary, and the exaggerated notions they have been led to form of the difficulties attending communication with it.

The question remains, how can these impediments be removed?

As the Austrian Government sees more clearly the importance of strengthening the Danubian provinces,—as she becomes more perfectly convinced of the immense losses her revenue sustains by the present prohibitory system, and by the armies of custom-house officers and smugglers, both of which she in fact maintains,—as the German union begins to press more heavily on her towards the west, and renders the importance of a free communica-

tion on the east more palpable,—as the necessary progress of events shows her that it is only by establishing commercial relations between Hungary and the rest of Europe that the Danube can remain an open river, there can be little doubt that Austria, though slowly and reluctantly, will apply herself to reform her system, and to foster all which can tend to the development of the resources, and which can strengthen the position of Hungary.

With respect to the difficulties in the way of commerce, arising out of the state of the laws of Hungary, the removal of these must depend on the honest and enlightened exertions of the Hungarians themselves. The writings of Count Széchenyi and others have already had a great influence in dissipating the prejudices which formerly opposed reform, and a little more intercourse with the rest of Europe, especially if that intercourse were commercial, would very soon do the rest.

The ignorance of English merchants on the subject of Hungary is by no means a trifling impediment to their engaging in commerce with that country. The productions of Hungary are almost unknown, except in Austria and some parts of Germany; travelling in the country is difficult, and believed to be even more so than it is. The German language is as yet but little known among our merchants; and the reports which they hear from the Germans, who are anxious to keep the trade in their own hands, are so discouraging, that few have the courage to make a personal examination of their truth.

With the existing laws of Hungary, it is not safe, it is true, for the foreign merchant to go into the market with the same confidence he would in other countries. He can neither enforce the fulfilment of a contract, nor recover a debt without great difficulty and expense. It is necessary, therefore, that he should know something of the parties with whom he deals, in order that his confidence in their faith and honour may supply the place of commercial laws. For, much as I like the Hungarians, I am bound to confess, that the strict integrity demanded in mercantile transactions, is not to be found in the body of the nation,—men of honour there are, and many of them, but I here speak of the mass. There is no certainty that the foreign merchant, if he orders a certain quantity of wine, or wheat, or hemp, from the Hungarian grower, of the same quality as the sample furnished, should not receive a sour wine, a damaged wheat, or a hemp weighed with rubbish. Such things have occurred, and might

occur again; but they have happened in other countries, too, in the infancy of their commercial relations, especially where the buyer did not take the trouble of acquainting himself with the character of the sellers. As others, however, have found a remedy for this, I do not see why we could not do so too.

To effect this object, it is necessary that the merchants should have agents in Hungary who would make themselves well acquainted with it, and that the Government should appoint a consul, who could aid and foster their efforts, as well as afford them the protection of his presence. That such an appointment would be justified at the present moment is, I think, undeniable. We have already seen what the productions of Hungary are, and in many cases how advantageously they might be substituted for those of Russia in our market. How materially this change would weaken the power of England's most dangerous enemy, and strengthen one of England's oldest and firmest allies, is self-evident; and its political importance is therefore clear; nor is its commercial less so. Hungary manufactures scarcely any thing; and in her present position, as a country deficient in population and rich in soil, it would not be wise to attempt it, or indeed possible to accomplish it. The manufactures of Hungary at present are confined to coarse cloths, linens, leather, and the commonest articles of household use. Yet in Hungary there is not only great luxury in dress and personal ornament, but a growing taste for the comforts of convenient and elegant furniture; nor is the consumption of such articles confined to a few. It is true the peasant has little money to exchange for such matters; but that is only because there are no merchants to buy his wine and corn; while amongst the class of country gentlemen, and amongst the richer citizens, the demand is very considerable. The taste is decidedly in favour of every thing English, so much so, indeed, that the Vienna manufacturers have English labels printed in England to affix to their own goods, and so deceive the purchasers. The articles from England for which there would be the most immediate sale, it is difficult to enumerate; but all articles of cutlery, every thing in iron or brass, as implements of husbandry, carriage-springs, locks, parts of furniture, &c., fine linen and cotton goods, woollen stuffs and cloths, carpeting, saddlery, stationery, china, and fine earthenware, may be safely set down.

That the present moment is a favourable one for opening commercial relations with Hungary is shown, not only from the re-

cent disposition of Austria to strengthen her alliance with England, but by the strong wishes expressed on the subject by the Hungarians themselves, and which, if properly responded to on our part, might induce them to hasten the removal of those obstructions which at present stand so much in the way. When the news of Mr. Macgregor's treaty was communicated in Hungary, the county meetings sent addresses of thanks to Prince Metternich for the unexpected boon; and during the present Diet it has been actually proposed to send a commercial agent to England, and to request that an English agent may be sent to Pest to arrange commercial intercourse between the two nations. Our Government ought to respond to this call with the greatest alacrity. A consul-general established at Pest, with power to correspond with the consuls along the whole line of the Danube, and to establish such arrangements as are required for securing free intercourse between the different parts of that river, would be of immense use both to England and Hungary; and should an English minister neglect to take up the matter—as where the subject is unconnected with party, it is more than probable he will—it becomes the duty of the English merchants to insist on it. Would that my appeal might reach them! A little exertion on their part might secure to England not only a good customer, but, what is more important, a true and faithful ally.

POSTSCRIPT.

The most important events which have occurred in Hungary since the period of our travels are the inundation of the Danube, and partial destruction of Pest; the condemnation of Baron Wesselényi, and the assembling of the present Diet.

The inundation took place on the 13th, 14th, and 15th of March 1838, and exceeded by many feet any within the memory of man, or recorded in history. No less than 2281 houses in Pest and Buda were destroyed, and several hundred lives lost. In the lower streets the water was seven and eight feet deep. The loss of lives would have been still greater had not a number of gentlemen—among whom Baron Wesselényi distinguished himself as the most successful,—gone to every part of the town in boats, and by that means rescued many hundreds from destruction.

Large subscriptions were raised in Hungary and Germany, but particularly in Vienna, in aid of the chief sufferers; and Government advanced a loan of four million florins, at two per cent., to be employed in rebuilding the capital.

With respect to Baron Wesselényi's condemnation, I can only give such information as the public prints have already made known; for it would be absurd to attempt to correspond on political subjects through the Austrian post. The offence of Baron Wesselényi, of which we have spoken in the commencement of our travels, was committed in the spring of 1835. Sentence was not pronounced till 1839! Report says that even then his judges had determined to acquit, when a very influential person employed himself in communicating to them the certain displeasure of Government, should such be the issue of the affair. Without vouching that such is the fact, it is certain that an impression has gone abroad that the judges have neither decided legally nor honestly; and it must be allowed their verdict bears very much the appearance of a compromise between conscience

and interest. They find him guilty of *mitigated high treason!* Nor are the reasons which they have assigned in their verdict likely to remove this impression. They condemn him for saying,* "That the Government sucks out the marrow of nine millions of men (the peasantry;) that it will not allow us nobles to better their condition by legislative means; but retaining them in their present state, it only waits its own time to exasperate them against us,—then it will come forward to rescue us. But wo to us! from free-men we shall be degraded to the state of slaves:" and the wicked animus with which all this has been said is considered especially proved from an expression of Wesselényi's in a private note, "That all his life had been passed in pounding pepper under the German's nose."

The Austrian Government has had the good sense to show itself less disposed to cruelty than its judges—perhaps, too, the execrations of all civilized Europe against the jailers of Pellico, Confalioneri, and Andrynane, have not been without their effect, —and in consideration of Baron Wesselényi's state of health, it has allowed him every alleviation of which the prison is capable. Baron Wesselényi has been permitted even to leave Pest for six months in company of an officer, only to place himself under the care of a celebrated physician, whose advice was considered necessary for him. The good-hearted Arch-duke Palatine is said to have used his influence to accomplish this end.

The Diet was again called together this summer; and after the reception of the Royal Propositions, recommending the Diet to complete the Hungarian regiments by a new levy of troops, it soon became evident that there were several grievances to be dealt with before that was likely to be agreed to. One of the first difficulties was the refusal of Government to admit Count Ráday, who had been elected deputy for the county of Pest, to take his seat; because, in a county meeting, he had spoken strongly against the conduct of the judges in the case of Baron Wesselényi, and a prosecution had been commenced against him in consequence. A new writ was accordingly issued, but the county refused to elect under it, and petitioned the Chamber to desist from all further proceedings till their deputy was admitted. As the judges are members of the Lower Chamber, or rather have seats in it, and do not deliver judgment as long as the Dietal session lasts, of course this cause could not be decided till after

* I copy from the Morning Chronicle of March 30, 1839.

the close of the Diet; if therefore the principle were once admitted, that any man against whom the Government chose to commence a prosecution previous to the meeting of the Diet, should on that account be excluded, the freedom of election was at an end,—the Government might exclude whom it pleased.

The Diet has taken up the matter most warmly; but I cannot do better than quote a passage from an excellent letter, dated Presburg, July 25th, of *The Times*.

"The present Chamber of Representatives, at the opening of this Diet, unanimously determined to act in even a more decided resistance to late occurrences than was proposed by the electors of Pest; and their attention having been directed to a necessary grant of soldiers, contained in the speech from the Crown, refused, in a message to the Upper Chamber, to consider 'the proposition, unless the original judgments against both Wesselényi and Ráday were reversed; at the same time praying that Chamber to join with them in a message to the throne. The result was a series of very bold speeches from a coinciding party in the magnates. For three weeks the greatest excitement prevailed in both Chambers, in which time the question was negatived in the Upper by a small majority; and at length the Palatine, upon a formal complaint from the judges (who, being *ex officio* members of the Lower House, heard their characters very roughly handled,) prorogued the Chambers at the pleasure of the king. After eight days the Diet was again convoked, and a message read from the Crown, complaining of the resistance offered by a party in the Chambers, and hoping that such resistance would no longer be continued; but no terms of compromise were offered by the Government, and the Chambers have assumed the same position as before—the same warfare between the Government and the demanding party, and on either side an apparently equal disinclination to give way. It is difficult to pronounce upon the probable upshot of these proceedings. The ten years' service of the last grant of military is expiring, and the necessity, on the part of the Government, for the assistance of the Chambers consequently urgent; but the Government cannot yield without offering a compromise of their own acts and policy, and the Lower Chamber considers that upon their present determination depends the future integrity of the nation."

Still later reports bring word, that Count Ráday has himself resigned, rather than keep up any longer a state of ill-will between the Diet and Government. How far he may have been

right in his determination it is difficult to say, with the slight knowledge we have of the merits of the case; but it would appear a dangerous precedent to allow the Government to commence a prosecution against any one it chooses, and by these means condemn an obnoxious individual to a political death while yet innocent of any crime in the eye of law:—at least, it is totally opposed to every thing which we are taught to consider common justice or political right.

THE END.

